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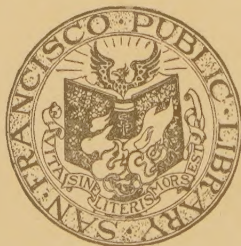


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# THE ALTERNATE THIRD BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC

BY  
ELEANOR SMITH



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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# THE MODERN MUSIC SERIES.

"Knowledge has its beginning from the mind ; its introduction from the senses."

---

There are two essential things to be considered in the musical education of the child :

- 1st. The cultivation of the musical sense — the appreciation and love of music.
- 2d. The development of the understanding in the elements of music — the ability to read at sight, etc.

These two phases of growth are in no way antagonistic to each other ; on the contrary, the child can only grow properly in each through the influence of the other. Some teachers would emphasize the importance of sight reading and technical training, as if the development of independent ability were the only essential thing in music training ; while others would emphasize song singing and musical expression at the expense of independent ability. The simple truth is, that neither is complete without the other ; that one must grow from and relate to the other, and that their relation must be definitely established and continuously sustained.

The distinguishing feature of **THE MODERN MUSIC SERIES** is the relation between the songs and studies. By taking the student from the song to the study, and by relating the study centers to music of high character, the child gains power in the elements of music under the influence of the best musical thought, and thus attains the ideal of education, since the true spirit of the art of music dominates and influences him at every stage of his progression.

## THE ALTERNATE THIRD BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC.

This is the fourth of **THE MODERN MUSIC SERIES**, the **PRIMER**, the **FIRST BOOK** and the **SECOND BOOK**, being its predecessors. There is also a co-ordinate book, the **THIRD BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC**, which is best fitted for use in girls' classes.

The **ALTERNATE THIRD BOOK** is especially well adapted for mixed classes. Part I is devoted to songs for unchanged voices—a few unison songs, with two, three and four-part songs in proper proportion. Part II takes up the bass clef and makes the work particularly interesting and attractive for boys.

Throughout Part I each key is introduced with a graphic showing of the scale ; the major key on the left hand page, and the minor key on the opposite right hand page. Below the scale the triads of each key are shown in a clear and comprehensive way, and following these are two and three-part exercises illustrating the different chords of the key. Exceptionally helpful is the contrasting illustration of the major and minor scales. This arrangement is repeated in each of the eleven keys contained in the book in order that pupils may use the key illustrations for purposes of reference. For instance, if in singing a song there is a doubt whether the scale passage is major or minor, or whether the

interval is a modulating tone or simply a chromatic passing tone, the fact can be discovered by reference to the pages illustrating these problems.

Following the key pages are a number of standard songs from the world's best musical literature. Most of the songs are complete in both words and music. Occasionally a song without words is shown, and in rare cases the study of some technical form is presented in an exercise. However, this technical study is almost entirely limited to the key pages. The songs without words have a very specific value, requiring the pupil to draw upon his imagination to a greater extent than where the words are given and are illustrated by music.

In Part II much attention is paid to the development of boys' voices in the bass clef. In many songs the melody is shown first in the soprano clef to be sung by the sopranos or the entire school, and is then repeated in the bass clef. This plan is varied by showing songs in regular form but with the melody in the bass, the sopranos and the altos singing the accompaniment. Gradually the bass is established in its regular harmonized form with the soprano and alto, the soprano being then given its customary treatment as the leading part.

From the foregoing explanation, it will be seen that the material of the book is reduced to two separate phases, each distinctly and definitely set forth — (a) the illustration of musical problems in diagrams and exercises ; (b) the best music in complete form.

In addition to the exercises, which treat all the different problems of musical technic that pupils in the upper grammar grades are likely to encounter, the book contains 212 songs ; 169 of these are songs with words ; 43 are songs without words.

The accompanying table of contents will show the great variety of composers drawn upon for musical contribution. The technical studies are selected from a wide range of the best musicians who have written treatises upon musical structure and development.

Furthermore, the book as a whole, represents the thought and genius of what is universally recognized as the highest musical authority. The *ALTERNATE THIRD BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC* is carefully organized, adapted and arranged to meet the needs of the upper grammar grades of the public schools.

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# THE ALTERNATE THIRD BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC.

## Spirit of the Summer-Time.

William Allingham.

Old Irish Folksong.

*Andante.*

*mf*

1. { O spir-it sweet of sum-mer-time, } The swal-low from her  
 2. { Bring back the ros-es to the dells, }  
 { Bring back the sing-ing, bring the scent }  
 { Of mea-dow lands at dew-y prime; } Oh! bring a-gain my

*mf*

dis-tant clime, The hon-ey-bee from drow-sy cells.  
 heart's con-tent, Thou spir-it sweet of sum-mer-time.

## A Study.

Signature— no sharps nor flats. Keynote—C on the first line below, and in the third space.

C 8  
B 7  
A 6  
G 5  
F 4  
E 3  
D 2  
C 1

## Triads of C Major.



A further treatment of Triads will be found on page 252, under Rudiments of Music.

## Studies.

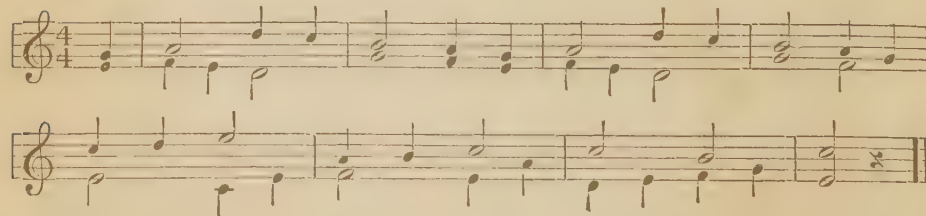
I.



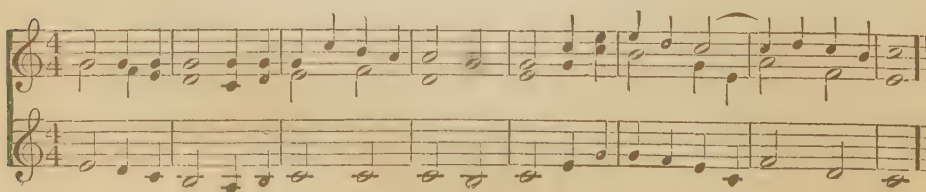
II.



III.



IV.



# The Key of C Major and its Relative Minor Contrasted. 9

## The Scale of A Minor, Harmonic Form.

La	6
Si	$\sharp 5$
Fa	4
Mi	3
Re	2
Do	1
Ti	7
La	6

## The Scale of C Major.

Do	8
Ti	7
La	6
Sol	5
Fa	4
Mi	3
Re	2
Do	1

A comparison of the Major, Relative Minor, and Tonic Minor scales in different keys is shown on page 241.

## The Scale of A Minor, Melodic Form, Ascending and Descending.

La	6
Si	$\sharp 5$
Fi	$\sharp 4$
Mi	3
Re	2
Do	1
Ti	7
La	6

## Triads of A Minor.

## A Study in A Minor.

# Tetrachords.

A *tetrachord* is a regular succession of four scale-tones. The major scale is composed of two tetrachords, the *tonic* and the *dominant*, which are exactly alike in melody except that the latter begins with the tone 5 and completes the ascending melody of the scale.

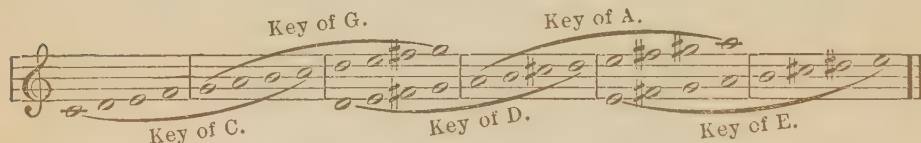
Tonic tetrachord.    Dominant tetrachord.    Dominant.    Tonic.



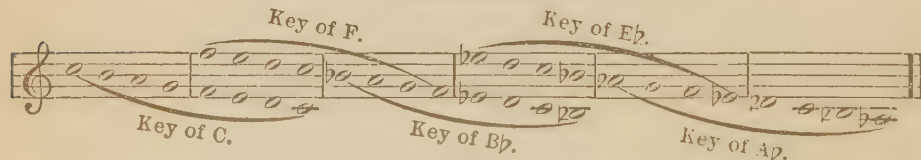
## Related Keys.

The following diagrams show how the tonic and dominant tetrachords are the basis of modulation to dominant and sub-dominant keys.

## Sharp Keys.



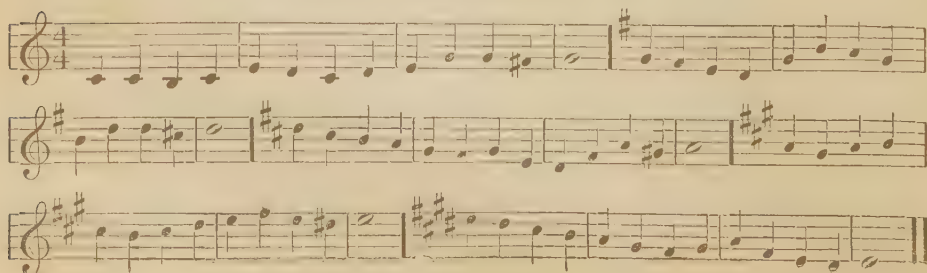
## Flat Keys.



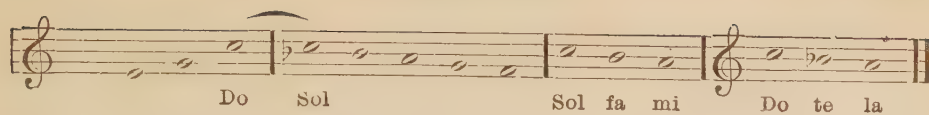
## Sharp Four.



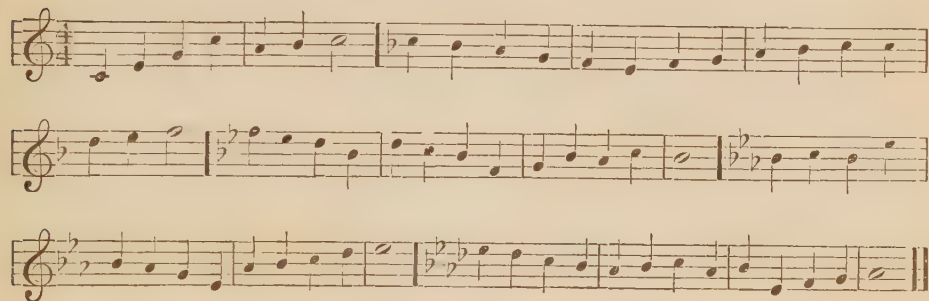
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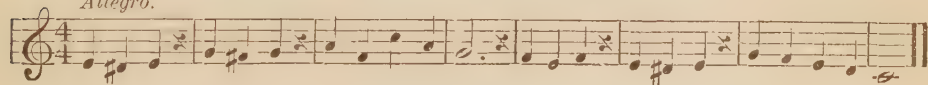
## Modulation by Flats.



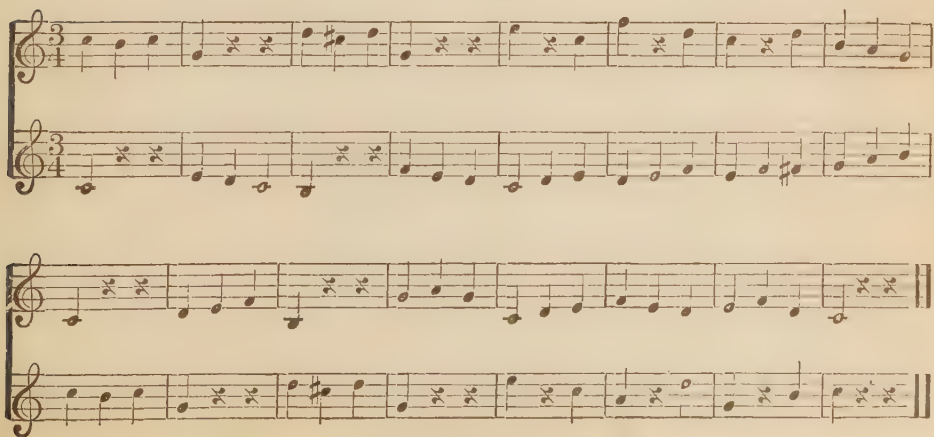
## Chromatic Passing Tones.

Chromatic tones that do not disturb the key, but embellish the melody, are called Chromatic Passing Tones, as shown in the following studies :

*Allegro.*



## A Study.



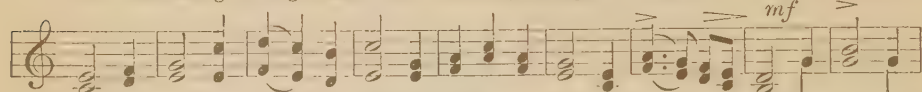
## Vesper Hymn.

James Geddes.  
*p* *Moderato*.

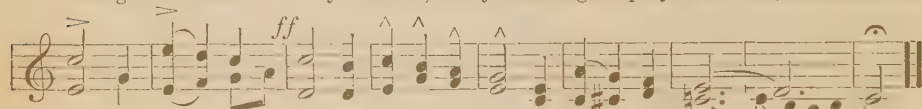
D. Bortniansky.



1. The night, with sa - ble shield, is turn - ing Backward the gold-en darts of day, And  
2. A - mid the grow-ing calm and still-ness, Falling on rest-ing hill and wold, All



on - ly stars look down so - rene-ly, Guid-ing the wan-d'r'er on his way: Thy peace, all  
ea - ger for their ho - ly errand, Soft-ly the wings of prayer un - fold, And bear from



oth - er peace tran - scending, In-to our souls is now de - scend ing.  
hearts that else were bro - ken, Those deep desires that ne'er are spo - - ken.

## Praise Ye the Lord.

Isaac Watts.  
*Maestoso*.

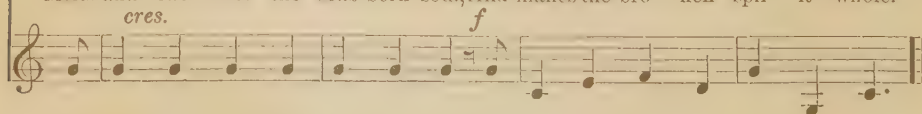
Wohlfahrt.



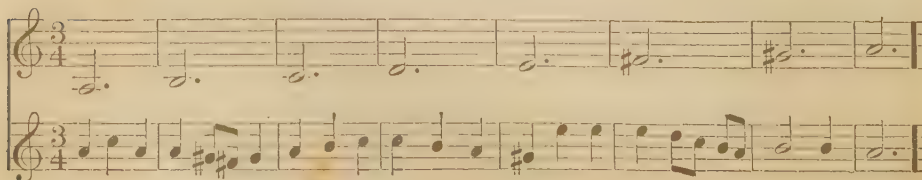
1. Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi-ces in His praise;  
2. Great is the Lord, and great His might, And all His glo - ries in - fin - ite;  
3. He loves the meek, re - wards the just, The wick-ed hum-bles in the dust;



His na - ture and His works in - vite To make this du - ty our de - light.  
His wis - dom vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned.  
Melts and sub - dues the stub-born soul, And makes the bro - ken spir - it whole.



## A Study.



From the French of Rémi Belleau by F. Manley.

Eleanor Smith.

*Allegretto.*

1. A - pril, sea - son blest and dear, Hope of the re - viv - ing year, Promise bright of  
 2. 'Tis thy courteous hand doth bring Back the mes - senger of spring, And, his te - dious



fruits that lie In their down - y can - o - py, Till the nipping winds are past,  
 ex - ile o'er, Hail'st the swallow's wing once more. Eglantine and hawthorne bright,



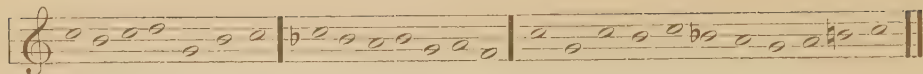
And their veils a - side are cast. A - pril, who de - lights to speed O'er the em - 'rald,  
 Thyme, and pink, and jasmine white, Don their purest robes to be Guests, fair A - pril,



laugh - ing mead, Flow'rs of fresh and brilliant dyes, Rich in wild em - broi - der - ies.  
 wor - thy thee, And the earth and air are rife With de - light, and hope and life.

## A Study.

*Folksong.**Andante.*

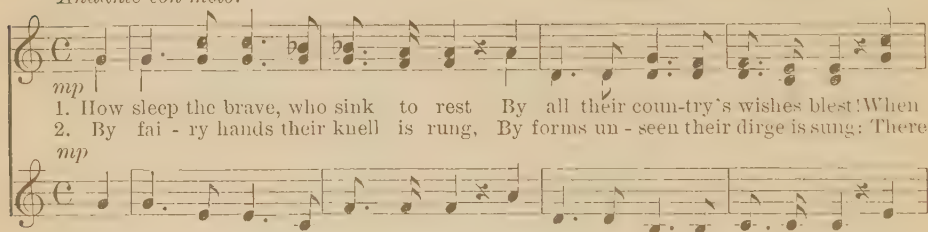


## How Sleep the Brave.

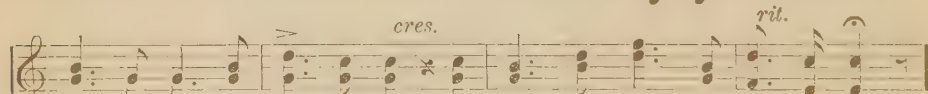
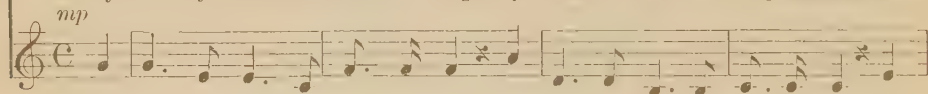
William Collins.

*Andante con moto.*

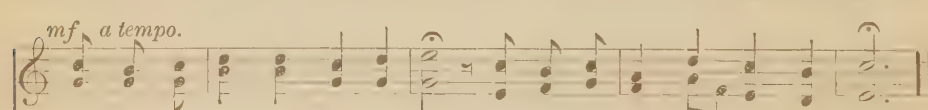
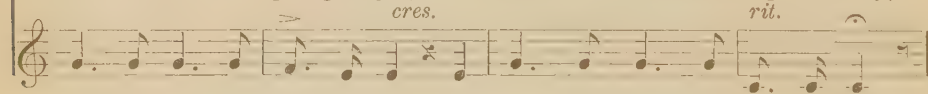
Arranged from Cotta, by Sering.



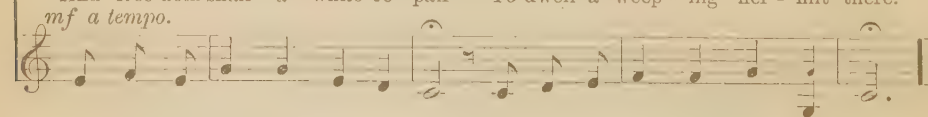
1. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their coun-try's wishes blest! When  
2. By fai - ry hands their kuel is rung, By forms un - seen their dirge is sung: There



spring with dew - y fin - gers cold, Re - turns to deck their hallowed mould;  
hon - or comes, a pil - grim gay, To bless the turf that wraps their clay;



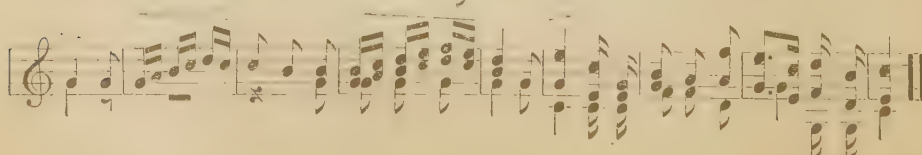
She there shall dress a sweet-er sod, Than fan-cy's feet have ev - er trod.  
And free-dom shall a - while re - pair To dwell a weep - ing her - mit there.



## A Song.

*Religioso.*

F. Busch.





# Who Hath Built Thee, Lovely Wood?

15

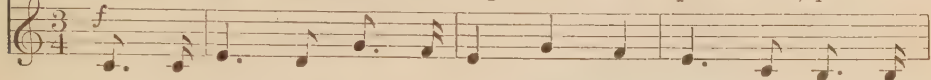
J. von Eichendorff.

*Allegro alla marcia.*

Arranged from Mendelssohn by Palme.



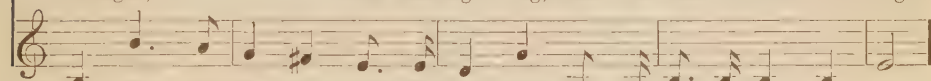
1. Who hath built thee, love - ly wood? Raised thy pil - lars tall and  
 2. Hushed the din the rude world makes, Here the wild deer dwell - ing  
 3. What the ho - ly si - lence taught Peace and pa - tience, qui - et



slen - der? To the Mas - ter praise I'll ren - der, For His might - y work is  
 on - ly, And my horn in wood - ways lone - ly, Thousand sil - v'ry ech - oes  
 liv - ing, Long we'll cher - ish with thanksgiv - ing, What the bless - ed wood - land



good, . . . . . Praise I'll ren - der, For His might - y work is good.  
 wakes, . . . . . In wood - ways lone - ly, Thous - and sil - v'ry ech - oes wakes.  
 brought, . . . . . With thanksgiv - ing, What the bless - ed wood - land brought.



To the Mas - ter praise I'll ren - der  
 And my horn in wood - ways lone - ly,  
 Long we'll cher - ish with thanksgiv - ing,

Fare thee well, . .

Fare thee well, . .

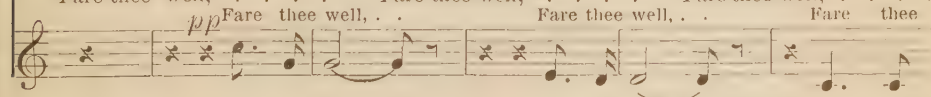
Fare thee



Fare thee well,

Fare thee well,

Fare thee well,



pp Fare thee well, . .

Fare thee well, . .

Fare thee



well, *cres.*

*f*

*dim.*

*pp*

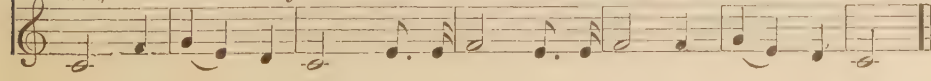
. . thou love - ly wood, Fare thee well, fare thee well, thou love - ly wood.

well, *cres.*

*f*

*dim.*

*pp*



## The Key of G Major.

Signature— one

sharp, F $\sharp$ . Keynote—G, on the second line.

G	8)
F $\sharp$	7)
F	
E	6
D	5
C	4)
B	3)
A	2
G	1

## Triads of G Major.

## Studies.

I.

II.

III.

## The Minor Scale, Melodic Form.

La 6 Si #5 Fi #4 Mi 3 Re 2 Do 1 Ti 7 La 6

La 6 Sol 5 Fa 4 Mi 3 Re 2 Do 1 Ti 7 La 6

## The Major Scale.

## The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form.

## Triads of E Minor.

## Studies in E Minor.

I.

II.

III.



# A Song of Praise.

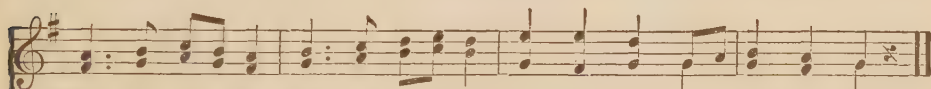
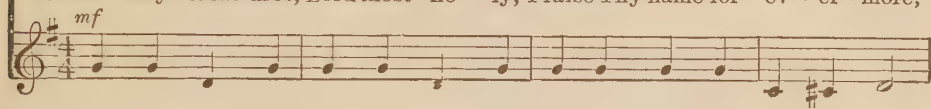
19

Translated from the German.

Gruenbergert.

*Andante.*

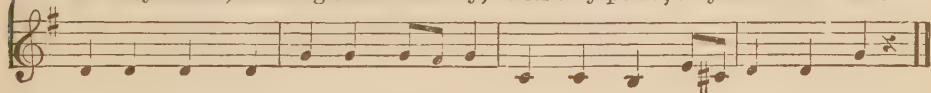
1. Thou hast built the glo-rious mountain, Shaped the riv - er's might-y bed,
2. Thou dost lead the flight of swal-lows, Thou dost show the stars their way;
3. All Thy creat-ures, Lord most ho - ly, Praise Thy name for - ev - er - more;



Raised the hap - py leap - ing foun - tain, Made the flee - cy clouds o'er - head.

Sea - son af - ter sea - son fol - lows; Thou didst or - der night and day.

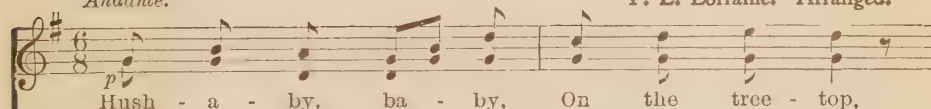
All Thy works, both high and low - ly, Tell Thy pow'r, Thy love a - dore.



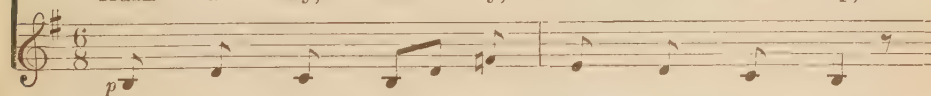
## Hush-a-by, Baby.

*Andante.*

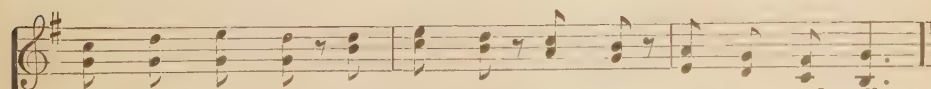
F. L. Lorraine. Arranged.



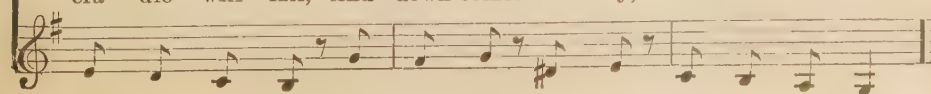
Hush - a - by, ba - by, On the tree - top,



When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock, When the bough bends the



cra - dle will fall, And down comes ba - by, cra - dle and all.





*Allegro.*

## Praise of the Creator.

English.  
*Andante.*

Ancient Jewish Melody.

1. All praise to Him who built the hills! All praise to Him the streams who fill! All
2. All praise to Him who wakes the morn And bids it glow with beams new-born; Who
3. All praise to Him whose love hath giv'n The life of earth, the life of heaven; Who

praise to Him who lights each star That spar-kles in the sky a - far.  
draws the shad-ows of the night Like cur-tains o'er our wea-ry sight!  
gives us for our dark-ness, light, And turns to day our deep-est night.

Geibel.

## ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. *Allegretto.*

*p* O dew - y, sweet spring eve - ning, Thou art to me so dear, The  
*p* The air so warm and balm - y Breathes like the breath of love, Each  
 A song like this sweet eve - ning, I fain would sing; in vain — The

*Last time only.*

skies with clouds are cur-tained, A star but here and there. there.

*Last time only.*

breeze a vio - let per - fume Wafts up to me a - bove. bove.

*Last time only.*

tone so soft and gen - tle, I nev - er shall at - tain. tain.

## The Quiet Night.

Old German.

*Andante.*

Translated from the German.

Bohemian Folksong.

*Andante sostenuto, con tenerezza.*

1. Ei - a - po - pei - a, my ba - by, sleep on, Moth - er is  
 2. Rest thee, my ba - by, to slum - ber be - guiled, Peace - ful - ly

rock - ing her dar - ling a - lone. Ei - a - hei - a, . .  
 rest thee, my beau - ti - ful child! Ei - a - hei - a, . .

ba - by, sleep on, Moth - er will rock thee a - lone, pre - cious one!  
 dar - ling, sleep on, Shut fast thine eye - lids, my own pre - cious one!

\* Pronounce i-ah-po-pi-ah.

## A Song.

Folksong.

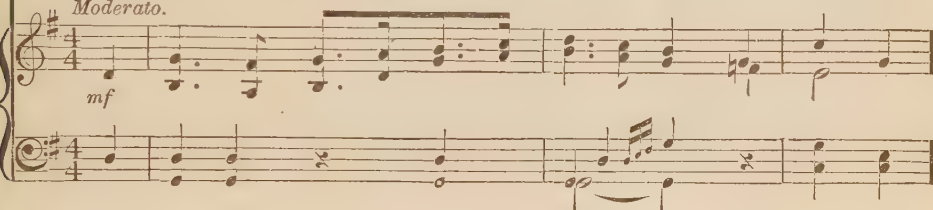
*mf* *f* *f* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

Frederick Manley.

C. Gramm. Arranged.

*Moderato.*

1. If ev - er in a shad - y hol - low, When sum - mer  
 2. Step qui - et - ly in - to the bush - es, And if you  
 3. A gen - 'rous pi - per for his blow - ing Loads all the  
 4. Should you be fast e - nough to fol - low As he goes

*Moderato.*

daylight shorter grows,  
 watch you'll see him make  
 barns with yellow sheaves  
 pip-ing mer-ri - ly

You come a-cross a jol-ly fel - low With  
 A flag-eo-let of riv-er rush - es Where-  
 And tells the birds they must be go - ing To  
 You'll see him blow, the kind-ly fel - low, Rich



gold-en leaves a-bout his brows,  
 on he blows till woodlands wake—  
 southern lands where sun-ny eaves  
 fruits a-bout the fields and leas,

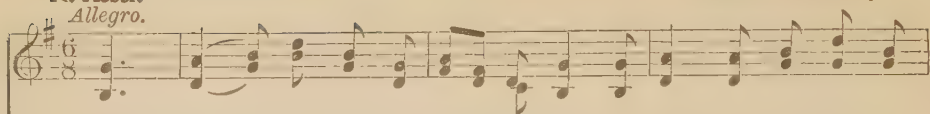
And garmented in rus-set clothes—  
 And of its joc-und notes par-take.  
 Are ly-ing 'mongst the summer leaves.  
 And ap-ples from the or-ward trees.



## Wake to the Hunting.

R. Heber.  
*Allegro.*

B. Mansell Ramsey.



1. Wake! wake! wake to the hunt-ing! Wake ye! wake! the morn-ing is  
 2. Rise! rise! . . look on the o - cean! Rise ye! rise! and look on the



*The postlude may be played as a prelude.*



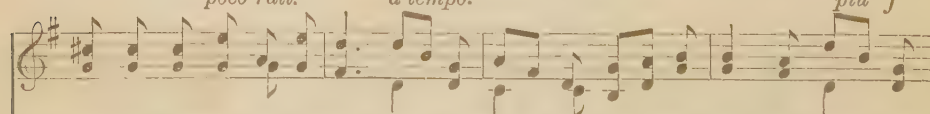
nigh; Chil-ly the breez-es blow Up from the sea be-low, Chil-ly the  
 sky! Soft-ly the vap-our sweep O-ver the lev-el deep, Soft-ly the



*poco rall.*

*a tempo.*

*piu f*



twi-light creep so-ver the sky! Mark how fast the stars are fad-ing! Mark how  
 mists on the wa-ter-fall lie! In the cloud red tints are glow-ing, On the





wide the dawn is spread - ing. Ma - ny a fal - low deer Feeds in the  
hill the black cock's crow - ing; And thro' the wel - kin red, See when he

for - est near, Now is no time on the heath - er to lie, now is no  
lifts his head, Forth to the hunt - ing the sun's rid - ing high, forth to the

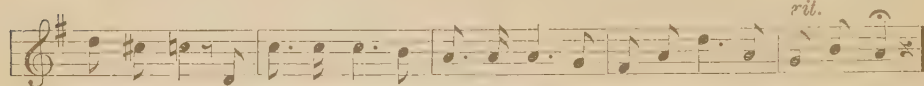
time on the heath - er to lie!  
hunt - ing the sun's rid - ing high!

## The Hills of Tyrol.

J. Thümmel.



1. Thy hills, Ty-rol, are pass-ing fair, And fair thy moun-tain  
 2. O vel-vet soft the mead-ows lie Thy hem-lock-skirt-ed  
 3. Oh, man-ya hap-py, hap-py time I lay be-neath the  
 4. But hill and vale are van-ished quite, Here stretch-es sand, here



snows to see, And strong as wine the fragrant air Where grows the sweet-breathed hemlock tree.  
 heights between, And there I sport-ed wild and free Up-on their cro-cus-dot-ted green.  
 lin-den tree, Or led by goat-bells tinkling chime, A-loft I clambered lus-ti-ly.  
 moans the sea, And waves com-plain the liveliong night, And sul-len skies, they threaten me.

## CHORUS.



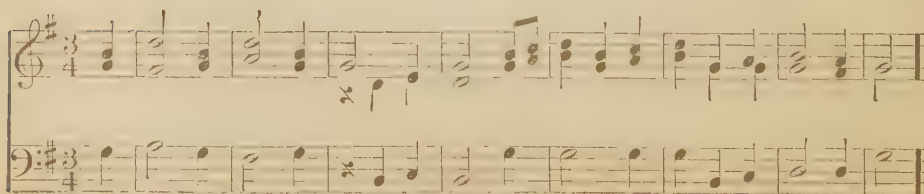
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing;  
 Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing;  
 Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing,  
 Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Though seas are deep, and drear, and wide,



Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy glad-ness shines in ev-'ry-thing.  
 Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy glad-ness shines in ev-'ry-thing.  
 Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy glad-ness shines in ev-'ry-thing.  
 Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, I'll see a-gain thy mountain-side.



## A Study.



# The Chapel in the Wood.

27

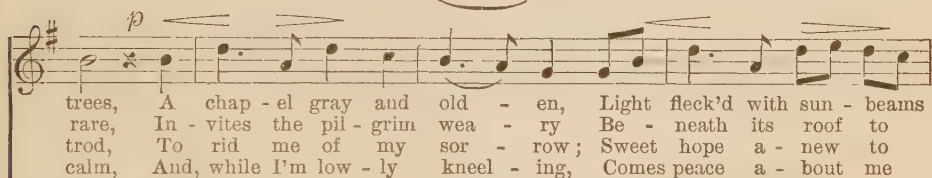
After G. Scherer.

H. M. Schletterer.

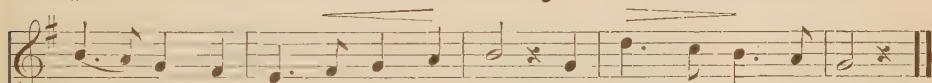
*p Andante.*



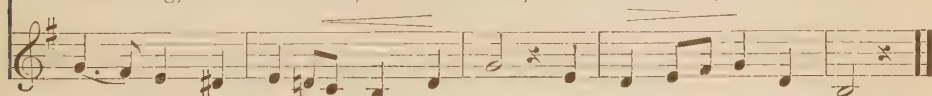
1. In still - est deeps of for - est, Grown round by loft - y
2. Its o - pen por - tal, car - ven With fig - ures rich and
3. In many an hour of griev - ing That wood - land path I've
4. With - in the an - cient chap - el Dwells deep and ho - ly



trees, A chap - el gray and old - en, Light fleck'd with sun - beams  
rare, In - vites the pil - grim wea - ry Be - neath its roof to  
trod, To rid me of my sor - row; Sweet hope a - new to  
calm, And, while I'm low - ly kneel - ing, Comes peace a - bout me



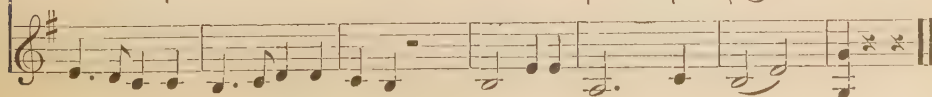
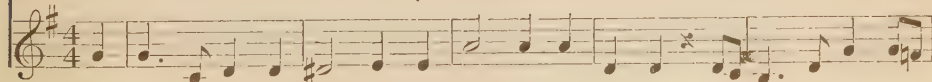
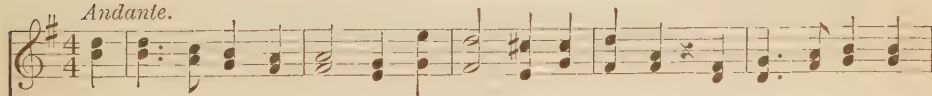
gold - en, Stands wrapp'd in qui - et peace, Stands wrapp'd in qui - et peace.  
tar - ry A - while in rest and pray'r, A - while in rest and pray'r.  
bor - row, My heart has turn'd to God, My heart has turn'd to God.  
steal - ing, Blest com - fort, sweet - est balm, Blest com - fort, sweet - est balm.



## A Song.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

*Andante.*



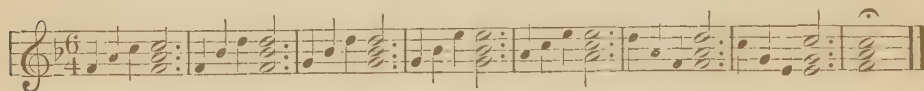
## The Key of F Major.

Signature— one

flats, B $\flat$ , Keynote—F—in the first space and on the fifth line.

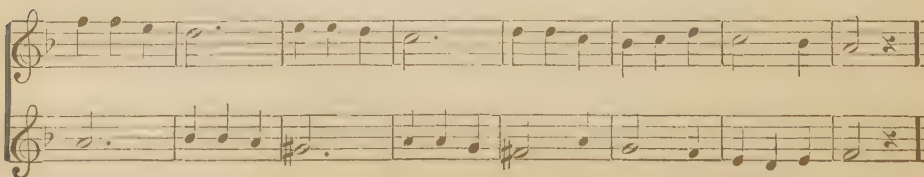
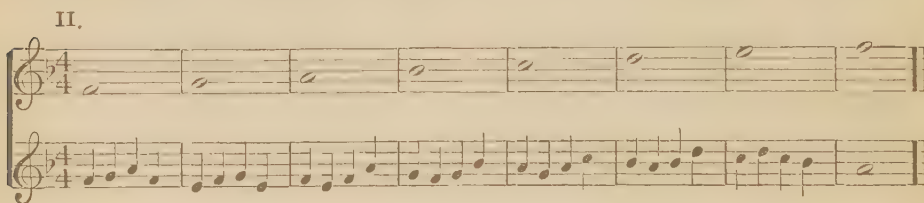
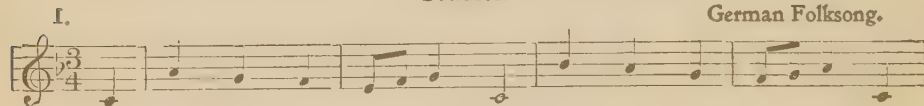
F	8
E	7
D	6
C	5
B	
B $\flat$	4
A	3
G	2
F	1

## Triads of F Major.



## Studies.

## German Folksong.



# The Key of D Minor, the Relative Minor of F.

29

The Minor Scale, Melodic Form, Ascending and Descending.

La	6	La	6
Si	$\sharp 5$	Sol	5
Fi	$\sharp 4$	Fa	4
Mi	3	Mi	3
Re	2	Re	2
Do	1	Do	1
Ti	7	Ti	7
La	6	La	6

The Major Scale.

The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form.

Triads of D Minor.

I.

Studies.

II.

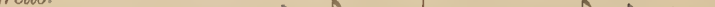


The Banks of Dee.\*

### Scotch Folksong.

*Allegretto.*

*Allegretto.*



1. O sweet and clear in the bright spring weather The song of birds ere the  
2. Sweet vi - o - lets there have spread their pur - ple, And dan - de - li - ons have

dawn a - wake, And soft the per - fume from bloom of hea - ther, When  
dropped their gold. Gay daf - fo - dil - lies the mea - dows gir - dle, And

wan - d'ring breez - es their cen - sors shake ! And pleas - ant sounds then the  
wind-flowers hide in the sha - dy wold. O life seems rich - er and

sheep-bell's tin - kle, When herds are browsing so qui - et - ly On softest grass which the  
life seems fair-er When Spring sheds blessings o'er wood and lea. But ne'er her smil-ing is

dai - sies sprin - kle With pink and white by the banks of Dee.  
bright - er, rar - er, Than on the banks of the pleas - ant Dee.

\* May be sung as a unison song.

*Andantino.*

Lithuanian Folksong.

1. Sleep, my bon-ny blue-eyed lit-tle treas-ure, Sleep till the ro-sy  
 2. May the an-gels hov-er ev-er near thee, Lov-ing watch for

*Con Ped.*

dawn-ing of the day Brings the hap-py hours of pleas-ure  
 ev-er o'er thee keep; Fair-est vi-sions come to cheer thee,

*cres.* *poco rit.*

Dream the star-ry night a-way. Sleep, lit-tle treas-ure.  
 Sleep, my lit-tle treas-ure, sleep. Sleep, lit-tle treas-ure.

\* This may be sung as a unison song.

## Evening Song.

*Moderato.*

Zumsteeg.

Old English.

Louise Reichardt.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Far from hence be noi - sy clam - or, Pale dis - gust and anx - ious  
 2. But with - in the charm - ed bos - om None but soft af - fec - tions

*Moderato.*

*mf*

*dim.*

fear; Pin - ing grief and wast - ing an - guish Nev - er keep their vig - ils here.  
 play; Ev - 'ry rud - er gust of pas - sion, Lulled by mu - sic, dies a - way.

*dim.*

## A Study.

*Tranquillo.*

C. A. Kern.

*p*

*p*

*mf*

## Summer Days.

*Moderato.*

Eleanor Smith.

*p*

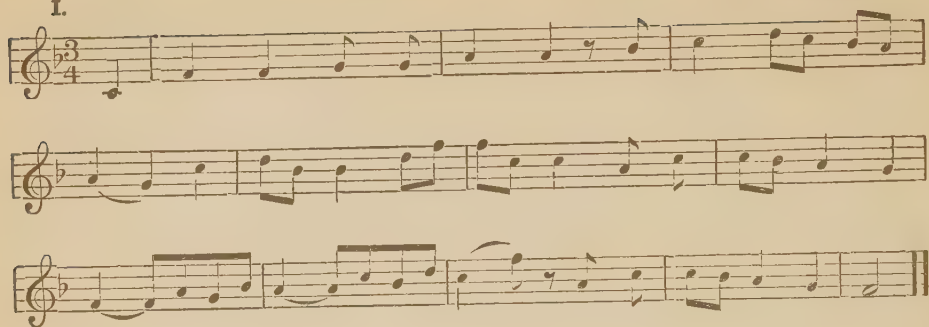
1. Sum-mer's sun-ny days have come; Soft and sweet the wind is blow-ing;
2. Hear how sweet the riv-er sings, Ev-er rip-pling, ev-er flow-ing;
3. All the wood is filled with sound, Sweet the per-fumed air is ring-ing,

*p*

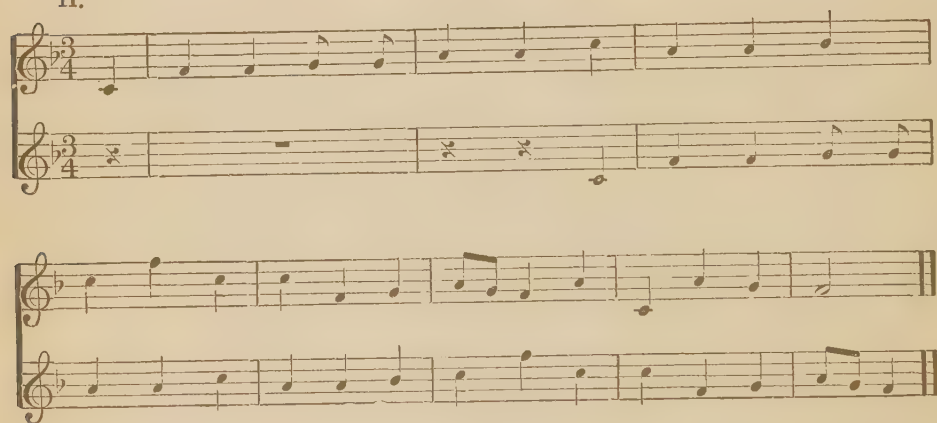
Bees a - cross the mead-ows hum, Where the gold-en flow'rs are grow-ing;  
 Tell-ing of a thousand things, Whence it comes and whith-er go-ing;  
 Up and down and round and round, Blithesome songs the birds are sing-ing.

Fields and trees are green and fair, Sun-shine's sleep-ing ev-'ry-where.  
 Sing-ing like the birds and bees Of the won-drous world it sees.  
 Oh, the hap-py sum-mer hours, —When the world's a world of flow'rs!

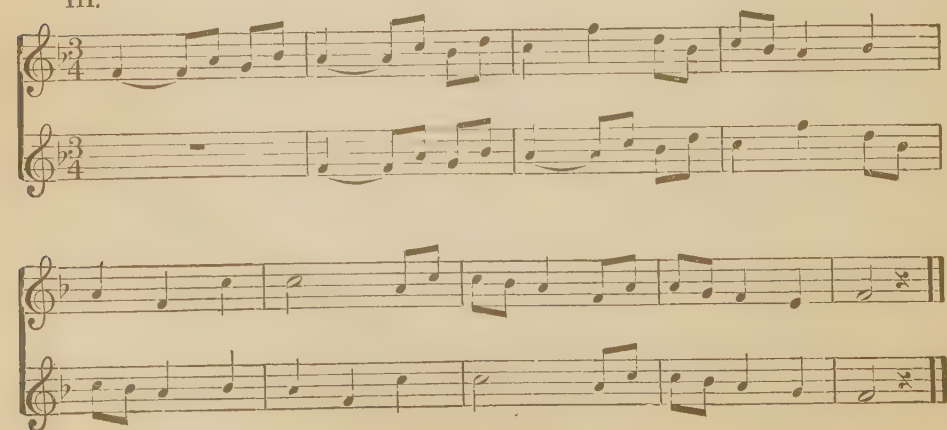
## I.



## II.



## III.





Max Hinüber.

*Moderato.*

E. Hermes.



1. Tread soft - ly, light - ly here, Birds build their nests a - near ;
2. Winds mur - mur lul - la - bies, Boughs, rock - ing fall and rise ;
3. Here first will nest - lings fly While yet the nest is nigh ;



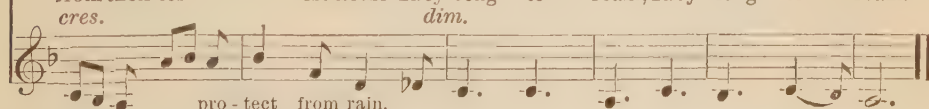
Where boughs of oak and beech Wave high and out of reach, Where  
Leaves, rust - ling, whis - per low What on - ly birds may know ; All  
Here first will learn to trill Such songs as love doth thrill ; Till



Where leaves pro - tect from rain,  
All here is safe, se - cure  
Till from their for - est home



leaves pro - tect . . . from rain, From sun and rain, From sun and rain.  
here is safe, . . . se - cure From hawk and lure, From hawk and lure.  
from their for - est home They long to roam, They long to roam.

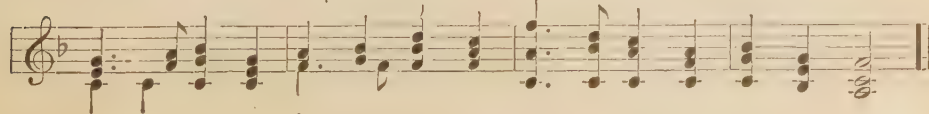


pro - tect from rain,  
is safe, se - cure  
for - est home, their home,

## A Hymn.

*Tranquillo.*

Carl Aug. Kern.



## The Spanish Gypsy.\*

BOLERO.

From the Spanish.

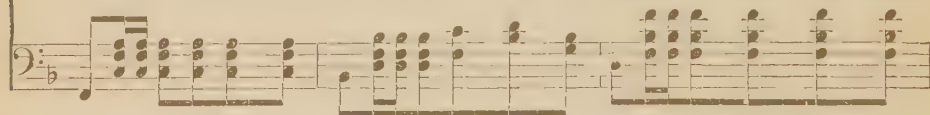
Spanish Folksong.

*Allegro.*

1. I dance the bright bo - le - ro, Each vil - lage maid - en loves my  
 2. I am the Span - ish gyp - sy, I roam our hap - py hills a -

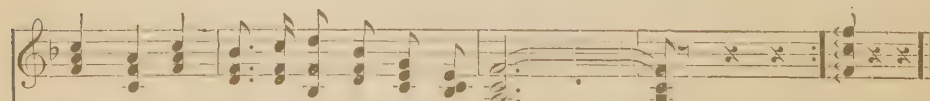
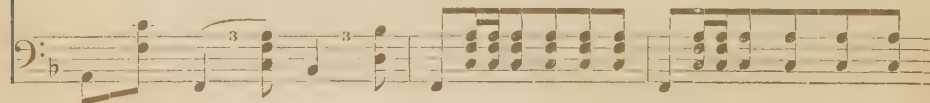


lay, When in vine - yards grapes do ri - - pen, And the  
 mong, With my cas - ta - nets a click - ing, On my



fruit grows sweet - er ev - 'ry day.  
 lips a blithe - some song.

I dance the bright bo -  
 I am the Span - ish



le - ro, With fly - ing feet and song so gay. . . . .  
 gyp - sy, And dance I must my whole life long. . . . .



\* May be sung as a unison song.

*Andante.*

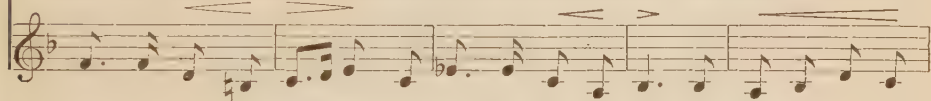
An arrangement.



1. The sun is slow - ly sink - ing A - down a gold - en sea, And  
 2. Ah, eye - lid tired and hea - vy With griev - ing and with pain, The  
 3. Fare - well, thou gold - en eve - ning ! Fare - well, thou sink - ing sun ! Thou'lt



sa - ted with its splen - dor, My eyes close wea - ri - ly ; And sa - ted with its  
 night shall take your sor - row, And give you peace a - gain ; The night shall take your  
 bring a hap - pier mor - row Here, or where night is done ; Thou'lt bring a hap - pier



splen - dor, And sat - ed with its splen - dor, My eyes close wea - ri - ly.  
 sor - row, The night shall take your sor - row And give you peace a - gain.  
 mor - row, Thou'lt bring a hap - pier mor - row Here, or where night is done.



## A Song.

Folksong.



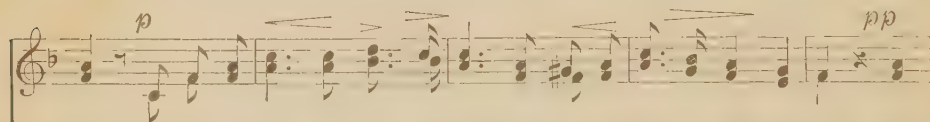
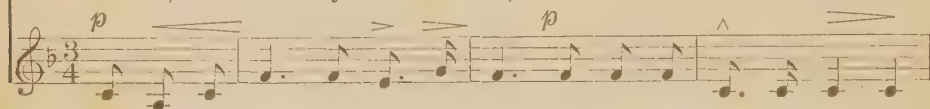
## The Daffodils.

Wordsworth.

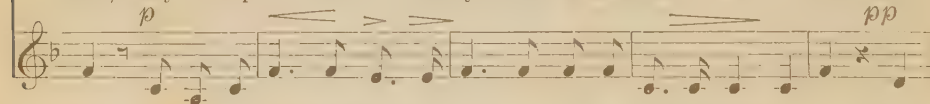
E. Hermes.



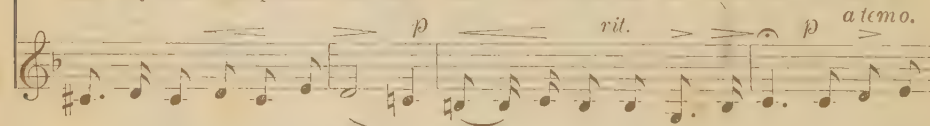
1. I wan-dered lone - ly as a cloud That floats on high, o'er vales and  
 2. Con-tin-uous as the stars that shine And twin-kle on the milk - y  
 3. The waves be - side them danced, but they Out-did the spark-ling waves in  
 4. For oft, when on my couch I lie, In va-cant, but in pen-sive



hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of gold-en daf - fo - dils; Be -  
 way, They stretched in nev - er - end - ing line, A - long the mar - gin of the bay: Ten  
 glee: A bod - y could not but be gay In such a jo - cund com - pa - ny. I  
 mood, They flash up-on that in - ward eye Which is the bliss of sol - i - tude. And



side the lake, be-neath the trees, Flutt'ring and dancing in the breeze. O daf - fo -  
 thou-sand saw I at a glance, Toss-ing their heads in spright-ly dance. O daf - fo -  
 gazed, and gazed, but lit-tle tho't What wealth the show to me had brought. O daf - fo -  
 then my heart with pleasure fills And dan - ces with the daf - fo - dils. O daf - fo -



dils, O daf - fo - dils A host of gold - en daf - fo - dils. O



O daf - fo -

# The Daffodils.

39

*pp* *f* *pp*

daf - fo - dils, O daf - fo - dils, A host of gold - en daf - fo - dils.

*pp* *mf* *f* *pp*

O daf - fo - dils, A host of gold - en,

## My Normandy.

Translated from F. Bérat.

F. Bérat.

*cres.* *p*

1. In springtime when the birds are sing - ing, And hope re - turns to earth a - gain, When  
2. I've seen the moun - tain tor - rents dash - ing From snow - y peaks in Switz - er - land; I've

*cres.* *p*

*cres.* *p*

grass - es green to life are spring - ing, And flow - ers bloom on hill and plain; When  
seen the az - ure waves a - flash - ing On It - a - ly's fair southern strand, And

*cres.* *p*

*cres.*

swal - lows home - ward bend their flight, And gone is win - ter's frost - y night, Ah!  
ma - ny an - oth - er ra - diant shore, That smiles in beau - ty ev - er - more. But

*cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *dim.*

then for thee my heart is yearn - ing, Dear Norman - dy, my own, my na - tive land.  
still for thee my heart was yearn - ing, Dear Norman - dy, my own, my na - tive land.

*cres.* *dim.*



## The Key of D Major.

D	8
C#	7
B	6
A	5
G	4
F#	3
E	2
D	1

Signature— two

sharps, F# and C#. Keynote—D, in the first space below and on the fourth line.

## Triads of D Major.

## Studies.

## A Canon.

## A Song.

# The Key of B Minor, the Relative Minor of D.

41

The Minor Scale, Melodic Form, Ascending and Descending.

La	6	La	6
Si	#5	Sol	5
Fi	#4	Fa	4
Mi	3	Mi	3
Re	2	Re	2
Do	1	Do	1
Ti	7	Ti	7
La	6	La	6

The Major Scale.

The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form.

Triads of B Minor.

Studies.

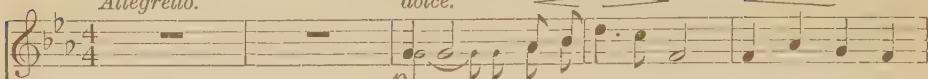
I.

II.

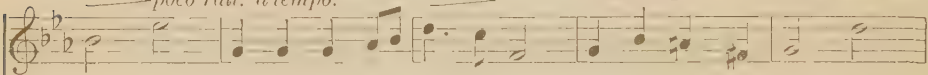
## Thoughts in Autumn.

From the German of Jacobi.

W. W. Gilchrist.

*Allegretto.**dolce.*

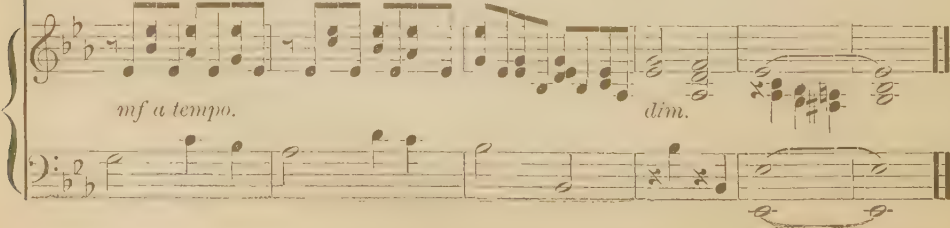
1. Tell me where the violets hide, Once so bright-ly  
 2. Say, hast thou the ros-es seen, Which we cull'd at

*Allegretto.**poco rall. a tempo.**poco rall.*

flam - ing, Her-ald - ing the queen-ly pride Of the rose ad - van - cing.  
 morn - ing, Ru - ral swain and vil - lage queen With their charms a - dorn - ing?

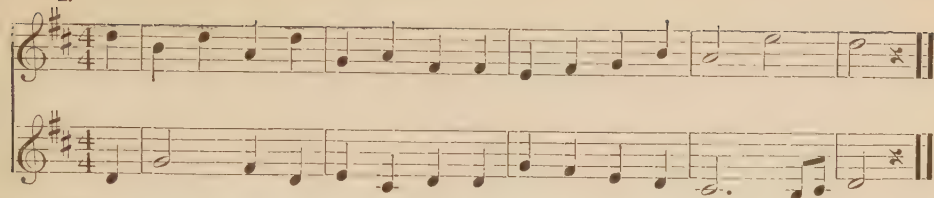
*poco rall. a tempo.**poco rall.**a tempo.**dim.*

Gen-tle youth, the spring is fled, And the vi - o - lets are dead, are dead. . .  
 Gen-tle maid, the summer's fled, And the ros-es, too are dead, are dead. . .

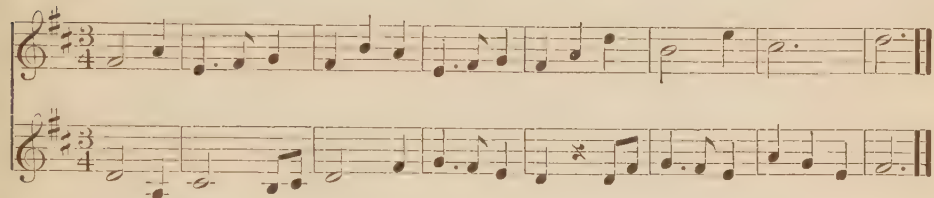
*mf a tempo.**dim.*

## Studies.

I.



II.



## The Child Awaking.

*Con tenerezza.*

Bohemian Folksong.



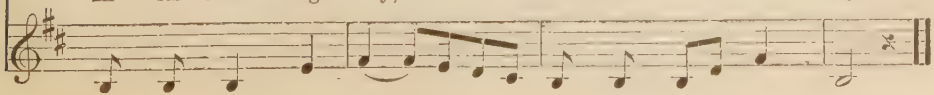
1. Wilt thou sleep for - ev - er, . . . Eye-lids o - pen nev - er,  
 2. Now from slum - ber tak - en, . . . Let thy blue eyes wak - en!  
 3. Up the sun ad - van - ces, . . . With its gold - en glan - ces,



Child with cheeks the rose a - dorn - ing? Long a - go the birds of morn - ing  
 All is read - y for my dear - est, Bread and milk when thou ap - pear - est;  
 Shin - ing on thy bed so bright - ly, Kiss - ing mouth and cheek so light - ly;



Sweet - est songs did raise . . . To their Mak - er's praise.  
 Yet thou stay - est, child, . . . Still in slum - ber mild.  
 In its cheer - ing ray, . . . Wak - en in - to day.



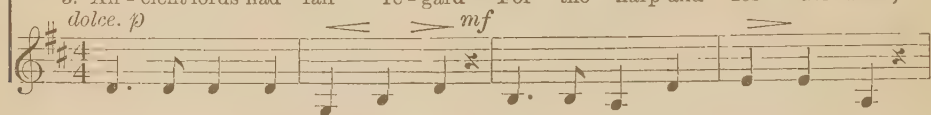
## The Minstrel's Request.

Sir Walter Scott.

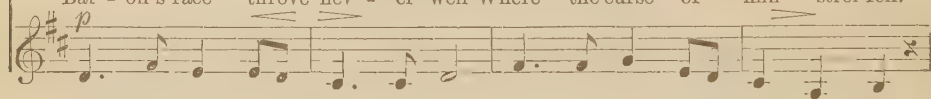
Tauwitz.

*Andantino.**dolce. p*

1. Sum - mer eve is gone and past, Sum - mer dew is fall - ing fast;  
 2. I have song of war for knight, Lay of love for la - dy bright;  
 3. An - cient lords had fair re - gard For the harp and for the bard;

*dolce. p*

I have wan - dered all the day, Do not bid me far - ther stray.  
 Fair - y tale, to lull the heir; Gob - lin grim, the maids to scare.  
 Bar - on's race throve nev - er well Where the curse of miu - strel fell.

*p*

Gen - tle hearts of gen - tle kin, Take the wan - d'ring har - per in.  
 Dark the night, and long till day; Do not bid me far - ther stray.  
 If you love your no - ble kin Take the wea - ry har - per in.

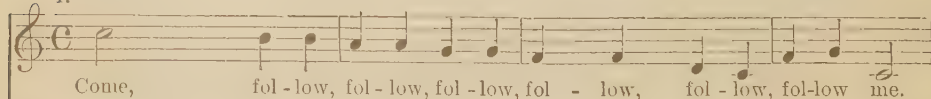
*mf**cres.**f*

## Round.

Old English.

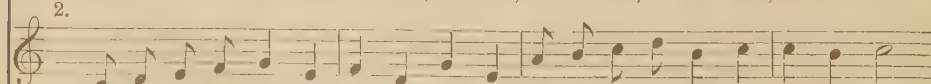
Hilton.

1.



Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me.

2.



Whither shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, whither shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?

3.



To the green-wood, To the green-wood, To the green-wood, green-wood tree.



*Con spirito.*

Schumann.

*cres.*

1. O coun-try great and glo - rious, O dear and hap - py land, Thy faith - ful chil - dren  
 2. Be righteousness thy hel - met, Be mer - cy thy good shield, Be jus - tice keen the

serve thee With heart and voice and hand. Thy sons they stand a - bout thee, Strong  
 weap - on, Thy no - ble arm doth wield. Be truth thy shin - ing ar - mor, O

bulwarks of the state; They guard thy towers vic - to - rious, Thy walls in - vi - o - late.  
 coun - try, glorious, great, And countless gen - e - ra - tions Thy fame shall cel - e - brate!

O coun - try great and glo - rious, O dear and hap - py land, Thy faith - ful chil - dren

serve thee With heart and voice and hand, With hand, with heart and voice and hand.

Signature— two

flats, B $\flat$  and E $\flat$ . Keynote—B $\flat$ , in the second space below and on the third line.

B $\flat$	8
A	7
G	6
F	5
E	4
E $\flat$	3
D	2
C	1

## Triads of B Flat Major.

## A Study.

*Allegretto.*

Round.

Ferrari.

When Spring re - turns a - gain and her flow'rs once more ap - pear

Her faith - ful her - ald's strain thro' the echo - ing groves we hear,

Cuck - oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,

# The Key of G Minor, the Relative Minor of B Flat. 47

The Minor Scale, Melodic Form, Ascending and Descending.

La 6 Si 5 Fi 4 Mi 3 Re 2 Do 1 Ti 7 La 6

La 6 Sol 5 Fa 4 Mi 3 Re 2 Do 1 Ti 7 La 6

The Major Scale.

The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form.

Triads of G Minor.

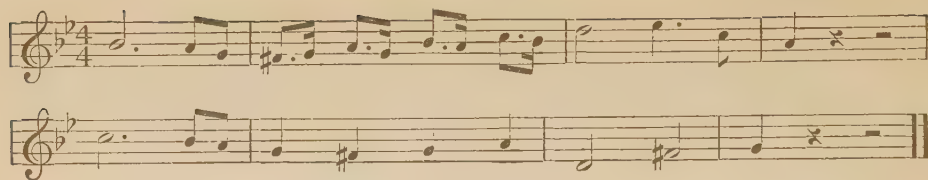
A Song.

(NIGHT.)

Arr. from Attenhofer.

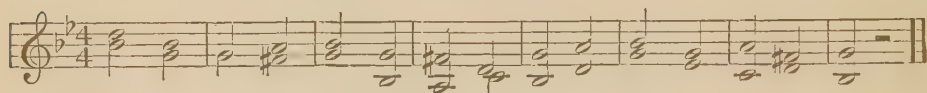
*Lento.*

*p*



## Studies.

I.



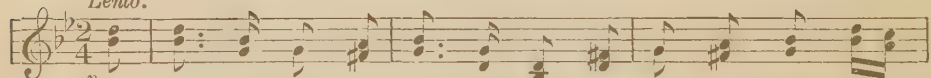
II.



## The First Grass.

J. Kerner.

Schumann.

*Lento.*

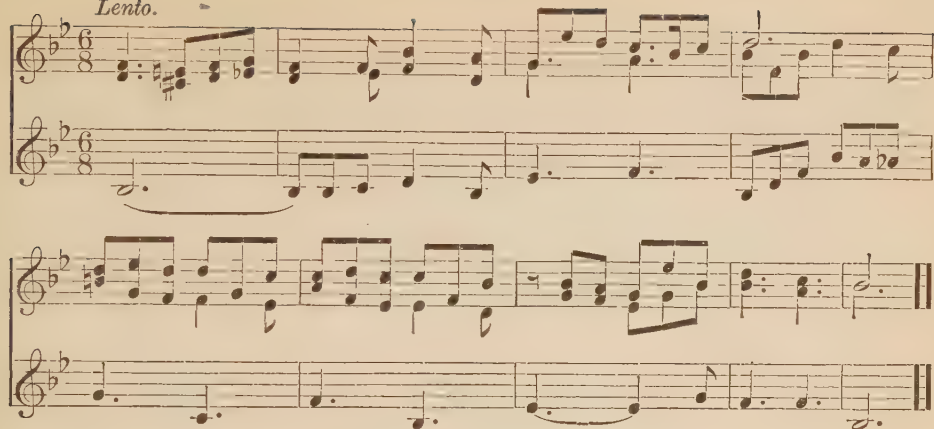
1. Thou dain - ty green, thou ten - der grass, Dost bid joy haste, and  
 2. Thou com - est from the earth's dark night, I smile up - on the  
 3. Far, far from home thou bidst me steal From sor - row that no



sor - row pass. Thou pre-cious balm to me hast brought, Still-ing the pain the  
 joy - ous sight. In - to the for - est deep I pr ss And greet thee with a  
 word can heal, And on - ly thou, fair green of spring To aching, hearts canst



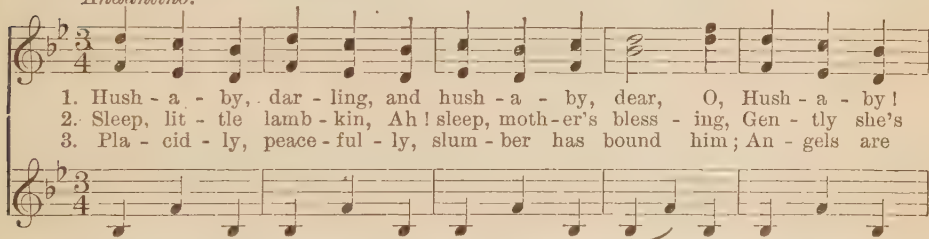
win - ter wrought, Still - ing the pain the win - ter wrought.  
 warm ca - ress, And greet thee with a warm ca - ress.  
 glad - ness bring, To ach - ing hearts canst glad - ness bring.

*Lento.*

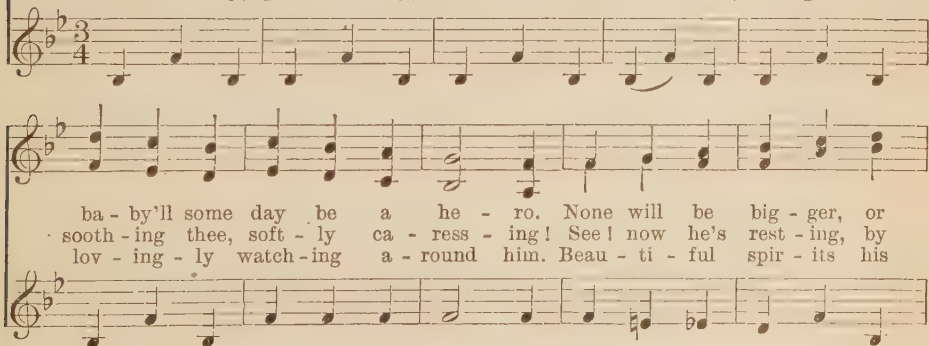
## Hushaby, Darling.

From the Gaelic by L. McBean.

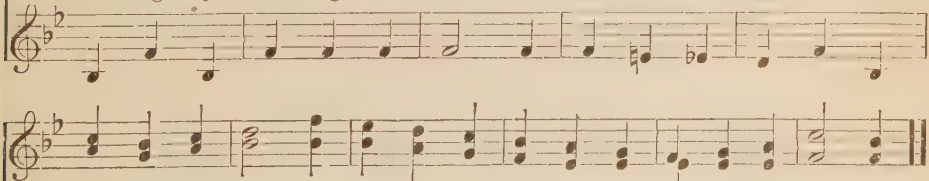
Ancient Lochaber Lullaby, arranged.

*Andantino.*

1. Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O, Hush - a - by!
2. Sleep, lit - tle lamb - kin, Ah! sleep, moth - er's bless - ing, Gen - tly she's
3. Pla - cid - ly, peace - ful - ly, slum - ber has bound him; An - gels are



ba - by'll some day be a he - ro. None will be big - ger, or  
 sooth - ing thee, soft - ly ca - ress - ing! See! now he's rest - ing, by  
 lov - ing - ly watch - ing a - round him. Beau - ti - ful spir - its his



bra - ver, or stron - ger, Lul - la - by, lit - tle one! Weep then, no lon - ger!  
 slum - ber o'er - tak - en, Sweet - ly he's sleep - ing, and hap - py he'll wak - en.  
 fears are be - guil - ing; Sweet - ly they whis - per, and ba - by is smil - ing.





## Dancing Song.

Hungarian Folksong.

*Rather slowly, increasing in speed.*

1. Two . . . and two, the dan-cers sprightly, Turn . and poise and whirl so  
 2. Life . . . is full of hope and pleas-ure; While . we tread this jo-cund

*Ped.**Allegro. f*

light-ly, Hair . . and rib-bons gai-ly fly-ing, Feet with swal-lows'  
 meas-ure, Hap-py girl and jo-vial boy, . Let us all our

wings . are vy-ing. Danc-ing, danc-ing, Gay ah! . so gay are we.  
 youth . en-joy. . Danc-ing, danc-ing, Gay ah! . so gay are we.

From the German of A. von Platen.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

*Lento e dolce.*

*p* *f*

1. Dear song - sters in the bud - a - ing trees, Who war - ble jo - cund mel - o - dies So  
 2. Be - neath your green roof, light and gay, Full man - y an hour I while a - way And  
 3. Ye seek the green of wood and mead, The brook your bath, the wind your steed, And

*p* *f* *mf* *pp*

gai - ly all to - geth - er, So gai - ly all to - geth - er; Ah, would my mind like  
 think on you, com - plain - ing, And think on you, complain - ing; The woods your home by  
 ere the day has ris - en, And ere the day has ris - en, Ye flee, nor sigh - ing

*p* *mf*

weath -  
 wan -  
 pris

yours had ease Thro' golden bright spring weather, Thro' gold - en bright spring weather,  
 night and day, Till sum - mer joys are wan - ing, Till sum - mer joys are wan - ing,  
 mortals heed With - in their drear - y pris - on, With - in their drear - y pris - on,

*p*

er,  
 ing,  
 on,

Thro' gold - en  
 Till sum - mer  
 With - in their

*f* *p*

Thro' gold - en bright, gold - en bright spring weath - er, Thro' golden bright spring weather.  
 Till sum - mer joys, sum - mer joys are wan - ing, Till sum - mer joys are wan - ing.  
 With - in their drear - y, their drear - y pris - on, With - in their drear - y pris - on.

*f*

## The Key of A Major.

Signature— three

sharps, F#, C# and G#. Keynote—A, in the second space.

A	8
G#	7
F#	6
E	5
D	4
C#	3
B	2
A	1

## Triads of A Major.

## Studies.

I.

II.

# The Key of F Sharp Minor, the Relative Minor of A. 53

The Minor Scale, Melodic Form, Ascending and Descending.

La	6	La	6
Si	#5	Sol	5
Fi	#4	Fa	4
Mi	3	Mi	3
Re	2	Re	2
Do	1	Do	1
Ti	7	Ti	7
La	6	La	6

The Major Scale.

The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form.

Triads of F Sharp Minor.

Studies.

I.

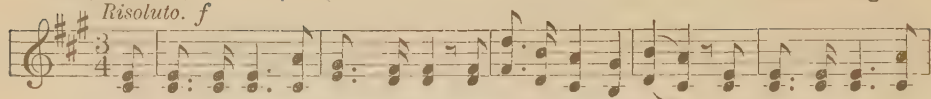
II.

III.

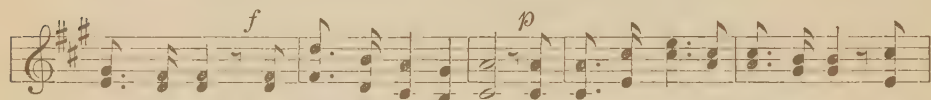
## The Hardy Norseman.

Mrs. Hemans.  
*Risolut. f*

Norse Song.



1. The har - dy Norseman's house of yore Was on the foaming wave! And there he gather'd  
 2. What tho' our pow'r be weak-er now Than it was wont to be, When bold - ly forth our



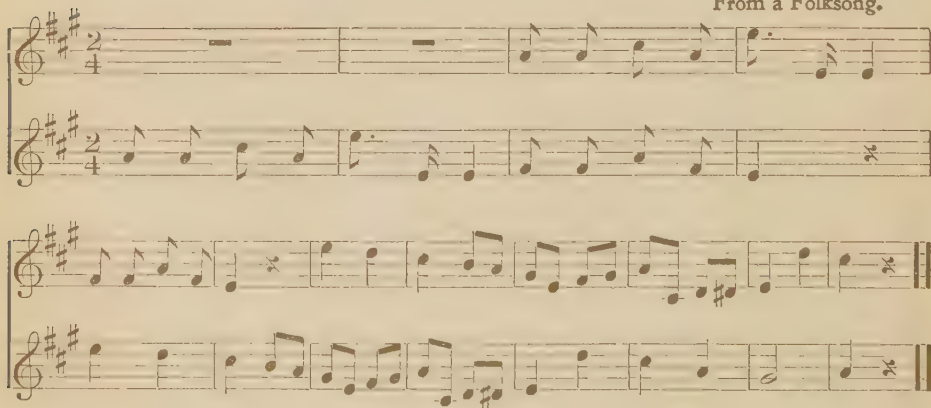
bright re-nown, The brav - est of the brave. Oh! ne'er should we for-get our sires, Wher -  
 fa - thers sail'd, And conquer'd Normandie! We still may sing their deeds of fame In



ev - er we may be; They brave - ly won a gal-lant name, And rul'd the stormy sea.  
 thrill - ing harmo - ny; For they did win a gal-lant name, And rul'd the stormy sea.

## A Study in Imitation.

From a Folksong.



## A Hymn.

Peter Ritter.

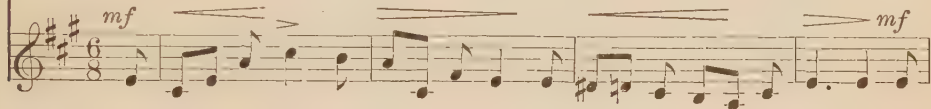




J. C. Willi.

 $m_f$ 

- mf



---



*cres.*

*f*



—

*cres.*

*f*



## Peaceful Slumbering.

English.

Stephen Storace.

*Allegretto.*

1. Peaceful slumb'ring on the o - cean, Sea-men feel no
2. Calm and peace the soul controlling, Home and love in
3. Wak-ing hours once more are dawning, Storm and tempest
4. While the billows, wild-ly toss-ing, Drive the bark, now
5. Safe in port, the ship now riding, Home and love once

*Allegretto.**pp*

dan - ger nigh The winds and waves in gen - tle mo - tion Soothe them with their  
 dreams go by, The while the waves in plac - id roll - ing Soothe them with their  
 fill the sky, The trust - ful sea - man, dan - ger scorn - ing, Soothe his heart with  
 low, now high, Still'd each fear the bos - om cross - ing, Sooth'd by hope's sweet  
 more are nigh, Toil and trial no more be - tid - ing, Sooth'd all fear in

lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Soothe them with their

*una corda*

# Peaceful Slumbering.

57

lul - - la - by.

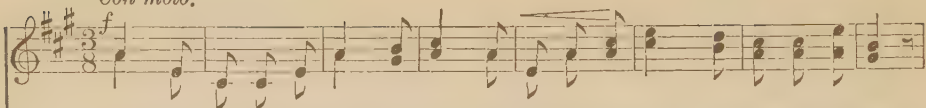
1 2

*pp* H.G.

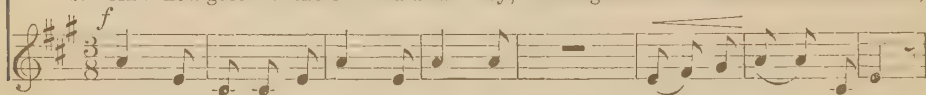
This musical score is for a piece titled "Peaceful Slumbering." It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line consists of a single phrase: "lul - - la - by." The piano accompaniment is divided into two systems. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final measure, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with a treble staff featuring a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

## A Study in Imitation.

This musical score is for a piece titled "A Study in Imitation." It consists of four staves of music, arranged in two systems of two staves each. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass staff. The second system continues the melodic line in the treble staff and the rhythmic accompaniment in the bass staff. The third system shows a melodic line in the treble staff and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass staff. The fourth system continues the melodic line in the treble staff and the rhythmic accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

*Con moto.*

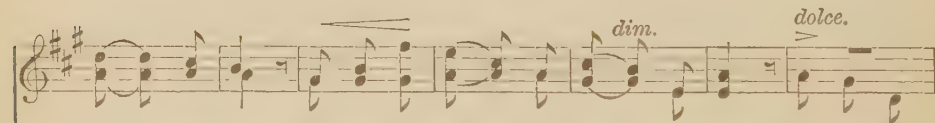
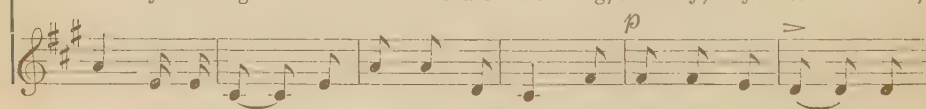
1. Sum - mer morning all fresh and dew - y, Laughing in beau - ty, greetest thou me ;  
 2. Fra - grant ros - es from moss - y pil - lows Lift their glad fa - ces, blushing and red ;  
 3. Ah ! how green is the em -erald val - ley, Ah ! bright as sil - ver flash - es the stream ;



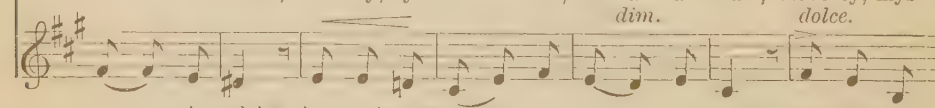
Laughing, thou greet - est me ;  
 Lifting their fa - ces red ;  
 Bright - ly flash - es the stream ;



Deep in the wood - land's cool shelt'ring bow - ers, Birds are a - wak - ing in  
 Dan - ces the grain to the wind's mer - ry meas - ure, Nod - deth and bend - eth each  
 Ro - sy the heights in their mist - veils are ris - ing, Love - ly, mys - ter - ious,

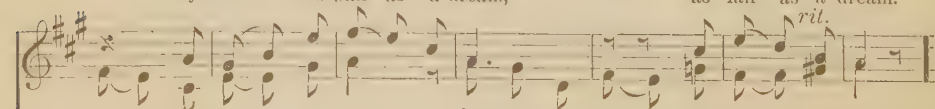


ev - 'ry green tree, Birds are a - wak - ing in ev - 'ry green tree, Birds are a -  
 gold - en head, Nod - deth and bend - eth each gold - en head, Nod - deth and  
 fair as a dream, Love - ly, mys - ter - ious, fair as a dream, Love - ly, mys -



A - wak - ing in ev - 'ry green tree,  
 And bendeth each gold - en head,  
 Mys - ter - ious, fair as a dream,

in ev - 'ry green tree.  
 each gold - en head.  
 as fair as a dream.



wak - ing in ev - 'ry green tree,  
 bend - eth each gold - en head,  
 ter - ious, fair as a dream,

Birds are a - wak - ing in ev - 'ry green tree.  
 Nod - deth and bend - eth each gold - en head.  
 Love - ly, mys - ter - ious, fair as a dream.



*mf* Lo! spring ad-van-ces, love-ly boy, He  
*mf* Lo! spring ad-van-ces, love-ly boy, To whom no heart is mute, He  
*FINE.*  
spring ad-van-ces, love-ly boy, And smiles his sweet sa-lute. *FINE.*  
comes with trip-ping step and joy, And smiles his sweet sa-lute. *FINE.*  
comes with trip-ping step of joy, And smiles his sweet sa-lute.  
His  
His pleas-ant gambol, to display, Which  
His pleas-ant gam-bols to dis-play, He mer-ri-ly pre-pares Which  
*rall.* *D. C. al Fine.*  
wan-ton gambols to dis-play, With win-ter's hoar-y hair. *rall.* *D. C. al Fine.*  
he of old was wont to play, With win-ter's hoar-y hair. *rall.* *D. C. al Fine.*  
he of old was wont to play With win-ter's's hoar-y hair.





# The Key of C Minor, the Relative Minor of E Flat. 61

The Scale of C Minor, Melodic Form, Ascending and Descending.

La 6    La 6  
Si #5    Sol 5  
Fi #4    Fa 4  
Mi 3    Mi 3  
Re 2    Re 2  
Do 1    Do 1  
Ti 7    Ti 7  
La 6    La 6

The Major Scale.

The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form.

Triads of C Minor.

A Study.

Arpeggio of Triads of C Minor.

I.

Tonic Triad.

Subdominant Triad.

A Comparison.

II.

Dominant Triad.

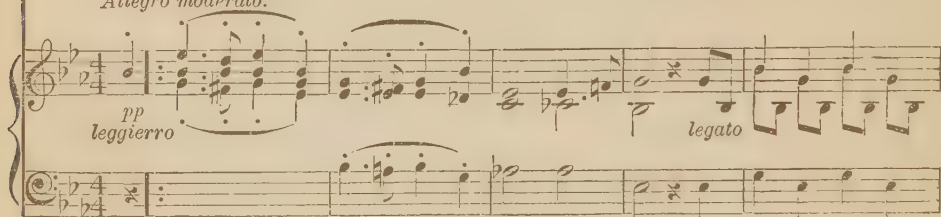
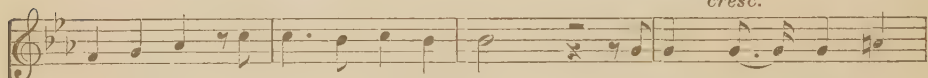
Submediant Triad.

## The Primrose.

A. Randegger.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. <sup>*p*</sup> The milk-white blossoms  
2. The stars are sweet at

*Allegro moderato.**cresc.*

of the thorn Are wav - ing o'er the pool,  
e - ven-tide, But cold and far a - way;

Mov'd by the wind that  
The clouds are soft in

*dim.*

breathes a - long So sweet - ly and so cool. The haw - thorn clusters bloom above, The  
sum - mer time, But all unsta - ble they; The rose is rich, but pride of place Is



## The Primrose.

primrose hides be-low,  
far too high for me:

And on the low-ly pass - er - by, A mod - est  
God's simple common things I love, (Omit.....)

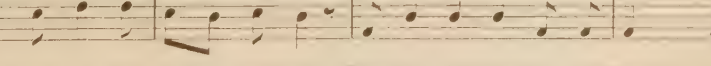
glance doth throw. *p* My primrose, my primrose, my primrose, such as thee.

## The Hunt.

ROUND.

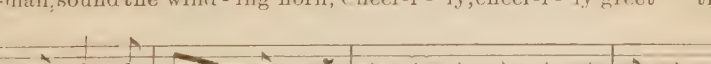
W. W. Pearson.

1 *Allegretto.* W. W. Pearson.



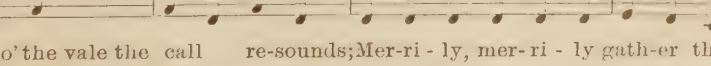
*mf*  
Hunts-man, sound the wind - ing horn; Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly greet the morn.

2



Thro' the vale the call re-sounds; Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly gath-er the hounds.

3



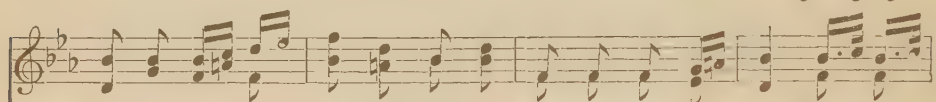
Hark, hark! forward they go, Hunts-men and dogs with a wild Tal-ly - ho.

## The Busy Workmen.

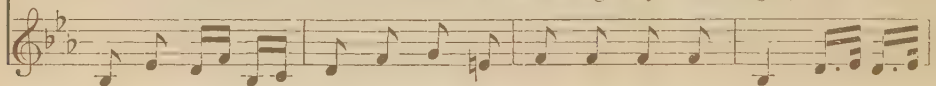
Louise Reichardt.



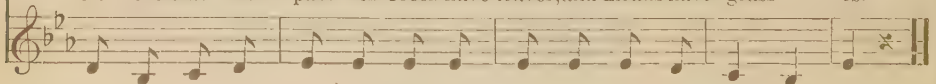
1. If you lis - ten, if you lis - ten, You perchance may hear the tread Of a  
 2. They are bring-ing, they are bring-ing Leaves to ev - 'ry wait-ing bough, First the  
 3. Can you tell me, can you tell me Whether 'tis in love or jest That some  
 4. We have wait - ed, we have wait - ed, Not a sound and not a sight, But we



thou-sand won-drous work-men Work-ing where the leaves were dead ; Dely-ing  
 leaf and then the blos-som Where the limbs are emp - ty now ; Hang-ing  
 na-ked boughs with blos-soms First, in - stead of leaves, are dressed? Are our  
 know the won-drous work-men Must be work-ing day and night, For wher -

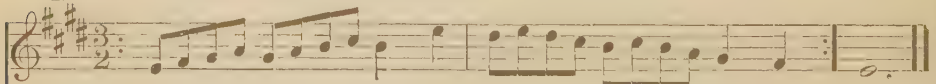


deep - ly, mak-ing mel - low Soil for blos-soms white and yel - low.  
 cat - kins on the wil - low, Mak - ing green the dai - sies' pil - low.  
 lit - tle work-men, mer - ry, Jest - ing with the peach and cher - ry?  
 e'er the trav - 'ler pass - es Trees have leaves, and meads have grass - es.



## Studies.

I.



II.

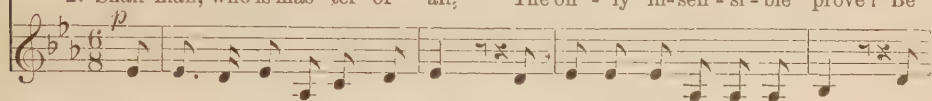




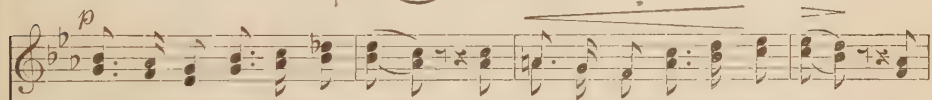
Dr. Arne. Arranged.



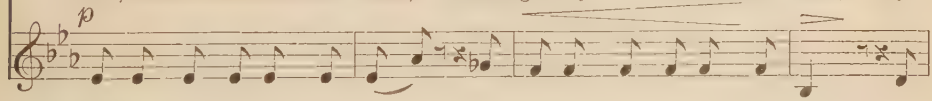
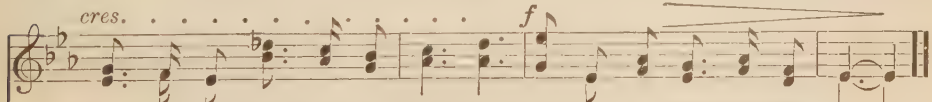
1. How cheer-ful a-long the gay mead The dai - sy and cow-slip ap - pear ; The  
 2. Shall man, who is mas - ter of all, The on - ly in-sen - si - ble prove ? Be

*cres.*

flocks as they care-less-ly feed Re-joice in the spring of the year. The  
 deaf to kind grat - i-tude's call ? For-bid it, de - vo - tion and love ! Thee,

*cres.*

myr-tles that shade the gay bow-ers, The her-bage that springs from the sod, The  
 Lord, who such won-ders can raise, Whose glo - ry il - lu-mines the clod, My

*cres.*

trees and the plants and sweet flow'rs, All sing to the praise of their God.  
 lips shall for ev - er-more praise, My Help, my Cre - a - tor and God.

*cres.*

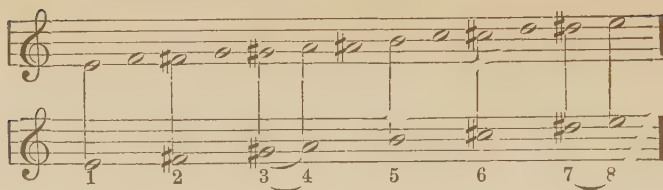
## A Song.


Meltzer.

*dim.*

# The Key of E Major.

The Major Scale Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.

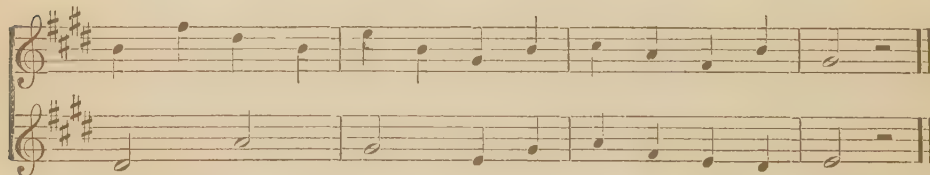
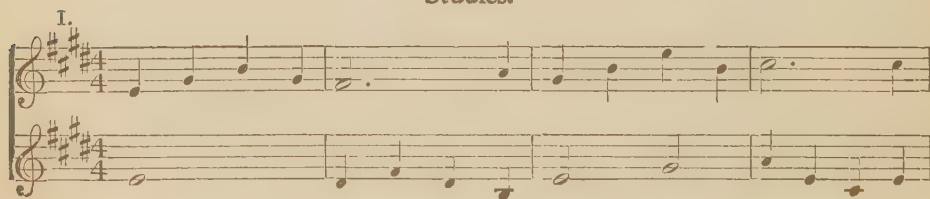


Signature—  four sharps, F#, C#, G#, and D#. Keynote—E, on the first line and in the fourth space.

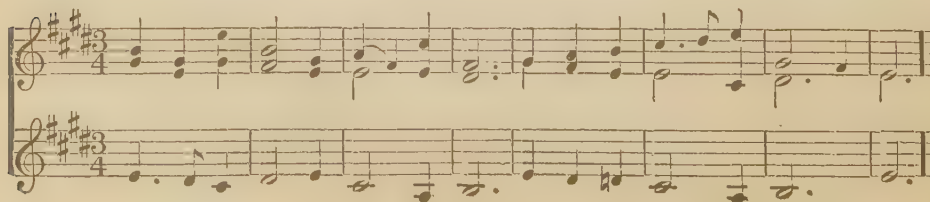
## Triads of E Major.



## Studies.



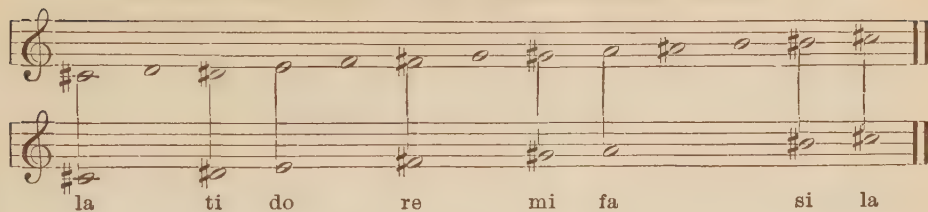
## II.



# The Key of C $\sharp$ Minor, the Relative Minor of E.

67

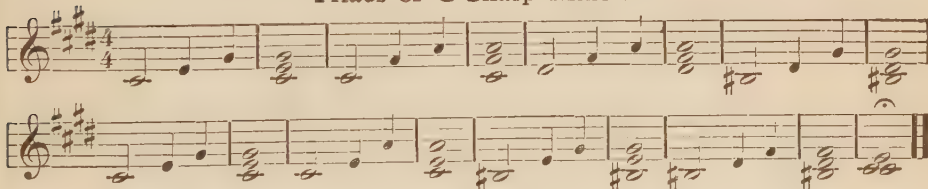
The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form, Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.



The Minor Scale, Melodic Form.



Triads of C Sharp Minor.



A Study.



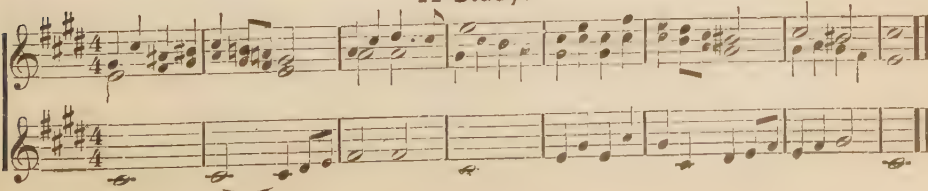
A Melody.

Reissiger.

*Moderato.*



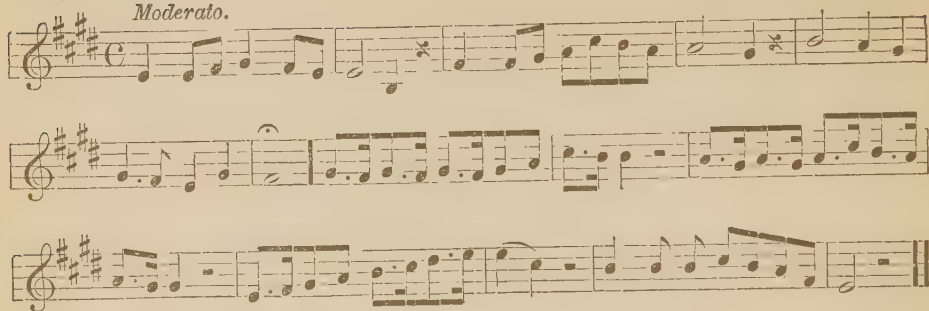
A Study.



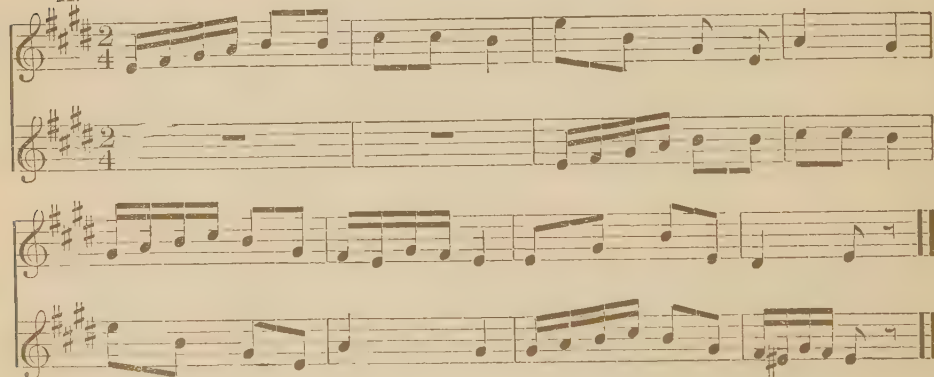
## Studies.

A. F. Beczwarzowsky.

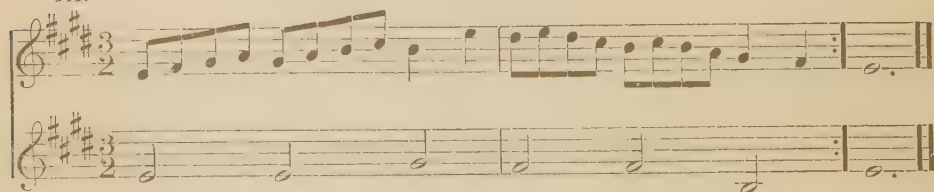
I.

*Moderato.*

II.



III.



IV.



# The Christmas Rose.

69

Chas. Mackay.

Hamma.

*Andante.*

1. I've loved thee well, I've loved thee long, And gaz - ing on thy beau - ty, I
2. The kind - ly word that falls to - day May bear its fruit to - mor - row; The

ask my heart what se - cret charms Makes love such joy - ous du - ty. My  
false are of - ten kind in joy; The true a - lone, in sor - row. And

heart re - plies: The soul of truth, The hope in sad - ness spoken, The smiles of light in  
though we bless the flow'r in June, And all its charms re - member, We've double blessings

dark - est days, The con - stan - cy un - bro - ken, The con - stan - cy un - bro - ken.  
for the rose That blossoms in De - cem - ber, That blos - soms in De - cem - ber.

## A Song.

J. H. Breitenbach.

*Andante.*



## A Study.

*Adagio.* *mf* *p*

*pp* *pp*

## The Goodness of God.

Edward Grell.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

*mf* *f* *pp*

1. { Thy goodness, Lord, is meas-ure - less As skies that lie a - bove . . us.  
 { No man may know Thy righteous-ness, Thou ten-der - ly dost love . . us.

2. { Thy scep-ter, Lord, is Mer-cy sweet, Thy crowa is Truth un - spot - ted.  
 { An - gel - ic hosts Thy praise re-peat, Who all our sins out - blot - ted.

{ Thy ben - e - fits out-num-ber far The sis - ters of the eve-ning star.  
 { Thou art our sol - ace and our stay When trou-bles crowd life's de-vi-ous way.  
 { Help us to love Thee as we ought, Help us to serve Thee in each tho't.  
 { Bring us at last to dwell with thee Throughout a blest e - ter - ni - ty.

Thy goodness, Lord, is meas-ure - less As skies that lie a - bove us.

# Evening Song.

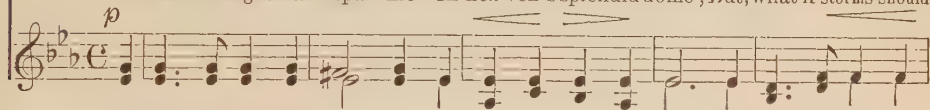
71

Hans Christian Andersen.

Robert Volkmann.



1. The twilight draws its cur - tain A - cross the arch of blue ; The birds sleep 'mid the
2. In dreamland, still the sky - lark Doth cleave the up - per air ; The flow'rs breathe out their
3. The stars now gleam and spar - kle In hea - ven's splendid dome ; But, what if storms should



branch - es, The flow'rs are nod - ding, too, — A - nod - ding and a - dream - ing, Oh,  
glad - ness In fra - grance ev - 'rywhere : The great world and the lit - tle, Yes,  
gath - er A - bove the woodland home ! To dreaming flow'r and bird - ling, The



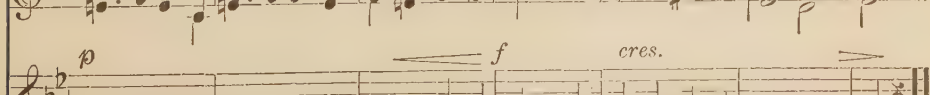
trou - ble not their rest ! A world of joy and sor - row Is in the small - est breast.  
all cre - a - ted things Are hap - py with the bless - ing That God, at eve - ning brings.  
night's long watches thro', The hours, tho' wild, are peaceful, The skies, tho' dark, are blue.



## A Song.

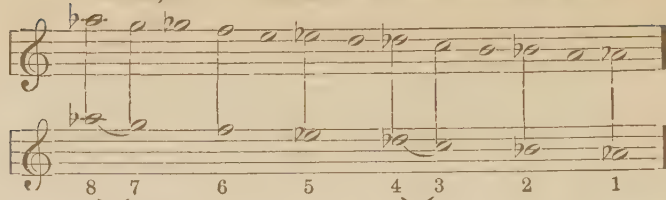
Mendelssohn.

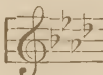
*Moderato.*



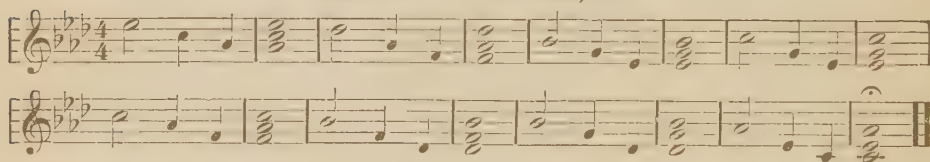
# The Key of A Flat Major.

The Major Scale Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.



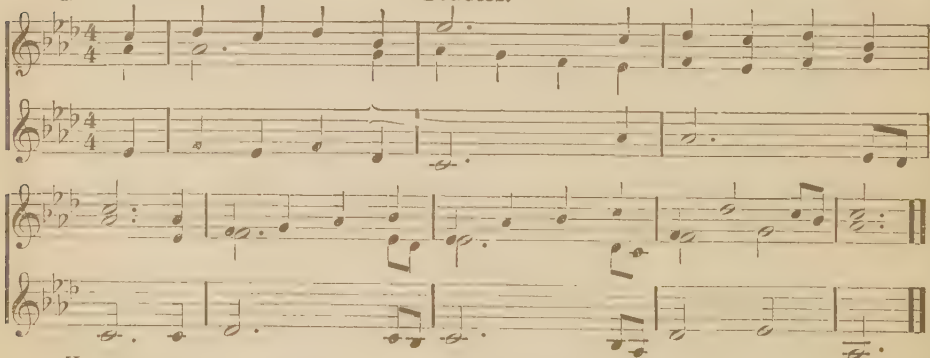
Signature— four flats, B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , and D $\flat$ . Keynote—A $\flat$ , in the second space.

## Triads of A Flat Major.

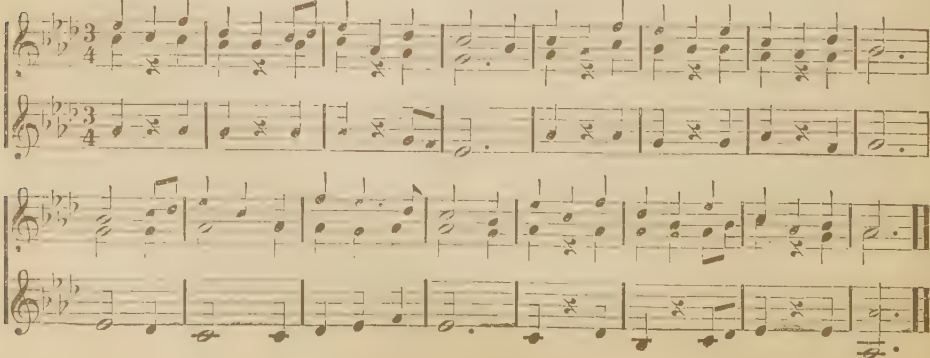


I.

## Studies.



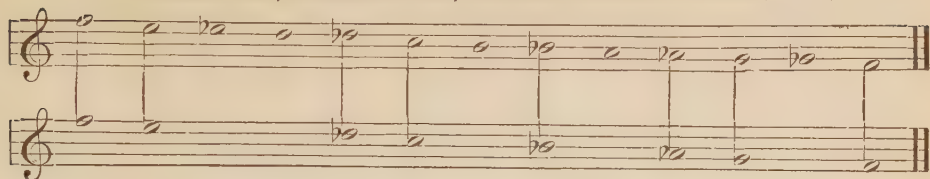
II.



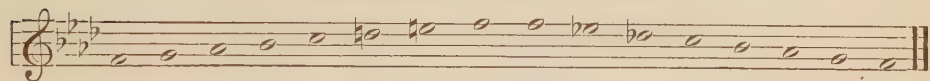
# The Key of F Minor, the Relative Minor of A Flat.

73

The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form, Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.



## The Minor Scale, Melodic Form.



## Triads of F Minor.

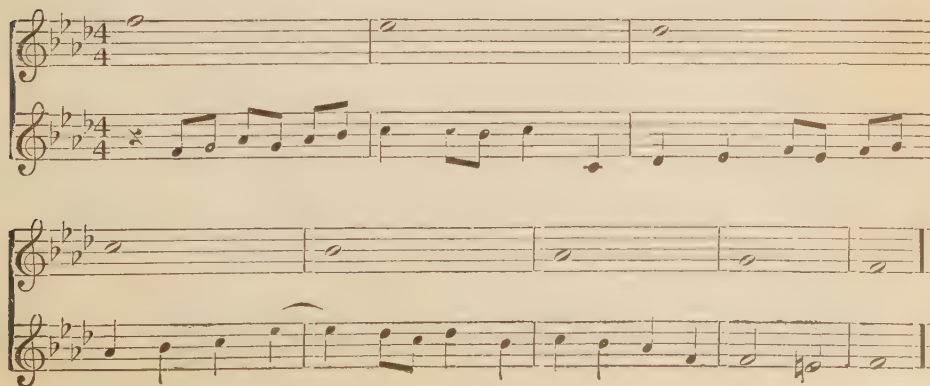


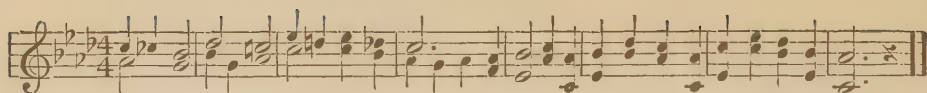
## Studies.

I.

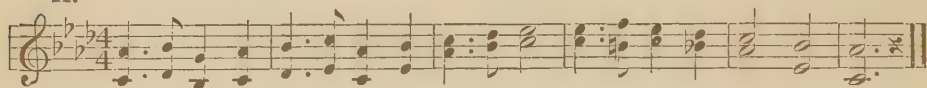


II.

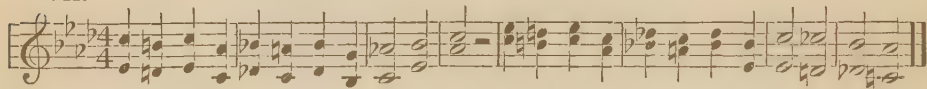




II.



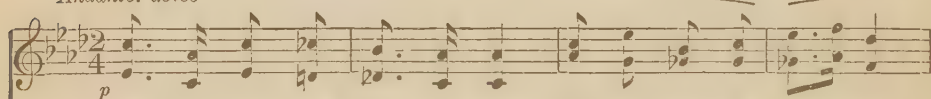
III.



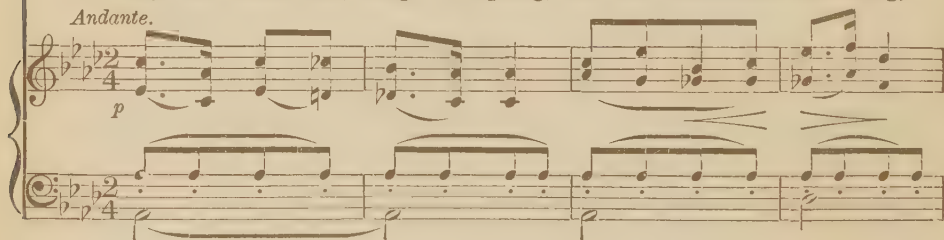
## Spring Song.

Heine.  
*Andante. dolce*

Gade.



1. Ten - der, low, a dream - y strain In my heart is chi - ming;  
 2. Fly thou forth, dear song of spring, O'er green hills and val - leys,  
 3. Fly and seek her, song of spring, Till the rose-bud meet - ing,

*Andante.*

Comes and goes the glad re - frain While sweet words I'm rhym - ing.  
 Near the bank of vio - lets sing Where the south-wind dal - lies.  
 Tell her all I bade thee sing, Give her tune - ful greet - ing.





# The Swallow.

75

Celia Thaxter.

H. M. Schletterer.

*Andante. p*

1. O swal - low, sail - - ing light - ly The crys - tal deeps of  
2. I know all beau - - ties fol - low Swift in thy shin - ing

1. O swal-low, sail-ing light-ly The crys-tal deeps of  
2. I know all beau-ties fol-low Swift in thy shin-ing

blue, With flashing wings that bright-ly Glit - ter the sun-shine  
track, But to my heart, O swal - low, Canst thou bring summer

blue, With flashing wings that brightly Glit - ter the sun-shine  
track, But to my heart, O swal-low, Canst thou bring sum-mer

through, What say-est thou, re - turn-ing From sunny  
back? No shaft of sun - shine glo-rious Shall melt my

through, What sayest thou, re - turn-ing From sunny lands and  
back? No shaft of sun - shine glorious Shall melt my win - ter

lands and fair, That summer ros-es burning Shall light the fra - grant  
win - ter snows, No kiss of June vic-to-rious A-wake for me the

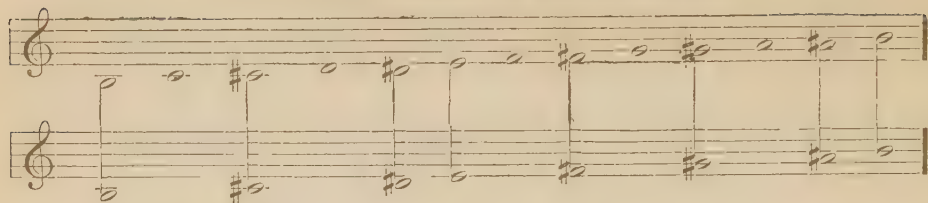
fair, That summer ros - es burn - ing Shall light the fra - grant  
snows, No kiss of June vic - to - rious A-wake for me the


air? That sum - mer ros - es burning Shall light the fra - grant air?  
rosel! No kiss of June vic - to - rious A-wake for me the rosel!

air? That summer ros - es burning Shall light the fra - grant air?  
rosel! No kiss of June vic - to - rious A-wake for me the rosel!

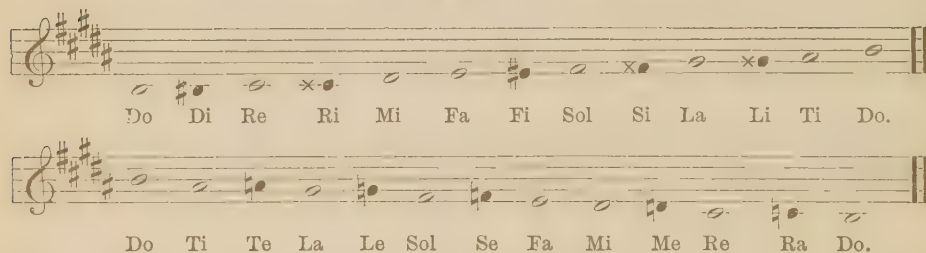
# The Key of B Major.

The Major Scale Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.

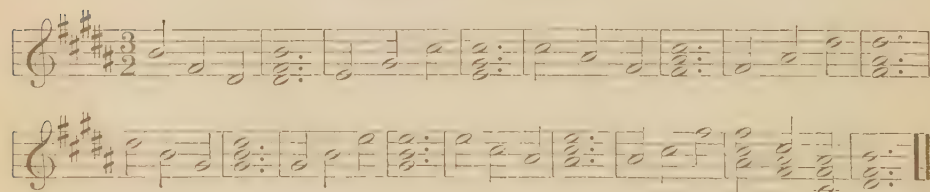


Signature —  five sharps, F#, C#, G#, D#, and A#. Keynote, B, on the third line, and in the second space below the staff.

## Chromatic Scale, with Scale-Names.



## Triads of B Major.

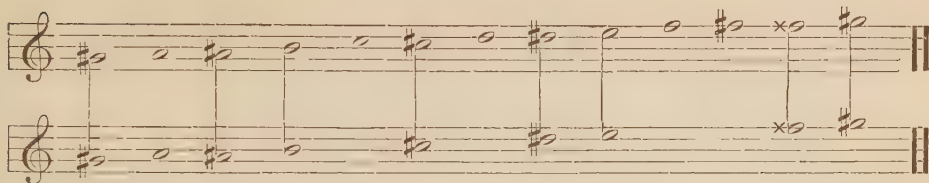


## A Chromatic Study.

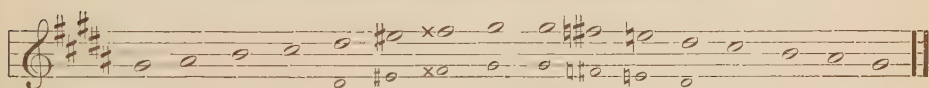


# The Key of G Sharp Minor, the Relative Minor of B. 77

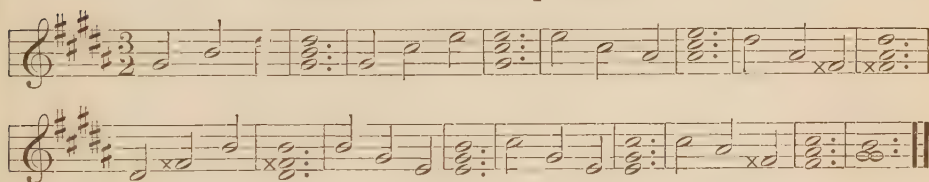
The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form, Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.



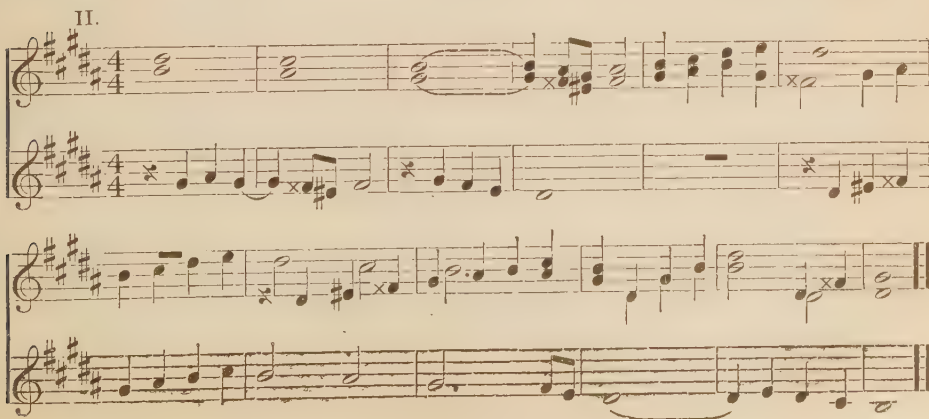
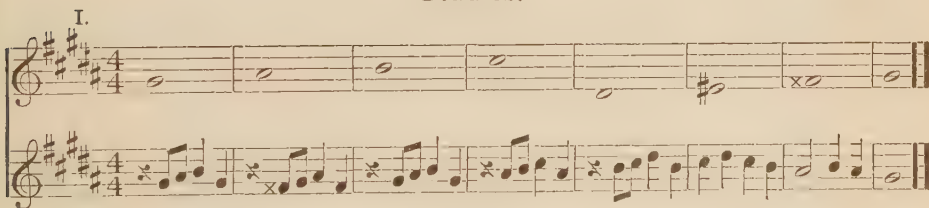
## The Minor Scale, Melodic Form.



## Triads of G Sharp Minor.

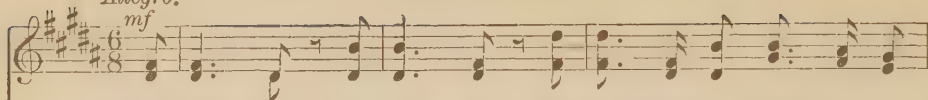


## Studies.

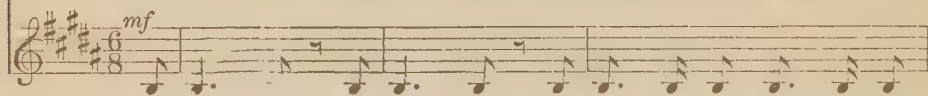


## Morning Song.

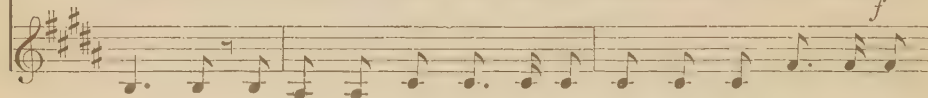
Franz Abt.

*Allegro.*

1. Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, ye fields and ye
2. Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, ye hills and ye
3. Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, ye sun - beams all



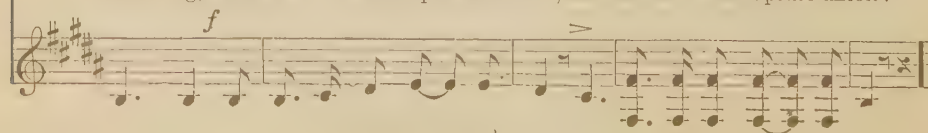
mead-ows, Ye far pur - ple moun-tains be - hung with soft shad - ows ; My  
val - leys Be-decked with gray cas - tles and vine - cov - ered chal - ets ; The  
glo - rious, O'er night and pale twi - light ye con - quered vic - to - rious ; Ye



puls - es they leap as I breathe the sweet air ; Good morn - ing, Good  
wan - der - er greets you with joy and de - light ; Good morn - ing, Good  
paint - ed the world with your red and your gold ; Good morn - ing, Good



morn - ing, dear world, thou art won - d'rous fair, dear world, thou art won - d'rous fair.  
morn - ing, dear world full of beau - ty and light, dear world full of beauty and light.  
morn - ing, and bathed it with rapture un - told, and bathed it with rapture untold.



Samuel Rogers.

E. H. Turpin.

*Andante moderato.*

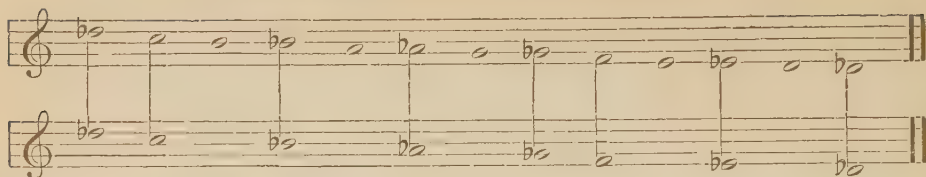
The shep-herd's horn at break of day, the shepherd's horn at  
break of day, The bal - let danced in twi - light glade, The can - zo -  
net and round-de - lay, Sung, sung in the si - lent greenwood shade, These  
sim - ple joys that nev - er fail Shall bind, shall bind me to my na - tive vale.


## A Study.



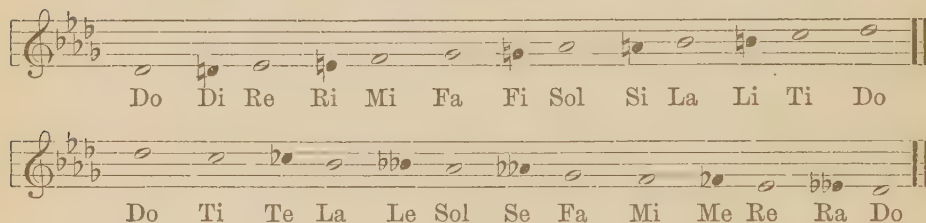
# The Key of D Flat Major.

The Major Scale Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.



Signature —  five flats, B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , D $\flat$ , and G $\flat$ . Keynote D $\flat$ , on the fourth line, and in the first space below the staff

## Chromatic Scale, with Scale-Names.

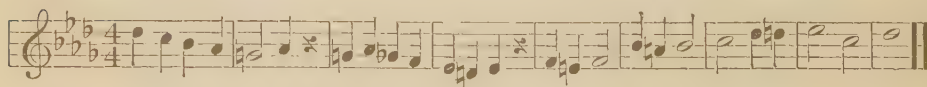


## Triads of D Flat Major.



## Chromatic Studies.

I.



II.

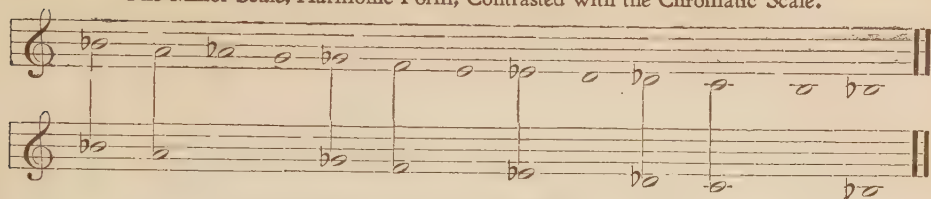


III.

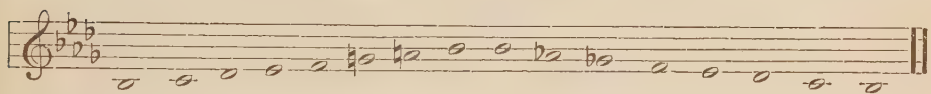


The Key of B Flat Minor, the Relative Minor of D Flat. 81

### The Minor Scale, Harmonic Form, Contrasted with the Chromatic Scale.



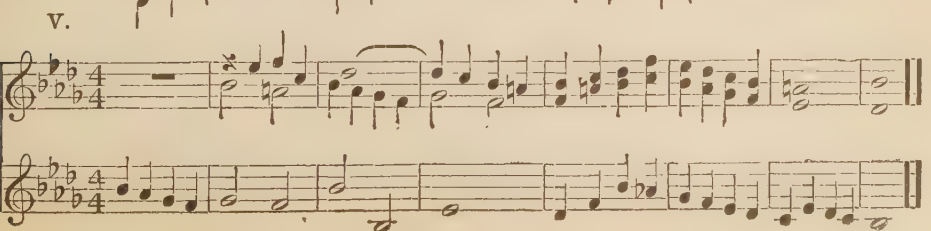
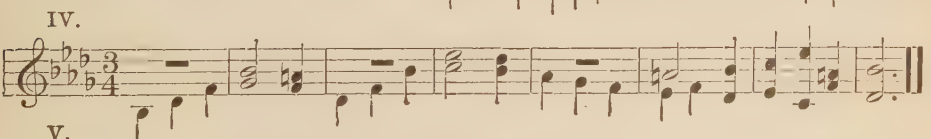
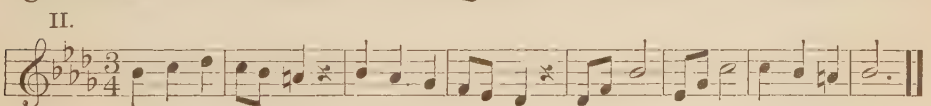
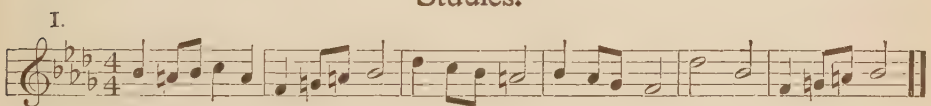
### The Minor Scale, Melodic Form.



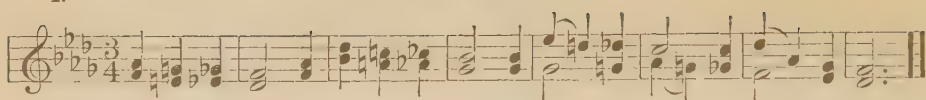
### Triads of B Flat Minor.



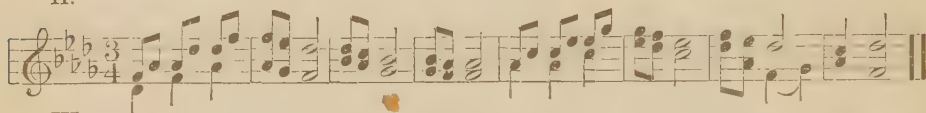
## Studies.



I.



II.



III.



# Santa Lucia.

Translated from the Italian.

Neapolitan Boat-Song.

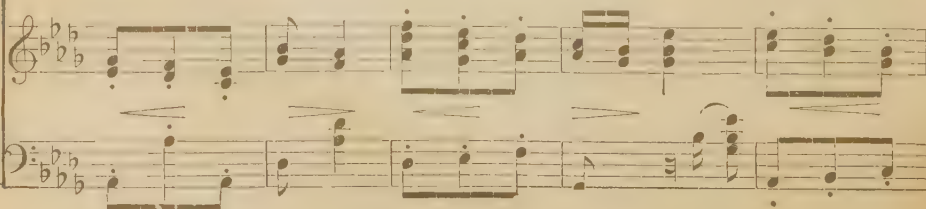
*Moderato.*

1. Moon-light, so sweet and pale, From hea-ven
2. Soft winds that come and go, Cool-ness are
3. O joy! to lie at rest, Drift-ing and

fall-ing; Wave-lets that mur-mur low,  
 bringing, Bear-ing on gen-tle wings  
 dreaming On o-cean's peace-ful breast,

*Moderato.*

To us are call-ing. White is the sum-mer night; Sum-mer sea,  
 Ech-oes of sing-ing. Waits the light boat for thee, Float o'er the  
 'Neath moon-light gleam-ing! Bride of the sum-mer sea, Na-ples, thy



# Santa Lucia.

83

sil - ver bright. San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !  
 waves with me. San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !  
 child to be ! San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !

*f* *rall.* *p* *rall.*

## A Study.

## A Song.

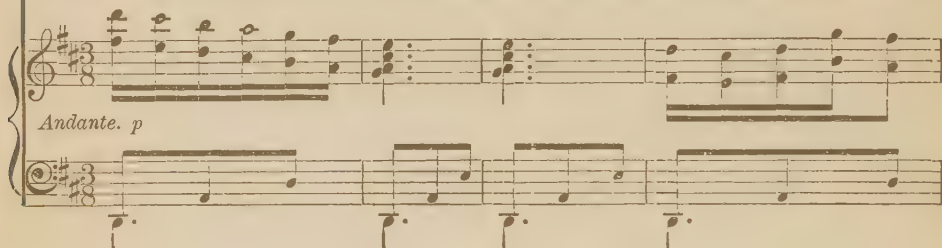
F. Moehring.

Frederick Manley.

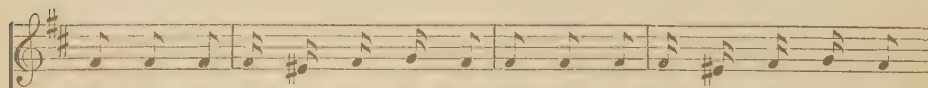
Graben-Hoffmann.

*p Andante.*

1. Brooklet thro' the meadows dancing, Dimpling so fair and mer - ri - ly,
2. Left - y hills would be my dwelling, Mountains that man has nev - er trod,
3. Oh! to wind a-bout the shallows, Kiss - ing their peb - bly, gold - en sand;



Play - ing with the winds, and glan - cing, Far o'er the lea,  
 Crag that tow'r and cloud dis - pel - ling, Reach up tow'rd God;  
 Speed - ing swift - ly like the swal - lows, O'er dis - tant lands!



Roar - ing now o - ver mos - sy falls, Murm'ring now low and qui - et - ly,  
 Sun, clouds and mist and rain and snow, Would lead me from the fro - zen sod  
 Oft cir - cling with the rip - ples light, Touching the flow'rs with gen - tle hands,





*cresc.*
*mf fz*

Dart - ing swift as when wild calls Come from the sea!  
Thro' wood-lands, where wild flow'rs blow, Where hem - locks nod.  
Bind - ing sun-beams, swift and bright Fast in gay bands.

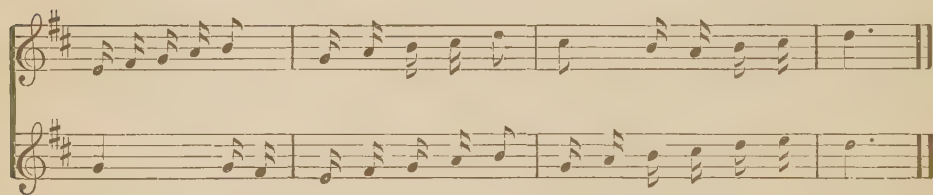
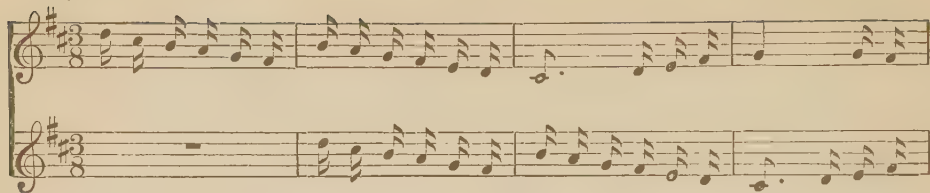
*cresc.*
*mf fz*
*dim.*
*p*

Brooklet, thro' the meadows dancing, Dimpling so fair and mer - ri - ly,  
Brooklet, thro' the meadows dancing, Dimpling so fair and mer - ri - ly,  
Brooklet, thro' the meadows dancing, Dimpling so fair and mer - ri - ly,

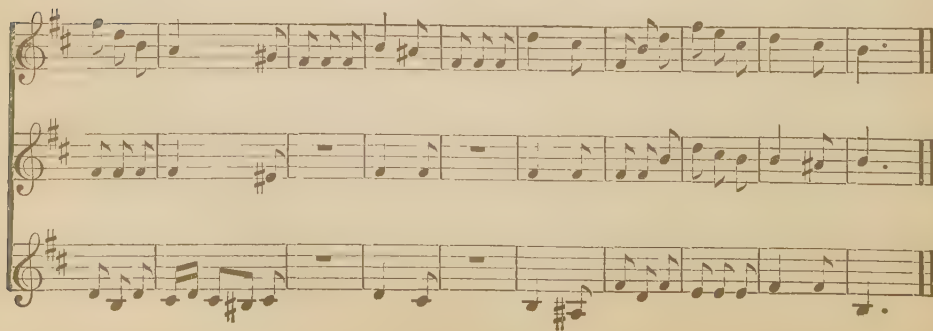
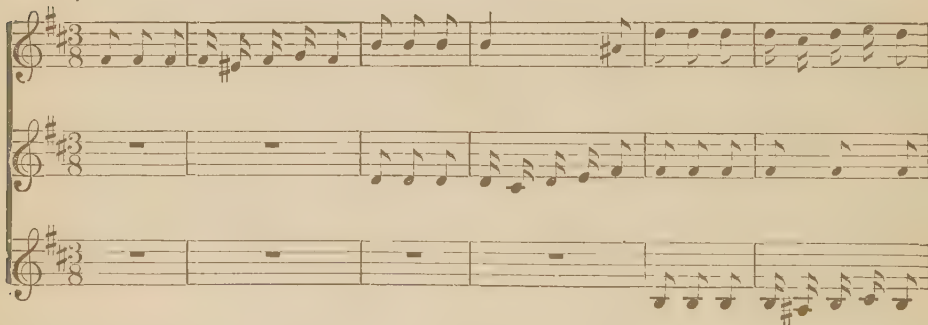
*p*
*fz*

Would that I with thee could wan - der, Joy - ous and free!  
Would that I with thee could wan - der, Joy - ous and free!  
Would that I with thee could wan - der, Joy - ous and free!

I.



II.



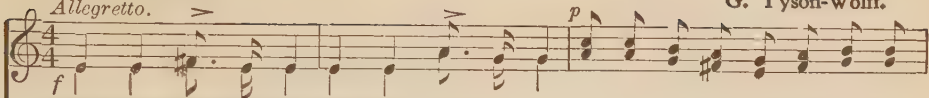
# In the Tempest.

87

From the German.

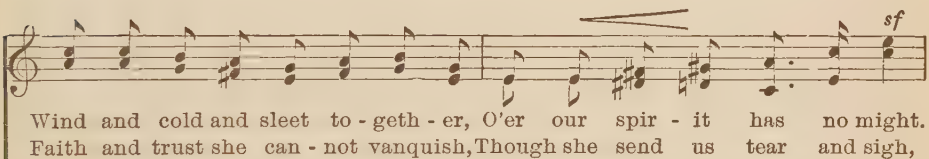
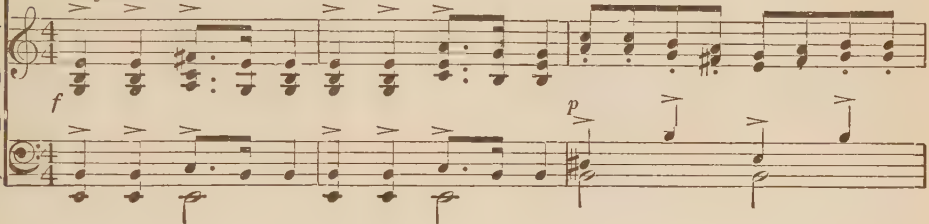
G. Tyson-Wolff.

*Allegretto.*



1. Winds that howling blow, Whirling, driving snow, Do your worst; the foulest weather
2. For-tune's bitt'r-est frown Ne'er shall cast us down, Send she pain or loss or anguish

*Allegretto.*



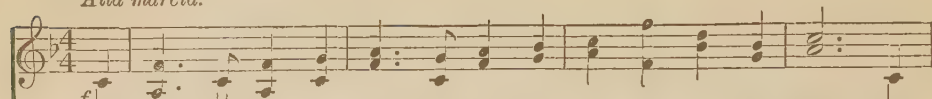
## The Meadow is a Battlefield.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

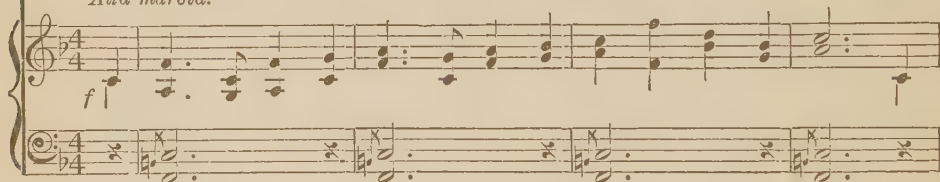
By permission of Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.

*Alla marcía.*

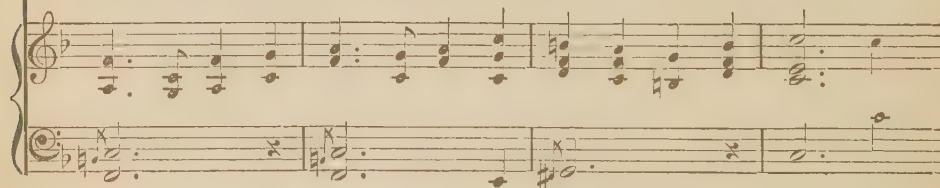
Eleanor Smith.



1. The mead-ow is a bat-tle-field Where sum-mer's ar-my comes; Each  
 2. 'Tis on-ly when the breez-es blow A-cross the wood-y hills They  
 3. But when the day is grow-ing dim They gath-er in their camps And

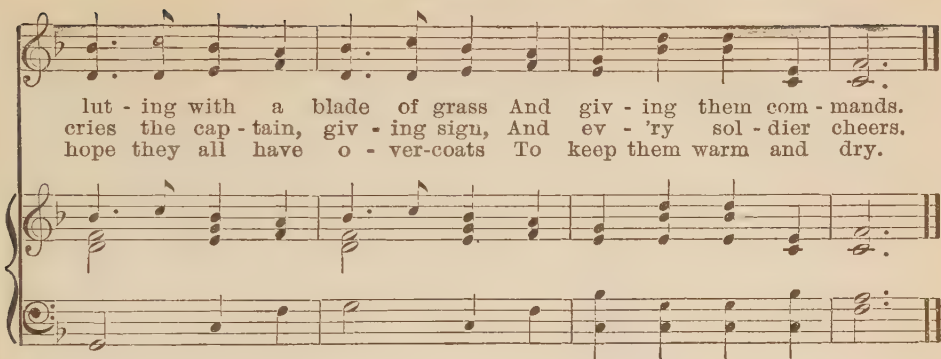
*Alla marcía.*

sol-dier with a clo-vershield, The hon-ey-bees with drums.  
 shoul-der arms and to and fro March in their full-dress drills.  
 sing a good thanks-giv-ing hymn A-round the fire-fly lamps.



Boom, rat-ta! they march and pass The cap-tain tree who stands Sa-  
 Boom, rat-ta! they wheel in line And wave their gleaming spears; "Charge!"  
 Rat-tat-ta! the bu-gle notes "Good-night" call to the sky; I





lut - ing with a blade of grass And giv - ing them com - mands.  
cries the cap - tain, giv - ing sign, And ev - 'ry sol - dier cheers.  
hope they all have o - ver-coats To keep them warm and dry.

*Andantino.*
*Folksong.*

*Studies.*

I.



II.



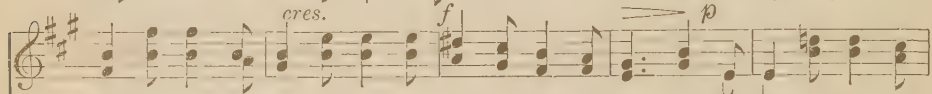
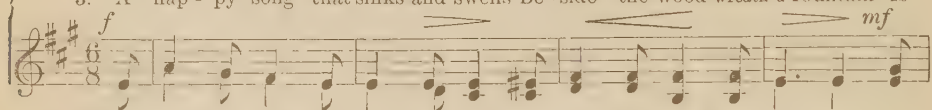


August Maier.

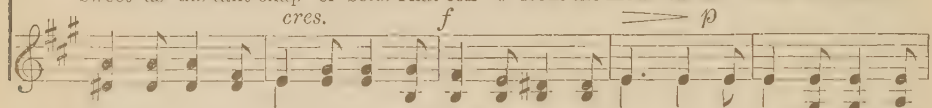
Ignaz Heim.



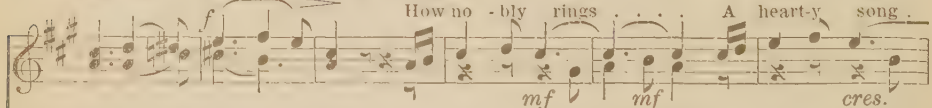
1. How no - bly rings a hear - ty song In wood - land wil - der - ness - es, When
2. Then hith - er through the wild - ing ways Come song - sters light - ly wing - ing, And
3. A hap - py song that sinks and swells Be - side the wood - wreath'd fountain Is



blos - soms on the meadows throng, And trees don leafy dress - es; The sky now blue: how  
with me - lo - dious voi - ces raise A ju - bi - lee of sing - ing. The roof - ing boughs are  
sweet as dis - tant chap - el bells That ech - o from the moun - tain. It leads the heart to



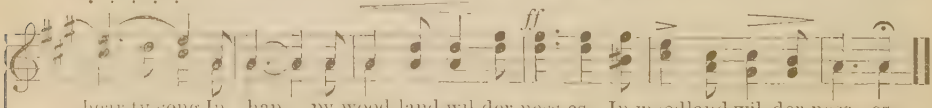
soft the air; What gold the sun is spill - ing; And lo! a thousand flowers rare With scent the  
bend - ing low With swift and loving rustle, And list'ning flow'rs, where waters flow. Forget the  
ho - ly thought, So mar - ve - lous its sweet - ness; A hap - py woodland song lacks naught To round it



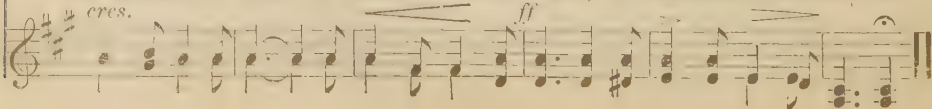
woods are fill - ing!  
brook - let's bus - tle.  
full com - plete - ness.

How no - bly rings  
How no - bly rings  
How no - bly rings

A  
A  
A



heart - y song In hap - py wood - land wil - der - ness - es, In woodland wil - der - ness - es.



# Wind of May.

91

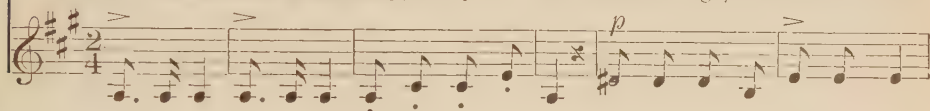
Fr. Ofer.

W. Speidel.

*Allegro.*



1. Wind of May, wind of May, Stay, nor fly so fast. Bloom of cher-ry, bloom of peach
2. Wind of May, wind of May, Stay, nor fly so fast. Not a song the live-long day,
3. Wind of May, wind of May, Stay, nor fly so fast. Fly be-fore you in your chase,
4. Wind of May, wind of May, Stay, nor fly so fast. Must thou go, then take with thee



Scat-ter where the hand can reach. Fra-grant pet-als white as snow Lie where ruthless  
All the birds have hid a-way. Meadow-blos-soms, ten-der, mild, Shrink at sound of  
Clouds that dark-en Na-ture's face; Not a sunbeam doth ap-pear, All the griev-ing  
All my cares, and in the sea Sink the wretched, carking crew. This, dear wind, I



foot doth go. . . Wind of May, wind of May, Stay, O stay, nor fly so fast, O  
threat'nings wild. . . Wind of May, wind of May, Stay, O stay, nor fly so fast, O  
world to cheer. . . Wind of May, wind of May. Stay, O stay, nor fly so fast, O  
pray of you. . . Wind of May, wind of May. Stay, O stay, nor fly so fast, O



stay, nor fly so fast, so fast! stay, . . . Nor fly so fast! Stay! . . .



fast, nor fly so fast! stay, Wind of May!

I.



II.



III.

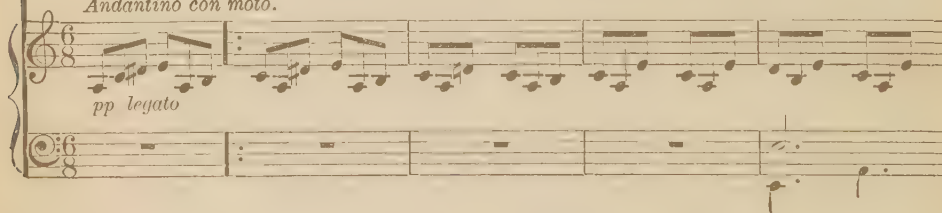


## Good Night.

Taubert.

*Andantino con moto.*

1. "It is so dark, so cold the wind, No oth - er o - pen  
2. The birdlings' nest is cold at night; "O mother! come, we

*Andantino con moto.*

door I find, O rosebud! shelter me..... an hour." "You're welcome, beetle,"  
per-ish quite, It is so late, you're lost.... we fear." She lies and sings, "See,



says the flow'r, "Come, rest with-in my blossomy bow'r, Rest in my bow'r,  
I am here, Bring food and warmth to ba - bies dear, See, I am here,

rest in my bow'r," Un - to the bee - tle says the flow'r.  
see, I am here, Bring food and warmth to ba - bies dear."

Good

night!.....

good night, good night! Good night!

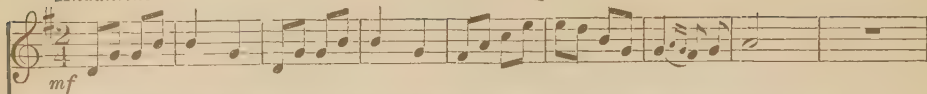
pp rall.

## Joys of Spring.

Translated from the German.

M. Vogel.

1st. SOPRANO.

*Andantino.*

1. Birds are singing, flow'rs are blooming, Spring's bright flags are all unfurl'd.

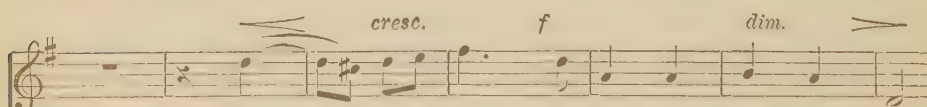
2. Joy we'll meet in ev - 'ry pathway, She doth sing with ev - 'ry bird,

2nd. SOPRANO.



1. Birds are

2. Joy we'll

*Andantino*

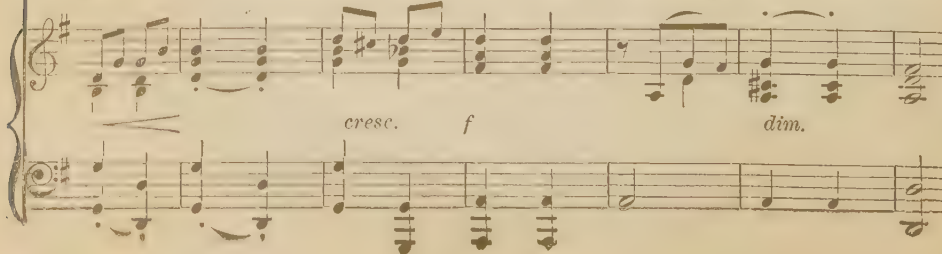
Spring's bright flags are all, are all un - furl'd.

She doth sing with ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry bird,



sing-ing, flow'rs are bloom-ing, Spring's bright flags are all un - furl'd.

meet in ev - 'ry path - way, She doth sing with ev - 'ry bird.





*animato*

Come, oh come then, let us wan-der, Thro' the sha-dy wood-land yon-der  
Soft in flow-er-heart she's bedded, Hid in grass with dew be-threaded

*animato*

*mf*

*p* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

Far in God's wide sun-ny world, Far in God's wide sun-ny world,  
Murm-ring where a stream-let's heard, Murm-ring where a stream-let's heard.

*p* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

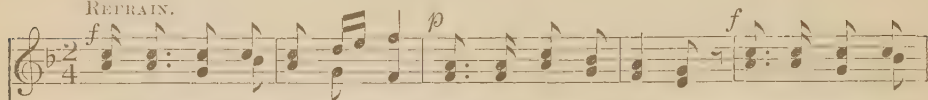
*p* *cresc.* *sf marcato* *sf* *sf* *dim.*

## A Study.

Sing in the following order : 1, Refrain ; 2, Semi-Chorus ; 3, Refrain ; 4, Solo, 3d Voice ; 5, Refrain ; 6, Solo, 1st Voice ; 7, Refrain ; 8, Coda.

*Allegretto.*

REFRAIN.



Whith-er hath the wood thrush flown From our greenwood bow-ers? Wherefore builds he



not a - gain Where the white thorn flow - ers, Where the white thorn flow - ers?



SEMI-CHORUS.



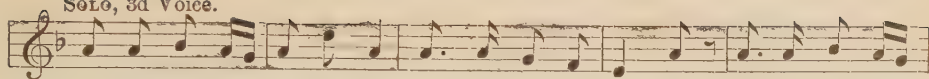
Bid him come! for on his wings, Sun - ny hours he bring - eth,



And the heart un - locks its springs, Where - so - e'er he sing - eth.



## Solo, 3d Voice.



Lov - er - like the creature waits, And when morn - ing soar - eth, All his lit - tle



soul of song Tow'rd the dawn he pour - eth, Tow'rd the dawn he pour - eth.

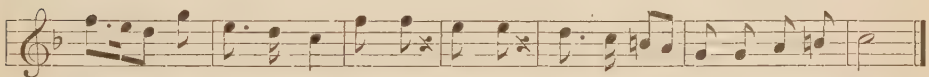
## Solo, 1st Voice.



Sweet one, why art thou not heard, Now when woods are still - est? O come back and



bring with thee What - so - e'er thou will - est; Laugh - ing thoughts, de - light - ful songs,



Dreams of az - ure hours, Something, noth - ing; all we ask Is to have thee ours.

## CODA.



Where - fore builds he not a - gain, Where the white - thorn flow - ers,



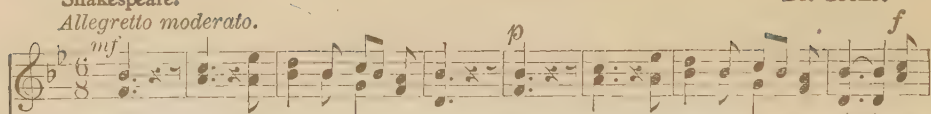
Wherefore builds he not again, Where the white - thorn flow - ers?



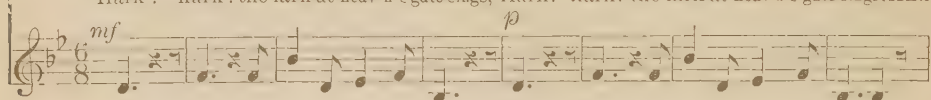
## Hark! Hark! The Lark.

Shakespeare.

Dr. Cooke.

*Allegretto moderato.*

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings. And



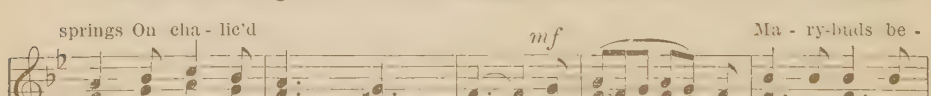
a - rise . . . His steeds . . . to wa - ter at those



Phœ - bus 'gins a - rise His steeds to wa - - - ter at those springs On

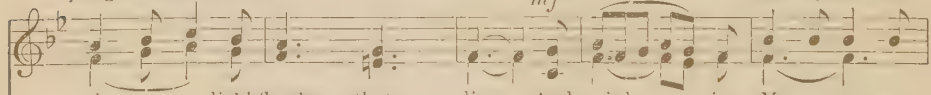


and Phœ - bus 'gins a - rise His steeds to wa - ter at . . . those

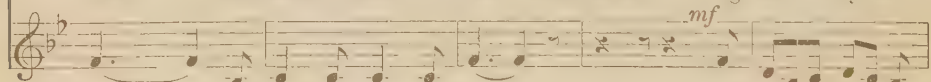


springs On cha - lie'd

Ma - ry-buds be -



cha - - lie'd flow'rs that lies. And wink - ing Ma - ry -



springs . . On cha - lie'd flow'rs that lies. . . And wink - ing

gin to ope their gold - en eyes, and winking Ma - ry-buds



buds . . be - gin . . To ope . . their gold-en eyes, be - gin to ope their gold - en



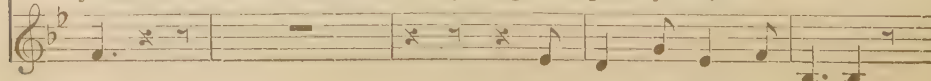
Ma - ry-buds be - gin . . To ope . . their gold - en eyes, . . their gold - en

eyes. With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My La - dy sweet, a - rise! My



eyes.

With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, a - rise!



eyes,

My La - dy sweet, a - rise!

# Hark! Hark! The Lark.

99

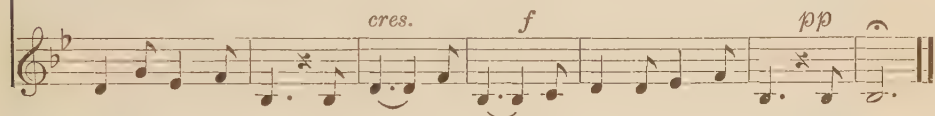
La - dy sweet,



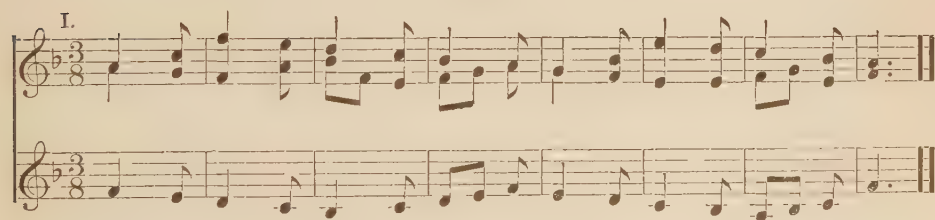
A - rise ! My La - dy sweet, a - rise ! With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My



La - dy sweet, a - rise ! a - rise ! a - rise ! My La - dy sweet, a - rise ! a - rise !

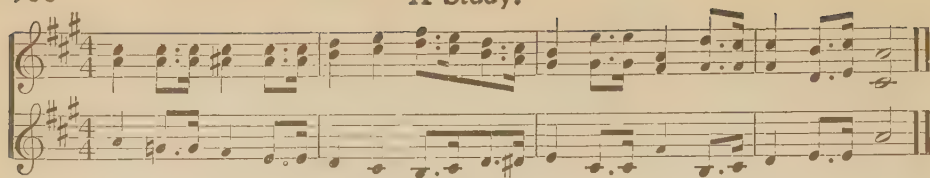


## Studies.





## A Study.



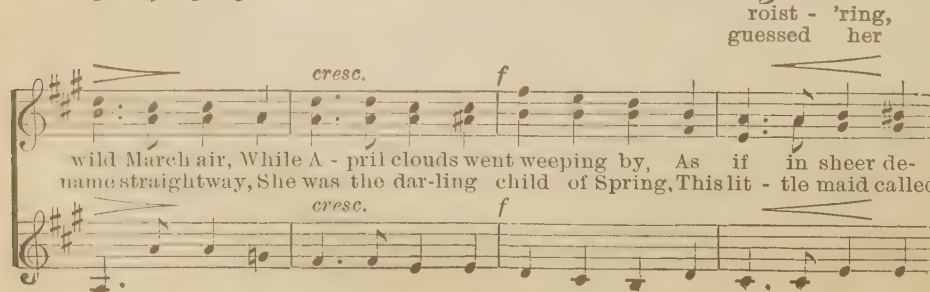
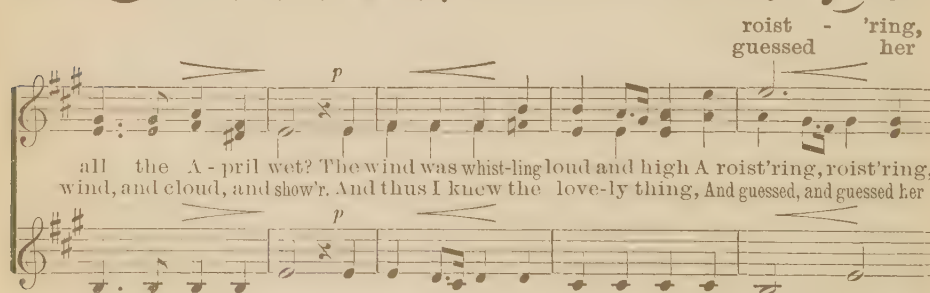
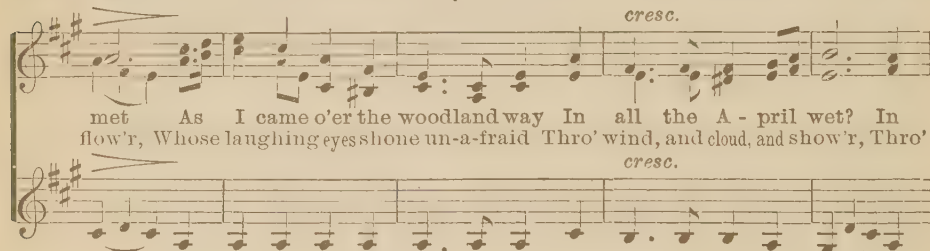
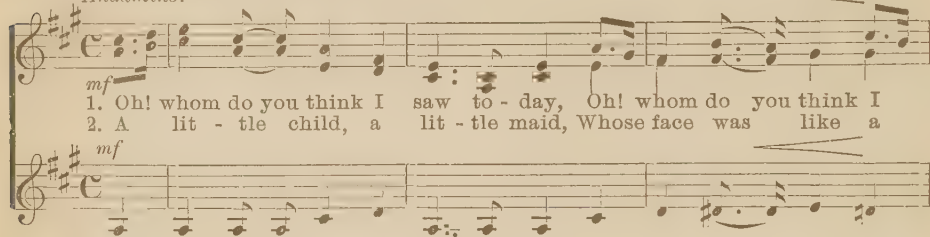
Nora Perry.

May.

From St. Nicholas, by per. of The Century Co.

*Andantino.*

A. Billeter.





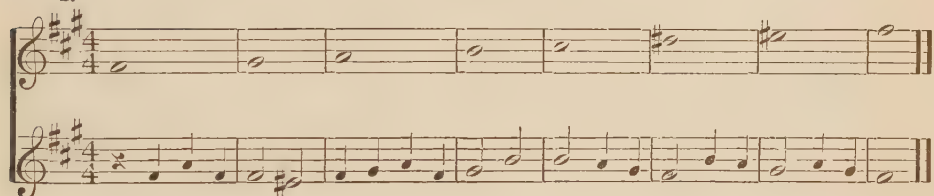
spair; While A-pril clouds went weeping by, As if in sheer de-spair.  
 May; She was the dar-ling child of Spring, This little maid called May.



spair; While A-pril clouds.... went weeping by,  
 May; She was the dar - - ling child of Spring,

## Studies.

I.



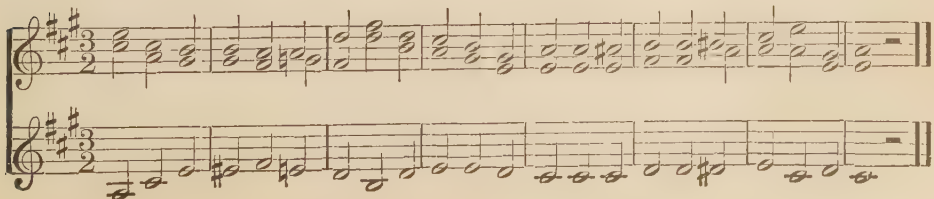
II.

*Allegretto.*

J. F. Reichardt.



III.



## Lullaby.

F. Hiller.

*Andante.* *cresc.*

*p* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*

*rall.*

## Swinging the Hammock.

K. v. Winterfeld.

*Moderato.*  
*dolce*

*p*

1. Light - ly swing - ing, Swing-ing and sing - ing! Flow'rs in  
2. Light - ly swing - ing, Swing-ing and sing - ing! Sleep - y

*Moderato.*

*pp*

*cresc.*

sun - ny mead - ow Zeph - yr swing - ing  
nods the flow - er, And I swing my

*cresc.*

# Swinging the Hammock.

103

*mf*

to and fro, Cuck - oo sings in shad - ow,  
drow - sy dear Till cuck - oo in his bow - er

*p*

*cresc.* *dim.*

*p*

Sway'd by wil - low branch-es low. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo!  
Calls no more, and sleep is near. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo!

*p cresc. dim.*

cuck - oo! cuck - oo!  
cuck - oo! cuck - oo!

*p*

## Spinning Song.

M. Becker, Tr. by Helen Goodrich.

J. Rheinberger.

*Allegretto.**mf*

1. Spin, spin, spin, spin, Thread goes out and in,  
2. Spin, spin, spin, spin, Thread goes out and in,

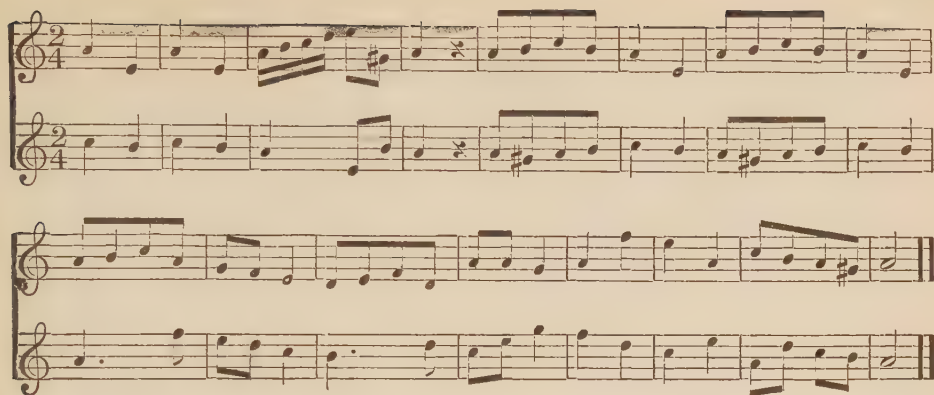
Turn-ing, turn-ing gai - ly, Learn-ing, learning dai - ly,  
Lin - en fine we're mak - ing, Keep the thread from breaking,

Make our wool so fine and strong, Wind it as it slips a - long, Spin, spin,  
Spin it out so fine and white, Till it grows a heart's de-light, Spin, spin,

spin, spin, Thread goes out and in.  
spin, spin, Thread goes out and in.



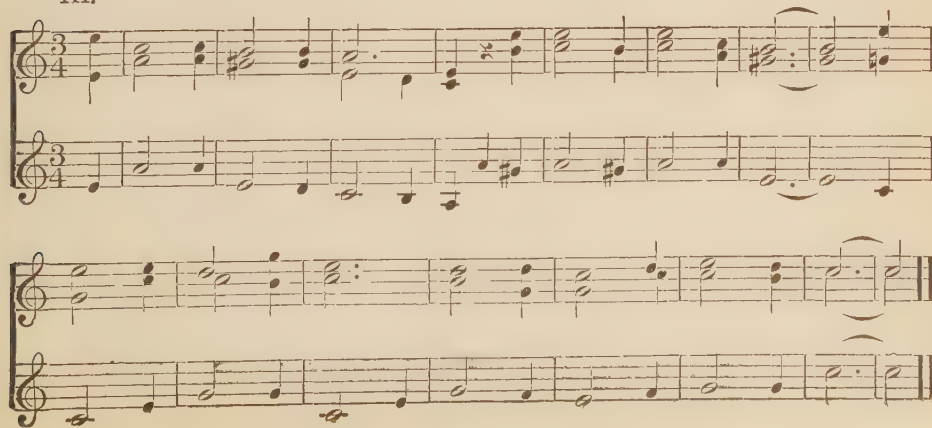
## I.



## II.



## III.



## The Snow Melts Fast.

Hoelty.

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. The snow..... melts fast, May comes..... at last,  
 2. Who can..... fore-tell The toll - - - ing bell

*Allegro.*

1. The snow..... melts fast, May comes..... at last, Now  
 2. Who can..... fore-tell The toll - - - ing bell When

shoots each spray Forth blossoms gay, The war-bling bird A-round is heard, A-  
 we with May No more shall play? Canst thou fore-tell The com - ing knell, The

Come, twine..... a wreath, And on..... the heath  
 Re-joyce,..... re-joyce, So spake..... His voice

round is heard. Come, twine .... a wreath, And on..... the heath  
 com-ing knell? Re-joyce,.... re-joyce, So spake.... His voice

The dance pre-pare, Ye maid-ens fair, The dance pre-pare, Ye maid-ens fair;  
 Whogave us birth For joy on earth, Whogave us birth For joy on earth;

Dance on the heath.  
 En-joy its prime.

Come, twine a wreath, Dance on the heath, Dance on the heath.  
 God gives us time, En-joy its prime, En-joy its prime.

# Heather-Bloom.

107

Translated from Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

Folksong.

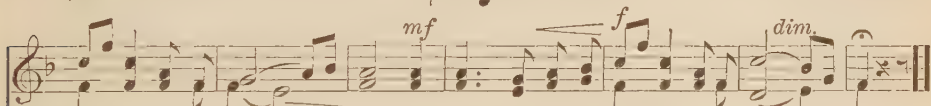
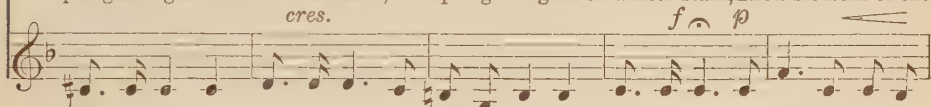
*Tranquillo ma non troppo.*



1. Tho' spring is rich with flow'rs to cheer, More dear than all to - geth - er, I  
2. No chill - ing wind thy bloom shalt kill, Nor wild - est win - ter weath - er; In  
3. And thus tho' oth - er blos - soms fade, To thee 'tis noth - ing, wheth - er 'Tis



hold this lit - tle blos - som here, I hold this lit - tle blos - som here, The blossom of the  
my warm heart thou liv - est still, In my warm heart thou livest still, Thou blossom of the  
springtime glad or win - ter staid, 'Tis springtime glad or winter staid, Thou blossom of the



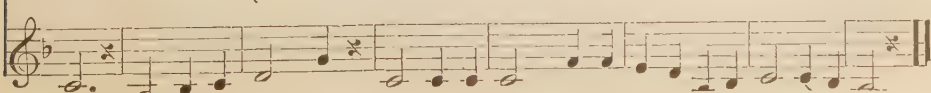
heath - er, Of the heath - er, The blos - som of the heather, Of the heath - er.  
heath - er, Of the heath - er, Thou blos - som of the heather, Of the heath - er.  
heath - er, Of the heath - er, Thou blos - som of the heather, Of the heath - er.



## Crusaders' Hymn.

*Andante sostenuto.*

12th century.



## The Nightingale.

Goethe.

*Andante.*

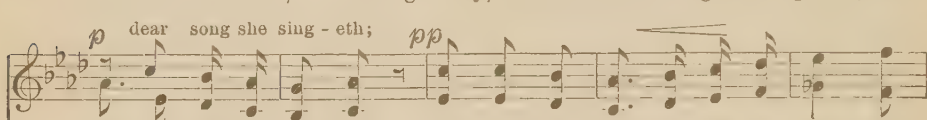
Arr. from Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



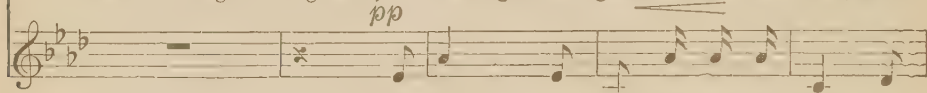
The night - in - gale went far a - way : From dis - tant land she bring-eth



No car - ol new, no stran-ger lay, Her dear old song she sing - eth, Her



dear old song she sing - eth ; The night - in - gale went far a - way, From



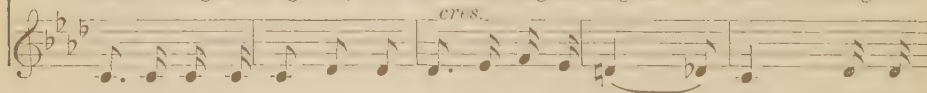
The night - in - gale went far a - way,



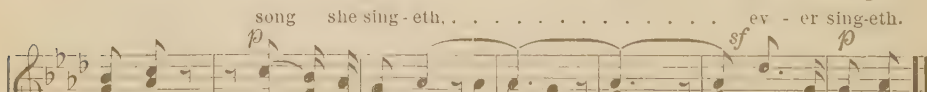
dis - tant land she bring - eth No car - ol new, no stran - ger lay, Her



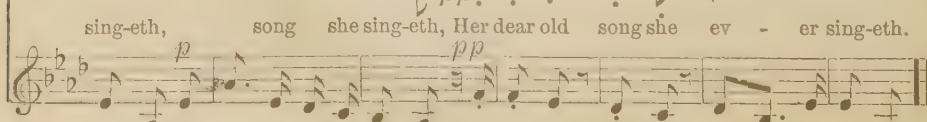
dear old song she sing - eth, Her dear old song she sing - eth, Her dear old song she



sing - - eth, song she



sing-eth, song she sing-eth, Her dear old song she ev - er sing-eth.



Her dear old song she sing-eth,

# Who Loves the Trees Best?

109

Alice May Douglas.

By permission of the Independent.

*Andantino.*

Eleanor Smith.

1. Who loves the trees best? "I," said the Spring. "Their leaves so beau-ti-ful,  
2. Who loves the trees best? "I," Sun-mer said, . . . "I give them blos-soms,  
3. Who loves the trees best? "I," said the Fall, . . . "I give them lus-cious fruits,

Their leaves so beau-ti-ful, To them I bring." 4. Who loves the trees best? "I love them best,"  
I give them blos-soms, White, yellow, red."  
I give them luscious fruits, Bright tints to all."

Harsh Winter answered, Harsh Winter answered, "I give them rest, I give them rest."

## Studies.

I.

II.



## Lift Thine Eyes.

Mendelssohn.

From the Oratorio of "Elijah."

*Andante con moto.*

*Andante con mo.* *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, Oh, lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence cometh, whence

*sf* *p*

to the

# Lift Thine Eyes.

111

eyes to the moun-tains,

Lift thine eyes, Oh, lift thine eyes . to the moun-tains, whence com-eth, whence

eyes to the moun-tains, whence

whence com-eth

com-eth, whence com-eth help, whence com-eth, whence cometh, whence cometh help.

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*sf*) dynamic, and then returns to piano (*p*). The second staff also has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*sf*) dynamic, and then returns to piano (*p*). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

## Studies.

I.

Study I consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It begins with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff also has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It begins with a 3/4 time signature. The score ends with a double bar line.

II.

Study II consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It begins with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff also has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It begins with a 3/4 time signature. The score ends with a double bar line.

G. Steiger.

Fr. Hegar.

*Adagio sostenuto.*

Now steeped in peace are ly - ing All  
 Now steeped in peace all crea - tures,  
 Now steeped in peace are ly - ing All crea - tures, near and  
 crea - tures,  
 near and far, And spir - its pure are fly - ing,  
 far, And spir - its pure, and  
 spir - its pure are fly - ing From ra - diant star to  
 spir - its pure are fly - ing  
 star, From ra - diant star to star. The az - ure field of heav'n is . .  
 With hosts of shin - ing  
 peo - pled, glo - rious sight! With hosts . . of shin - ing  
 With hosts

an - gels Who pace the paths of night. They bear sweet dreams to

They bear . . .

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'an - gels Who pace the paths of night. They bear sweet dreams to'. The second staff has the lyric 'They bear . . .'. There are fermatas over the notes for 'night' and 'dreams'.

mor - tals, And breath of slum - ber light, Thro' heav - - en's

Thro' heav - ens' star - ry

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'mor - tals, And breath of slum - ber light, Thro' heav - - en's'. The second staff has the lyric 'Thro' heav - ens' star - ry'. Performance markings include *pp*, *ritard.*, *a tempo.*, and *p*. There are fermatas over the notes for 'light' and 'heav - - en's'.

heav - en's star - ry por - tals,

por - tals, The bless - ing, Thro' heav - en's star - ry

The bless - ing of the night.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'heav - en's star - ry por - tals,'. The second staff has the lyrics 'por - tals, The bless - ing, Thro' heav - en's star - ry'. The third staff has the lyric 'The bless - ing of the night.'.

por - tals, The bless - ing, bless - ing of the

Thro' heav - en's star - ry por - tals bear the bless - -

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'por - tals, The bless - ing, bless - ing of the'. The second staff has the lyric 'Thro' heav - en's star - ry por - tals bear the bless - -'. There is a *p* marking on the first staff.

night, The bless - ing of the night, The bless - ing of the night.

ing,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'night, The bless - ing of the night, The bless - ing of the night.'. The second staff has the lyric 'ing,'. Performance markings include *pp* and *p*. There are fermatas over the notes for 'night' and 'night'.

Adagio.

*f* Hear, O Lord, and  
*f* Hear, O hear us, Lord, hear . . us! *Con moto.* Lord, and  
 And tar - ry not lon - - ger, and  
 save . . . us, And tar - - - ry not lon - ger, And  
 save us, And tar - - - - - ry not lon - ger, And  
 tar - ry not lon - - - ger, And tar - - - ry not  
 tar - - - ry not lon - ger, And tar - ry, . . tar - *p cres.*  
 And tar - - - *p cres.*  
 lon - - - ger.  
 ry *f* not lon - - ger. For - give the trans - gres - sions  
 of thy peo - ple, *f* of thy  
 For - give the trans - gres - sions



And gath - er them to - geth - er,  
 peo - ple, And gath - er them to -

And gath - er them to - geth - - - - er, and  
 gath - er them to - geth - er with - in, . . . . . with - in thy  
 geth - - - er . . with - in . . . . . thy

gath - er them to - geth - er,  
 dwell - - ing. *f* Hear us, . .

dwell - - ing. *f* Hear us, . . hear us, Lord, and

dwell - ing. Hear us, Lord, . . . and save . . us and tar -  
 tar - ry not lon - - - ger, and tar - ry not lon - - -

tar - - - ry not lon - ger, and tar - - - ry not

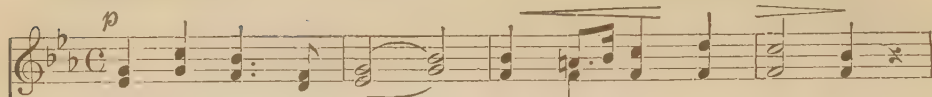
ger, And tar - - - - - ry not lon - - - ger.

lon - ger, And tar - - - - - ry not lon - - - ger.

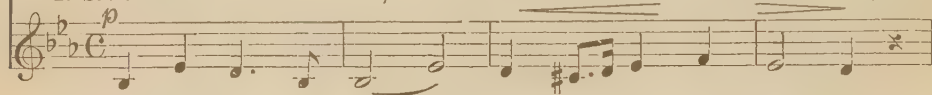
## Night Sinks on the Wave.

Mrs. Hemans.

Arranged from Henry Smart.



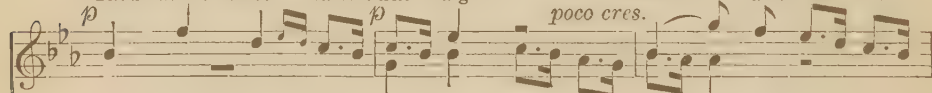
1. Night sinks on the wave, . . . Hol - low gusts are sigh - ing,  
2. Stars look o'er the sea, . . . Few and sad and shroud - ed;



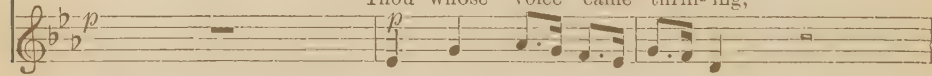
Sea - birds to their cave . . . Thro' the gloom are fly - ing.  
Faith our light must be . . . When all else is cloud - ed.



Oh ! should storms come sweep - ing, Thou in heav'n un -  
Thou whose voice came thrill - ing, Wind and bil - low



Oh ! should storms come sweeping,  
Thou whose voice came thrill - ing,



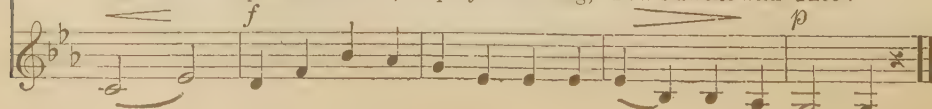
sleep - ing, still - ing, O'er Thy chil - dren vig - il keep - ing, Hear,  
Speak once more, . . . our pray'r ful - fill - ing, Pow'r dwells with



Thou in heav'n un - sleep - ing, O'er Thy chil - dren vi - gil keep - ing, Hear, and  
Wind and bil - low still - ing, Speak, our pray'r ful - fill - ing, Pow'r dwells with

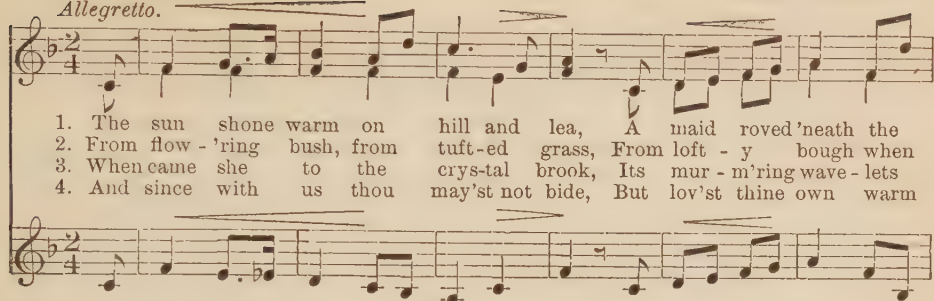


save, . . . O'er Thy children vi - gil keep - ing, Hear, hear, and save. .  
Thee ! . . . Speak once more, our pray'r ful - filling; Pow'r dwells with Thee !



From the German.

Adalbert Aberkée.

*Allegretto.*


1. The sun shone warm on hill and lea, A maid roved 'neath the  
 2. From flow - 'ring bush, from tuft - ed grass, From loft - y bough when  
 3. When came she to the crys - tal brook, Its mur - m'ring wave - lets  
 4. And since with us thou may'st not bide, But lov'st thine own warm

Tra - li, tra - la, She sang so clear, . . Tra -  
 Tra - li, tra - la, An an - swer sweet, . . Tra -  
 Tra - li, tra - la, A voice so mild, . . Tra -  
 Tra - li, tra - la, Bird, wave, and tree, . . Tra -

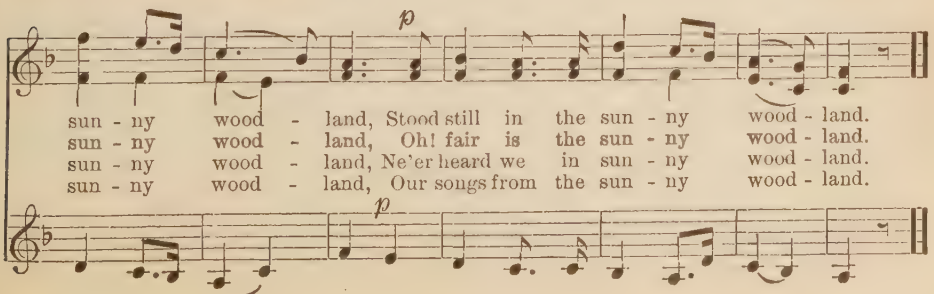


wood-land tree. Tra - li, tra - la, She sang so clear,  
 she did pass, Tra - li, tra - la, An an - swer sweet,  
 came to look. Tra - li, tra - la, A voice so mild,  
 in - gle - side, Tra - li, tra - la, Bird, wave, and tree,

li, tra - la, The leaves to hear . .  
 li, tra - la, The birds re - peat, . .  
 li, tra - la, From mor - tal child . .  
 li, tra - la, We give to thee . .



Tra - li, tra - la, The leaves to hear Stood still in the  
 Tra - li, tra - la, The birds re - peat, Oh! fair is the  
 Tra - li, tra - la, From mor - tal child Ne'er heard we in  
 Tra - li, tra - la, We give to thee Our songs from the



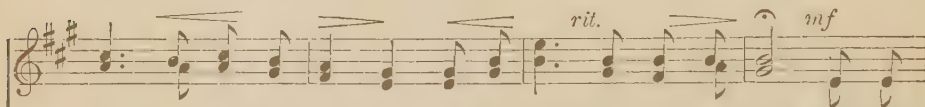
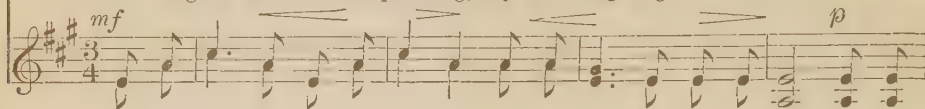
sun - ny wood - land, Stood still in the sun - ny wood - land.  
 sun - ny wood - land, Oh! fair is the sun - ny wood - land.  
 sun - ny wood - land, Ne'er heard we in sun - ny wood - land.  
 sun - ny wood - land, Our songs from the sun - ny wood - land.

Adapted from the German.

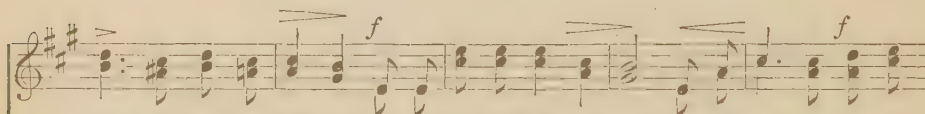
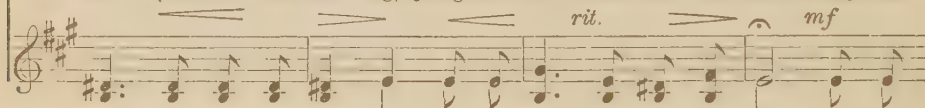
Carl Häser.

*Con spirito.*

1. When the sil - ver fountain's flow-ing, And the birds are on the wing; When the  
 2. Let the heart, in full - est meas - ure, Feel the mel - o - dy of spring. Sweetest  
 3. Ban - ish grief and cease complain-ing, Joy each long - ing heart shall know; Sunshine



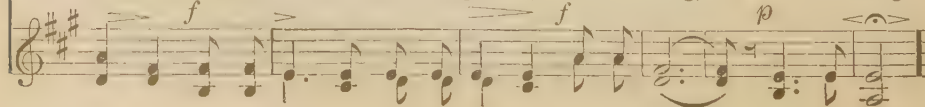
dis - taut horn is blow - ing, And the flow'rs their fra-grance fling; When the  
 gift and choic - est treas - ure That the bud - ding year can bring, — Let it  
 fol - lows af - ter rain - ing, Spring-time fol - lows win - ter snow; Song shall



glade is green - er grow - ing, And the rip - pling wa - ters sing; Then oh, then the joy of  
 stir with deep - est pleasure, Vi - brant as the vi - ol string; 'Tis the thrill of wak - ing  
 leave no care re - main - ing, Sor - rows from its presence go, — For the love of the Cre -



liv - ing, To our song its joy is giv - ing, — To our song, to our song.  
 ver - nal, Ev - er new and yet e - ter - nal, In our song, in our song.  
 a - tor Calls the soul to ac - tion greater, Thro' our song, thro' our song.



# Stay So, Sweet Season.

119

Edith M. Thomas.  
By per. of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Chr. Seidel.

*Allegro.*



1. I wish that the feet of the dan - cing child
2. Till the thrush calls twice, and the cro - cus locks up And in -
3. And I wish that the May with her fair cool face Might
4. But the blos - soms a - round her un - heeded fall; She lis -



A - pril, that trips to the wind - flute wild Could be  
vites the bee with her hon - eyed cup. Sweet,  
lin - ger a - while in her na - tive place Till the  
tens, she fol - lows some far - off call. Sweet,



*cresc.*



stayed from their mo - tion, and rest a - - while Till the  
sweet, you've no rea - son to hur - ry a - way; Stay  
fruit and the thorn - tree reach her down A  
sweet, you've no rea - son to hur - ry a - way; Stay

*cresc.*

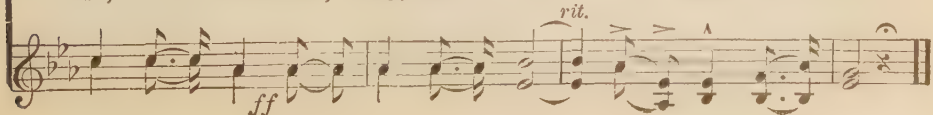


*rit.*



show - 'ry sky *ff* shall wear a smile, shall wear a smile.  
so, sweet Sea - son, stay, oh! stay, oh! stay, oh! stay.  
hand - ful of blos - soms to weave her a crown, to weave her a crown.  
so, sweet Sea - son, stay, oh! stay, oh! stay, oh! stay.

*rit.*





Oxenford.

*Vivace.*

Ho, ho, ho, ho, hear the wild wind blow, Ho, ho, hear the

*f*

Ho, ho, ho, ho, hear the

*f*

Ho, ho, hear the wild wind blow, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

wild wind blow, A - cross, a - cross the moor-land bare, a - cross, a - cross the  
wild wind blow, It shrieks, it shrieks yet more and more, it shrieks, it shrieks yet  
wild wind blow, It pit - y has for none, for none, it pit - y has for

wild wind blow, A - cross the moor - land bare, a - cross, a - cross the  
wild wind blow, It shrieks yet more and more, it shrieks yet more and  
wild wind blow, It pit - y has for none, it pit - y has for

ho, ho, ho,

moor - land bare, With ma - ny a shriek and ma - ny a howl, It  
more and more, Like a ra - ging lion on the search for prey It  
none, for none, It pur - sues them still till their breath is lost, And

moor - land bare, With ma - ny a shriek and ma - ny a howl, It  
more and more, Like a ra - ging lion on the search for prey It  
none, for none, It pur - sues them still till their breath is lost, And

# Ho! the Wild Wind.

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*cres.* *f*

rends, it rends the i - cy air, it rends, it rends the i - cy air, Woe, .  
vents, it vents its hideous roar, it vents, it vents its hid - eous roar, Woe, .  
vic - to - ry is won, is won, and vic - to - ry is won, is won, Woe, .

*cres.* *f*

rends, it rends the i - cy air, it rends the air, Woe,  
vents, it vents its hideous roar, it vents its roar, Woe,  
vic - to - ry is won, is won, and vic - to - ry is won, Woe,

*cres.* *f*

it rends the air,  
it vents its roar,  
and vic - to - ry is won,

*p* *cres.*

woe, With ma - ny a shriek and ma - ny a howl, it rends, it rends the  
woe, Like a ra - ging lion on the search for prey it vents, it vents its  
woe, It pur - sues them still till their breath is lost, and vic - to - ry is

*p* *cres.*

woe, With ma - ny a shriek and ma - ny a howl, it rends, it rends the  
woe, Like a ra - ging lion on the search for prey it vents, it vents its  
woe, It pur - sues them still till their breath is lost, and vic - to - ry is

*p* *cres.*

With ma - ny a howl,  
Like a ra - ging lion,  
It pur - sues them still,

*f*

i - cy air. Woe, . . . woe . to those who go a - broad when that wild, wild  
hid - eous roar. Woe, . . . woe . to those who go a - broad when that wild, wild  
won, is won. Woe, . . . woe, ne'er rash - ly go a - broad when that wild, wild

*f*

i - cy air. Woe, . . . woe . to those who go a - broad when that wild  
hid - eous roar. Woe, . . . woe . to those who go a - broad when that wild  
won, is won. Woe, . . . woe, ne'er rash - ly go a - broad when that wild

*f*

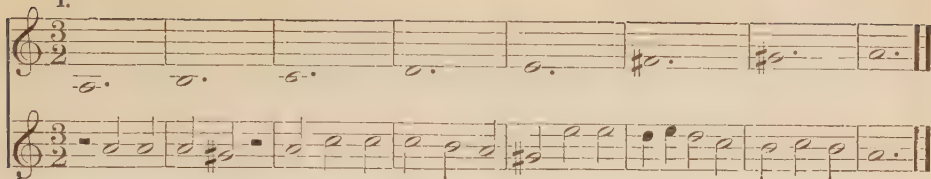
## Ho! the Wild Wind.

wind shall blow, Woe, . . . woe, woe, woe, woe, Ho, ho, ho,  
wind shall blow, Woe, . woe, woe, woe, woe,

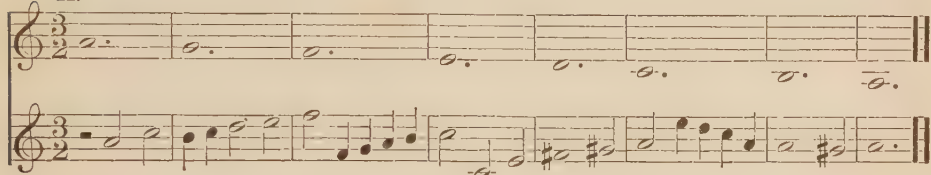
*dim. rall. a tempo.*  
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Woe, . . . woe, . . . to  
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Woe, . . . woe, . . . to  
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Woe, . . . woe, . . . ne'er  
*dim. rall. a tempo.*  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, woe, to  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, woe, to  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, he, woe, ne'er  
*dim. rall.*  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, woe,

those who go a-broad when that wild, wild wind shall blow.  
those who go a-broad when that wild, wild wind shall blow.  
rash - ly go a-broad when that wild, wild wind shall blow.  
*a tempo.*  
to those who go a - - - broad when that wind shall blow.  
to those who go a - - - broad when that wind shall blow.  
ne'er rash - ly go a - - - broad when that wind shall blow.

I.



II.

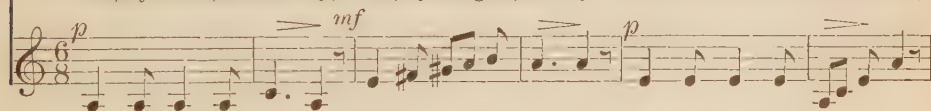
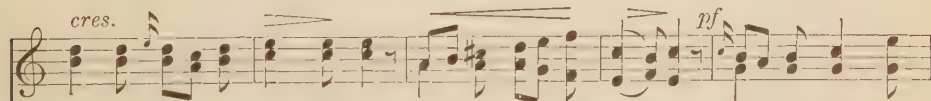


## Spinning Song.

Arr. from Haydn by Palme.

*Allegro.*

1. Turn, my wheel, turn swiftly, Twist, my fin- gers, deft - ly. Bu - sy wheel, you whirl and whirl,  
 2. Turn, my wheel, turn swiftly, Twist, my fin- gers, deft - ly. Flax - en threads all soft and fine,

*cres.*

While the yel - low flax I twirl. Then the threads I'm wind-ing. When a cheer - ful  
 Ev - en, too, shall now be mine. All my bu - sy spin-ning, To the pleas - ant

*cres.*

song I sing, Hours fly by on hap - py wing, While the reel I'm wind-ing.  
 song I knew While the hours in pleasures flew, Yields me snow-white lin - en.



From the German of Rochlitz.

H. Kurth.

*Allegretto.*

in love - ly May, *p*

*f* In May, in won-drous love - ly May, in May, Comes all that is

*p* in love - ly May,

*mf* fair - est and sweetest this way, . Comes all that is fair - est and sweetest this way. *mf*

ear - - li - est blos - soms bloom . . on the tree, . . . The *dolce. p*

The ear - li - est blossoms bloom on the tree, bloom on the tree, The ear - li - est

*mf* They bloom . on the tree,

bright - - est of flow - - ers are *pp* deck - - ing the

*pp* blos - soms bloom on the tree, The bright - est of flow - ers are deck - ing the

lea, . . . All hailed . . by the night - - in - gale's ju - - bi - lant *cres.*

lea, are deck - ing the lea, . . . All hailed by the nightingale's ju - bi - lant *cres.*

*f* All hailed by the night - - in - gale's ju - bi - lant



# In May.

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glee! . . .

*mf* The wood . . in leaf-y dress is seen,

The mead -

ju-bi-lant glee; *mf* The wood in leaf-y dress is seen, The meadow glows in

*p* *mf*

- - ow glows in viv-id green,

And all things

viv-id green, *mf* The meadow glows in viv-id green. .

all . . things are fresh, . . .

And all . . things are new, . . . And

*p* *cres.* *f*

And all things, all things are fresh, And all things, all things are new, And

*p* *f*

*dolce.*

in May, . . in won-drous, love-ly

all things are fresh and new, In May, in wondrous, lovely May, In May, in wondrous,

*p* *pp* *dolce*

May, . . In May, . . in May, . . In won-drous, love-ly May!

love-ly May, In May, in wondrous, love-ly May, In won-drous, love-ly May!

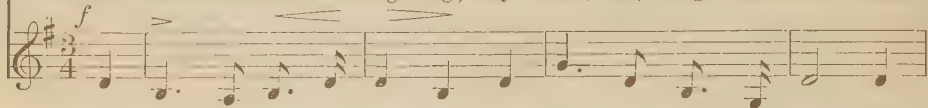
*f* *f*

C. Klingemann.

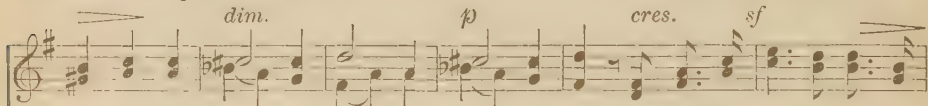
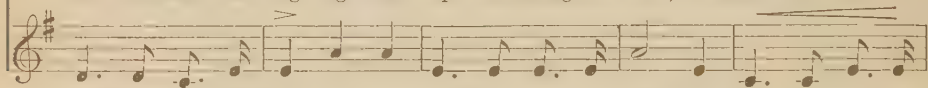
Arranged from Mendelssohn by Palme.



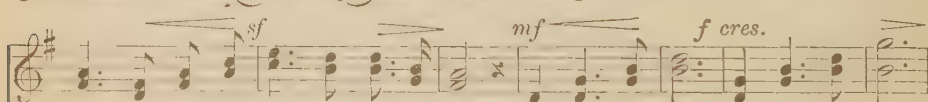
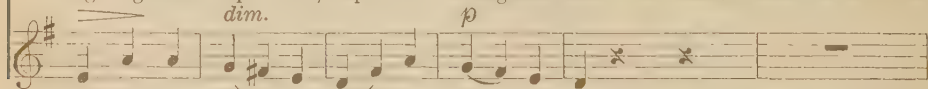
1. The spring, the spring is near - ing On fleet and storm - y wing, Through  
 2. Thy win - ter sor - row scorn - ing, Come, greet the ra - diant guest; He  
 3. The birds will soon be sing - ing; My heart, ah, sing thou too, When



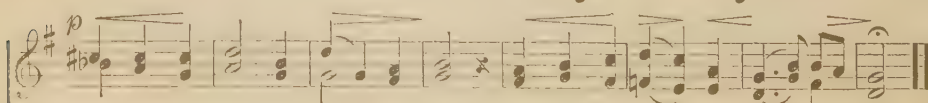
rush - ing tem - pest far - ing Ere birds be - gin to sing; Thro' rush - ing tem - pest  
 flies like dews of morn - ing, Not long his foot may rest; He flies like dews of  
 all the land is ring - ing With rap - ture strange and new; When all the land is



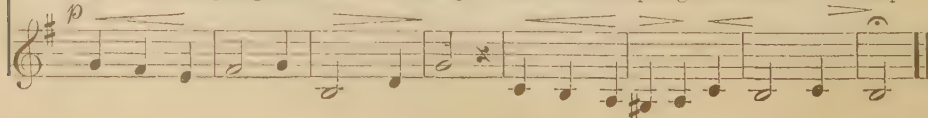
far - ing Ere birds, ere birds be - gin to sing. Then wake, a - wake from slumber  
 morn - ing, Not long, not long his foot may rest. Then wake, a - wake from slumber  
 ring - ing With rap - ture, rap - ture strange and new. Then wake, a - wake from slumber



deep, Let not the spring find thee a - sleep; Then wake, a - wake from slum - ber deep.



Let not the spring find thee a - sleep, Let not the spring find thee a - sleep.



# PART II.

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## The Introduction of the Bass Staff.

Although the bass and treble staves are separated in music as it is usually written, the above diagram shows their true relation.

Three Views of the Same Chord.

1 2 3

Studies.

I.

II.

III.

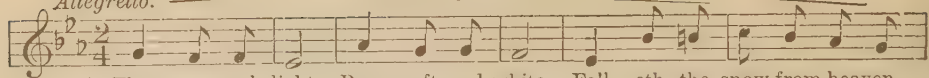
C 8  
B 7  
A 6  
G 5  
F 4  
E 3  
D 2  
C 1-8  
B 7  
A 6  
G 5  
F 4  
E 3  
D 2  
C 1

## The Snow.

Mrs. Gilson.

*Allegretto.*

L. M. Farnsworth.

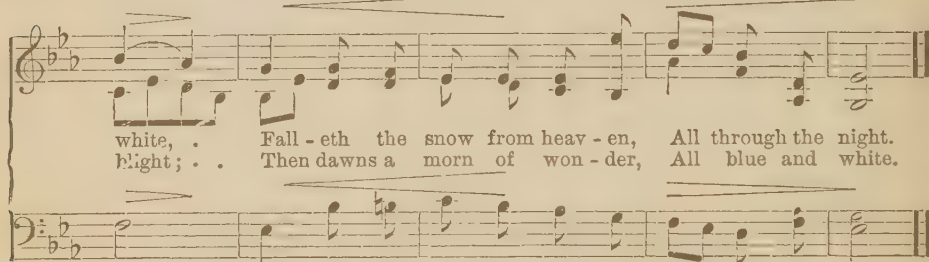


1. Flee - cy and light, Pure, soft and white, Fall - eth the snow from heaven,  
 2. Hid - den from sight Are stain and blight ; Then dawns a morn of won - der,

CHORUS (with Melody in the Bass).



All 'through the night. Flee - cy and light, Pure, soft and  
 All blue and white. Hid - den from sight Are stain and



white, . . . Fall - eth the snow from heav - en, All through the night.  
 blight ; . . . Then dawns a morn of won - der, All blue and white.

## Christmas Bells.

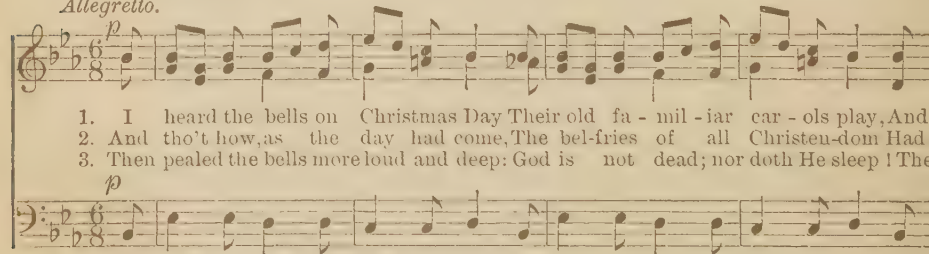
(Melody in the Bass.)

H. W. Longfellow.

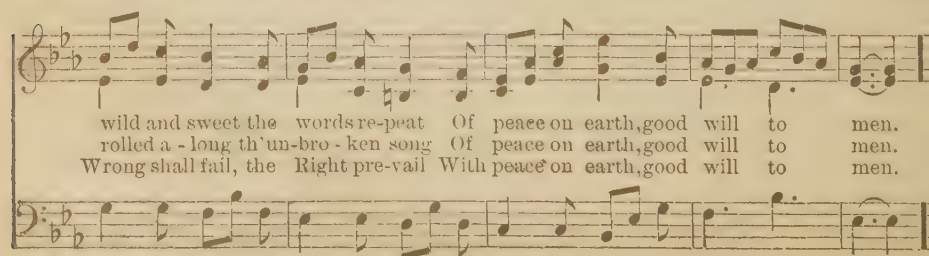
By permission of Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.

*Allegretto.*

Mueller-Gilchrist.



1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play, And  
 2. And tho't how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Christen-dom Had  
 3. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: God is not dead; nor doth He sleep ! The



wild and sweet the words re-peat Of peace on earth, good will to men.  
 rolled a - long th'un-bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.  
 Wrong shall fail, the Right pre-vail With peace on earth, good will to men.

# The King in Thule.

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Translated from Goethe.

*Andante.*

K. F. Zelter.

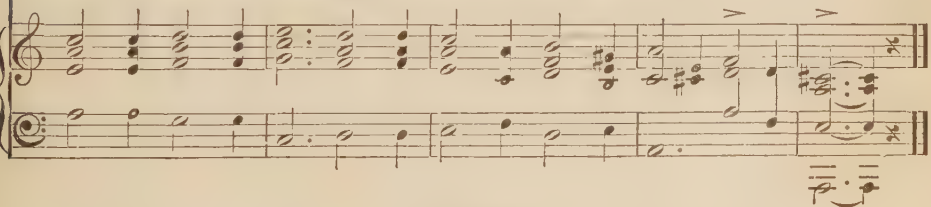


1. An an-cient king in Thu-le Was faith-ful to the grave, To
2. The gift he fond-ly treas-ured, He quaffed it at each feast, And
3. And when his end was near-ing, His heir, each cas-tle old He
4. With-in his lord-ly pal-ace, His pal-ace by the sea, He
5. Then rose the an-cient mon-arch, He drank the cup's red glow, Then
6. He saw it fill-ing, sink-ing, Deep sink-ing in the sea; His

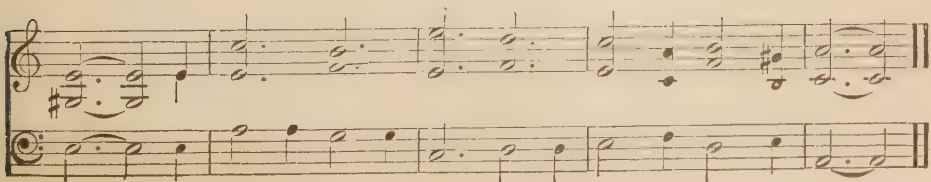
*Andante.*



whom his dy-ing la-dy A gold-en gob-let gave.....  
 tears they rose and gath-ered Be-fore the draught had ceased.....  
 gave, with hoard-ed treas-ure, All save the cup of gold.....  
 sat with knights and vas-sals At feast and rev-el-ry.....  
 cast the sa-cred beak-er In-to the flood be-low.....  
 eyes in death were clos-ing, And ne'er a-gain drank he.....



## A Study.



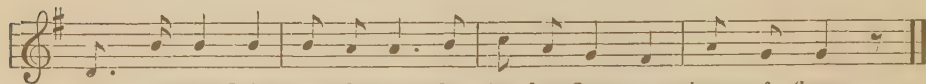


C. H. Crandall.

By permission.

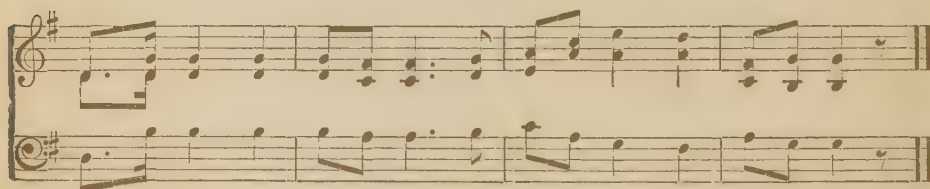
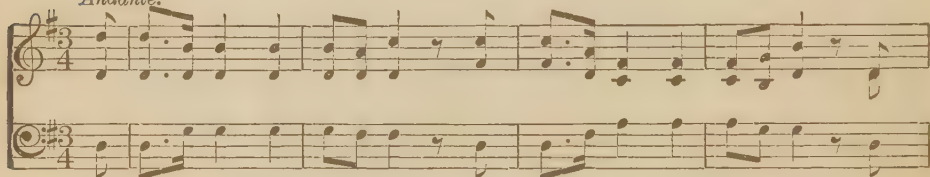
*Andante.*

1. Oh! swift-ly forward flashed the train And rich the Au-tumn fo-liage came, Un-  
 2. It was a joy to watch the gleam Of ten-der sky and tint-ed leaf; The



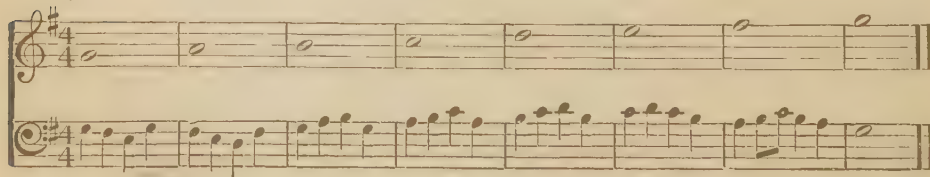
til it seemed that past the pane Oc-to-ber flew on wings of flame.  
 wind ca-ressed the pla-cid stream, It was a day of sweet be-lief.

## A Study.

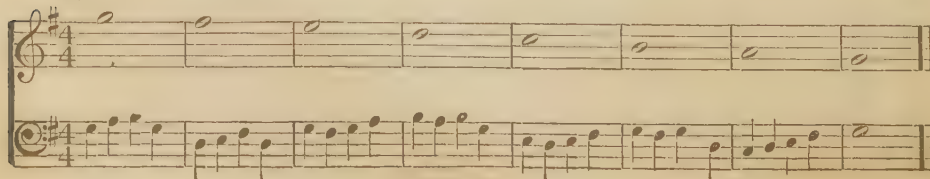
*Andante.*

## Studies.

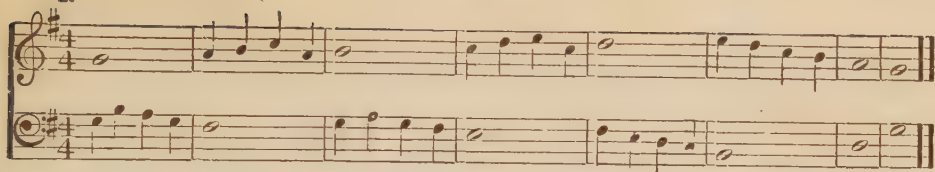
I.



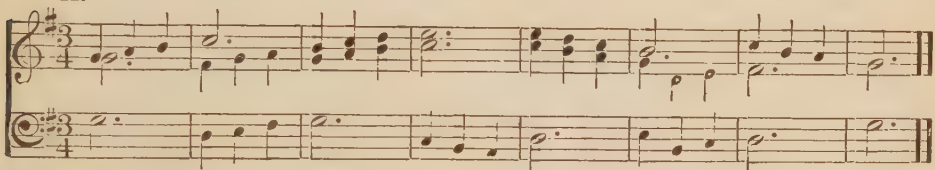
II.



## I.



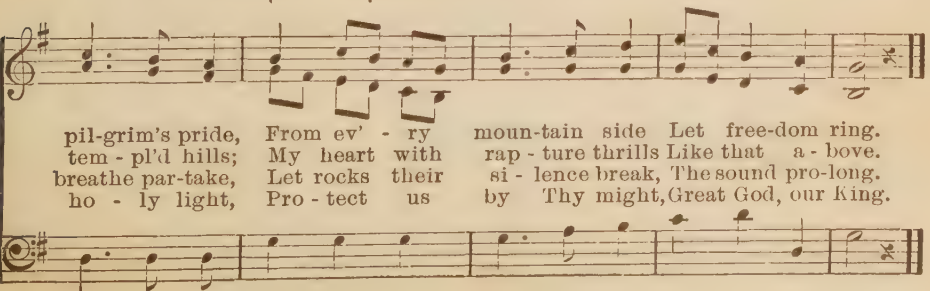
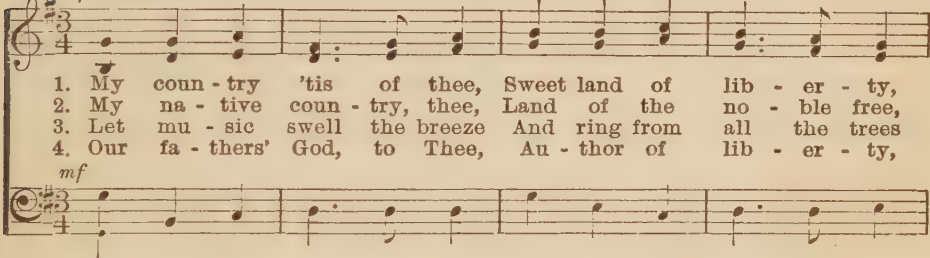
## II.

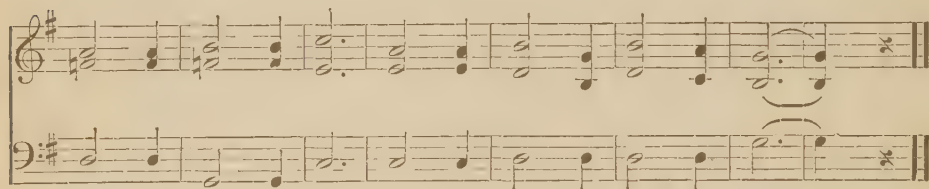
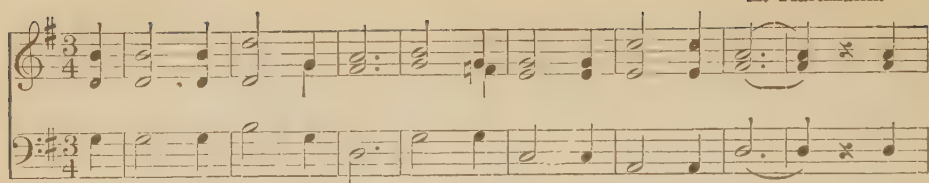


## America.

Smith.

Carey.

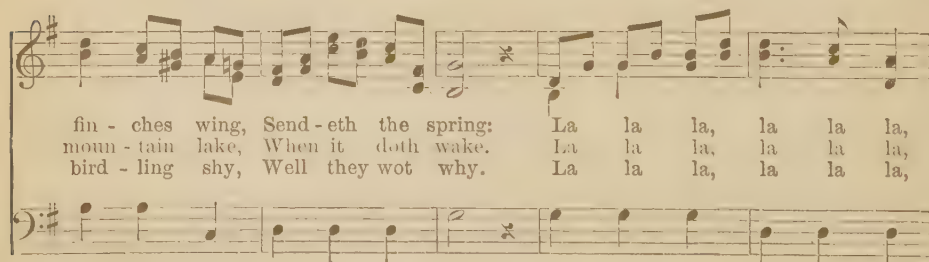
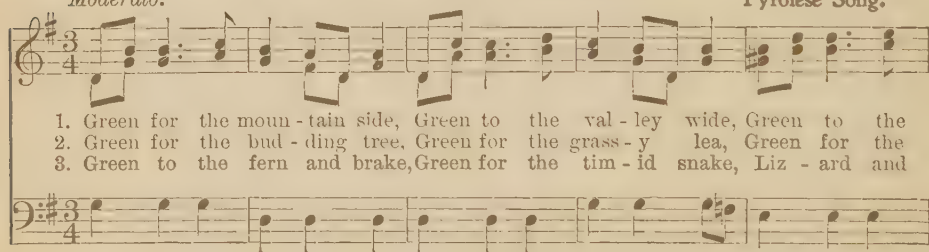
*mf* Moderato.



## Green for the Mountain-side.

*Moderato.*

Tyrolese Song.



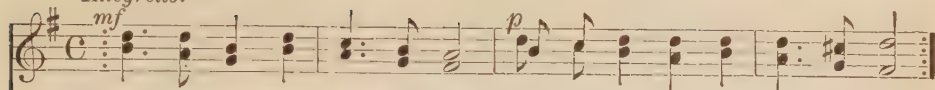
# Comely Swain.

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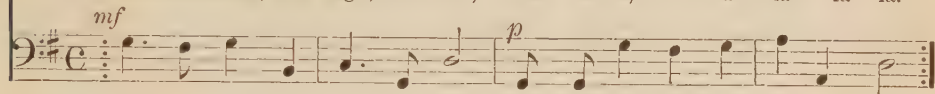
Old English.

John Playford (1673).

*Allegretto.*



1. Come - ly swain, why sitt'st thou so? Fa la la, la la la la la.  
 2. For-tune's wheel, now high, now low, Fa la la, la la la la la.



- Fold - ed arms are signs of woe; Fa la la, la la la la la la la.  
 Ev - er up and down doth go. Fa la la, la la la la la la la.



# The Lake.

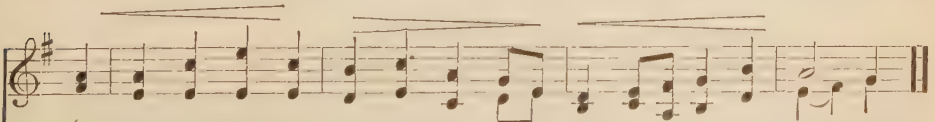
From the French.

Jacques-Dalcroze.

*Lento.*



1. The lake is clear, the lake is calm; Its wave - lets crisp and ev - en;  
 2. The ma - vis and the night - in - gale, The shy and ar - dent thrush - es,  
 3. The light boat dan - ces on the wave, A - far the breeze shall bear us  
 4. And songs of birds and breath of flow'rs, And bless - ed air of heav - en



- It smil-eth t'ward the pla - cid sky, With eye as blue as heav - en.  
 Make won-drous mu - sic all the morn, And thro' the twi-light hush - es.  
 Past wood and mead and shel-tered farm, And not a care come near us.  
 Shall heal the wounds, the bit-ter wounds That life and grief have giv - en.



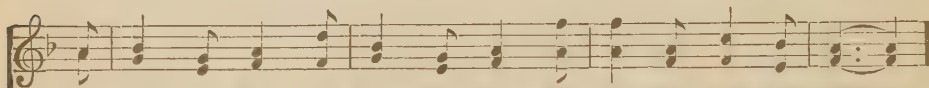
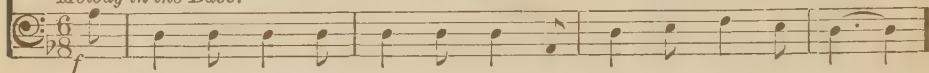
## The Wild Huntsman.

From an old German Legend.

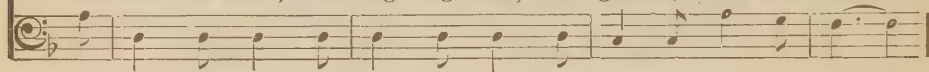
Adapted from the German.

*Vivace.*

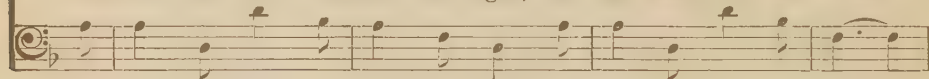
1. Through many a bleak and haunted wood, O'er moor and val - ley deep,
2. The ant - lered stag in wild af - fright O'er splin - tered chasm doth leap;
3. Not oft a mor - tal eye hath seen Our swift train for - ward sweep

*Melody in the Bass.*

While hol - lo ho! the hunts-men cry, My spec - tral train doth sweep;  
 The no - ble prey we fol - low fast O'er vale and crag - gy steep;  
 O'er blast - ed heath, o'er rag - ing flood, Thro' gloom - y for - est deep.



Now hol - lo ho! the hunts-men cry, The wood-horn answers mild,  
 Through midnight mirk or mid - night gray, In tem - pest, sleet and rain,  
 Ah! woe be - tide that luck - less wight; His mor - tal race is run!



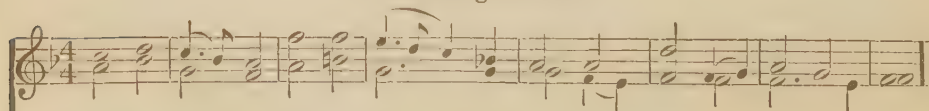
And horse and hound and ri - der bold Dash on with tu - mult wild.  
 When hol - lo ho! the hunts-men cry, Till day - light comes a - gain.  
 Who views our chase, he nev - er - more Shall look up - on the sun.



May be sung first as Bass Unison Song.

## A Study.

For unchanged voices.



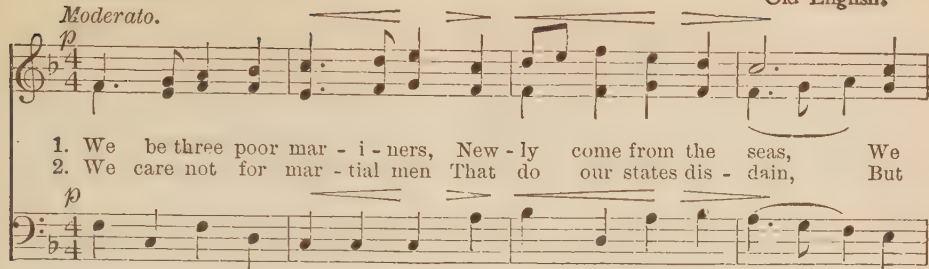


# We be Three Poor Mariners.

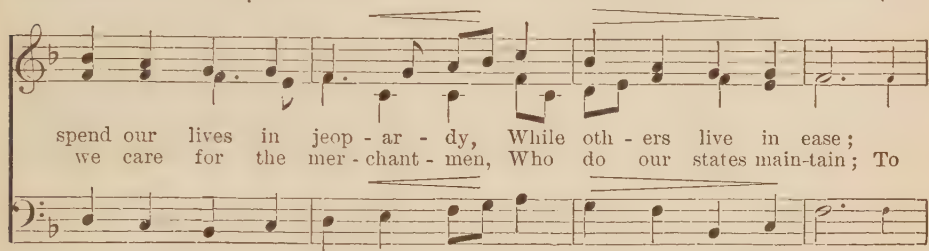
135

Traditional.  
Moderato.

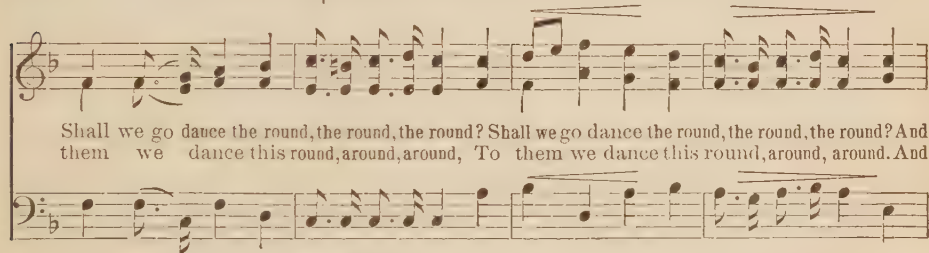
Old English.



1. We be three poor mar - i - ners, New - ly come from the seas, We  
2. We care not for mar - tial men That do our states dis - dain, But



spend our lives in jeop - ar - dy, While oth - ers live in ease;  
we care for the mer - chant - men, Who do our states main - tain; To

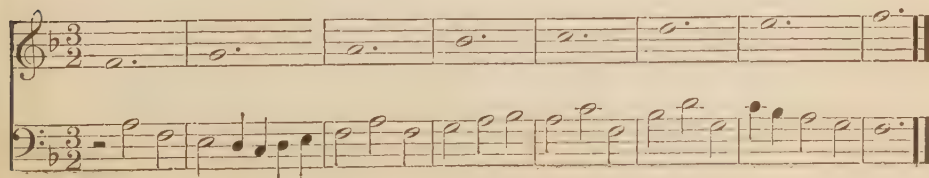


Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? And  
them we dance this round, around, around, To them we dance this round, around, around. And



he that is a sai - lor boy Come, pledge me on this ground, this ground.

## A Study.



## A Song of Fatherland.

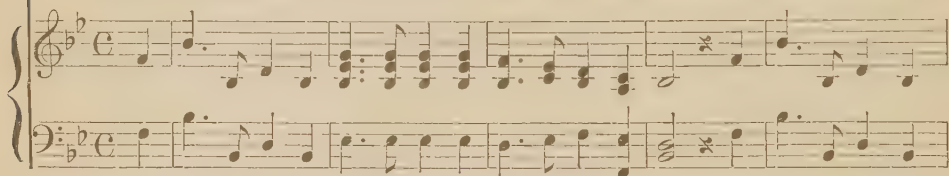
BASS UNISON SONG.

From the German of Arndt.

German Students' Song.

*Maestoso.*

1. God nerved with iron the firm-set hill; He loves no coward wight; He gives the sword and
2. Then as God would, so will we all In hon-or steadfast stand; Nor ev-er let our
3. Shout for our sa-cred Fatherland, For German love and truth; The love we bear our
4. Then raise the shout that welcomes loud The blaze of freedom's sun. Shout! brothers, for our

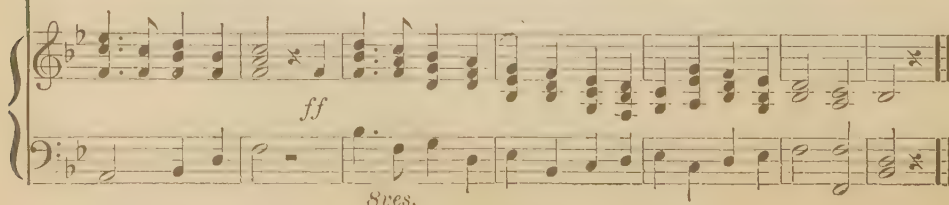


bay-net still, For man to guard his right. He gives to man the heart of fire, The  
broth-ers fall Be-neath the ty-rant's hand. But he that fights for tin-sel fame Shares  
glo-rious land Glows fresh with ageless youth. The cra-ven fool his life may prize—Or -  
coun-try, loud, In con-cert ev - 'ry one. And raise your hearts to heav'n, and say—The



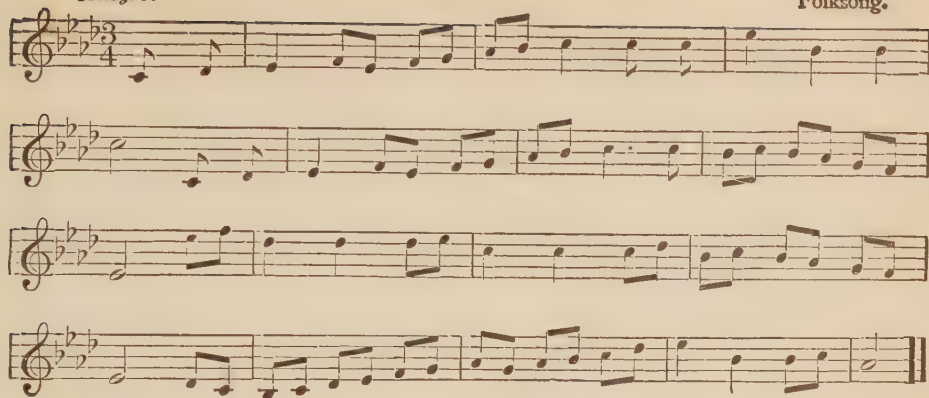
word out-spo-ken, free, That while life lasts he should not tire Fight-ing his en - e - my.

not in our renown; Who draws his sword in cause of shame, Our arm shall hew him down.  
dained the feast of crows; On! where the cause of freedom cries For vengeance on its foes.  
vow your hearts have sealed: "Now earth at last shall see the day When tyranny must yield."



**I.**  
*Allegro.*

Folksong.



II.



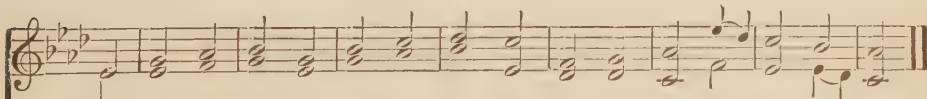
## Awake, My Soul, and With the Sun.

Bishop Ken.

Barthelemon.

*Andante.*

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run,
2. Re - deem thy misspent moments past And live this day as if the last,
3. Let all thy con - verse be sin - cere, Thy conscience as the noon - day clear,
4. Wake and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,

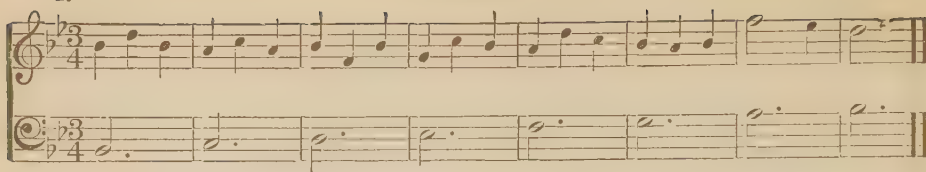
*mf*

Shake off dull sloth and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 Thy tal - ents to im - prove take care, For the great day thy - self pre - pare.  
 For God's all - see - ing eye sur - veys Thy se - cret that's, thy works, and ways.  
 Who all night long un - wearied sing High glo - ry to th' e - ter - nal King.

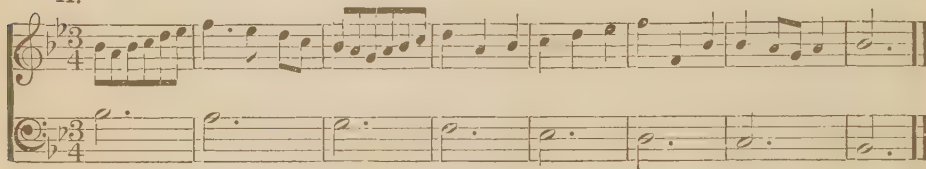


## Studies.

I.



II.



## Morning Hymn.

Words from "S. S. Hymnal."  
By permission of C. L. Hutchins.  
*Andante.*

English.

*mf*

1. The breaking morn comes back to bless The earth from pole to pole; So  
2. A sil - ver mist a - long the lawn From ev - 'ry dew - y sod Goes  
3. The dawn of day, the dawn of life, Are blest a - like to Thee; Thou

*mf Andante.*

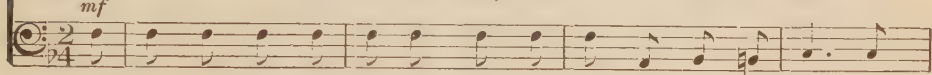
*mf*

come, sweet Sun of Right-eous-ness, And shine in - to my soul.  
up to heav'n; and so at dawn I lift my thoughts to God.  
know'st the dan-ger and the strife; Lord, bless them both to me.

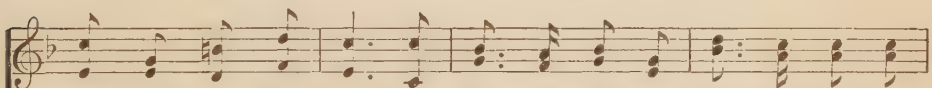
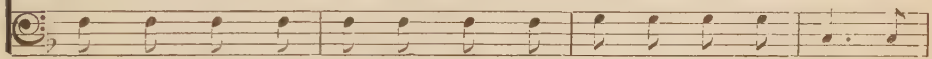
NOTE.—The above study is to be sung in three parts only, either the lower Alto or Bass being sung.



1. In May the val - ley lil - ies ring, Their bells chime clear and sweet; They  
2. Then in a trice the lil - ies play, While all to dance be - gin; The  
3. Yet Frost has scarce-ly left the vale, When lil - ies far and near Call



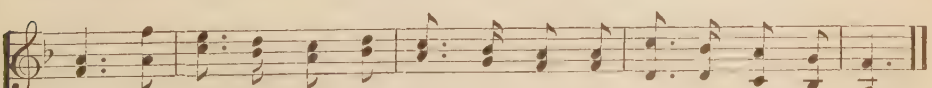
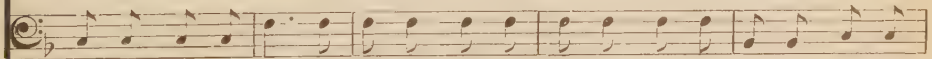
cry, "Come forth, ye flow - ers all, And dance with twinkling feet, And  
moon looks on with friend - ly smile, And takes great joy there - in, And  
quick - ly to the spring-time feast, Their bells ring dou - bly, clear, Their



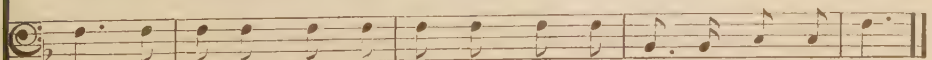
dance with twin-ling feet." The blos - soms, gold and blue and white, Come  
takes great joy there - in. Then sad - ly vexed is Mas - ter Frost, A -  
bells ring dou - bly, clear. I'll stay no lon - ger in the house, The



quick-ly, one and all; Dear speedwell, blue for - get - me - not, And vio - lets hear the  
down the vale comes he; May-lil - ies play gay tunes no more, The pret - ty blossoms  
lil - ies call me, too; Sweet flow'rets, dancing out of doors, I come to dance with



call, Dear speedwell, blue for - get - me - not, And vio - lets hear the call.  
flee, May - lil - ies play gay tunes no more, The pret - ty blos - soms flee.  
you, Sweet flow'rets, dan - cing, out of doors, I come to dance with you.





## A Norse Lullaby.

Eugene Field.

W. W. Gilchrist.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Andante.*

The sky is dark, The hills are white,

*Melody in Bass.*

*f* The sky is dark and the hills are white As the

The storm-king speeds from the North to-night, And this the song that the

storm-king speeds from the North to-night, And this is the song that the

storm - king sings As o - ver the world his cloak he swings:

storm - king sings As o - ver the world his cloak he swings:

*p* “Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,”

“Sleep, sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep,” He rus - tles his wings and

sleep, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep.”

gruff - ly sings: “Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep.”

gruff - ly sings: “Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep.”

# A Norse Lullaby.

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*Andante.*

1. The sky is dark and the hills are white As the

*f*

storm-king speeds from the North to - night, And this is the song that the

storm - king sings As o - ver the world his cloak he flings:

"Sleep, sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep." He rus - tles his wings and

*p*

gruff - ly sings: "Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep."

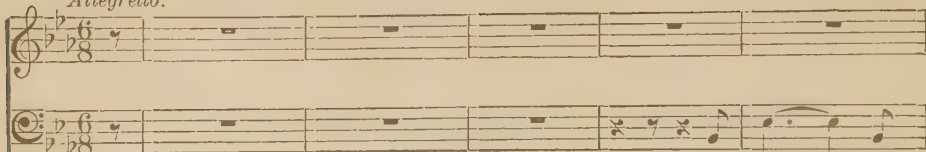
*dim. e rall.*

## The Archer.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.

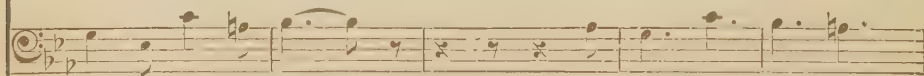
Old Melody. Arr.

*Allegretto.*

1. His home is
2. And sit - ting
3. Strong is his
4. Come out, come

*Allegretto.*

- |              |                              |        |
|--------------|------------------------------|--------|
| 1. His home  | is yon-der in the sky;       | There, |
| 2. And sit - | ting down he looks a - round | The    |
| 3. Strong is | his arm, he knows it well,   | And    |
| 4. Come out, | come out! the hunt is done;  | No     |



yon-der in the sky;  
 down he looks a - round  
 arm, he knows it well,  
 out! the hunt is done;

There, when the chase is  
 The green fields wide and  
 And sure his stead - y  
 No dan - ger shall we

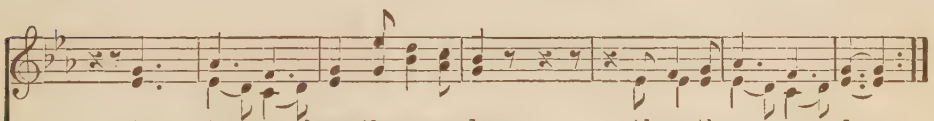




when the chase is o'er, He hangs his gor - geous bow on high  
green fields wide and far, Where pros - trate ly - ing on the ground  
sure his stead - y aim; For him the miss - ing ar - rows tell  
dan - ger shall we know; For yon - der see be - neath the sun



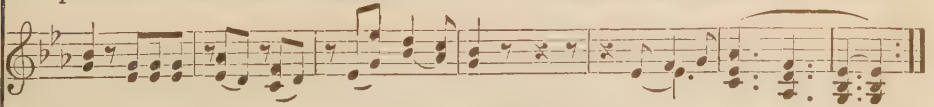
o'er, He hangs his gor - geous bow on high A -  
far, Where pros - trate ly - ing on the ground His  
aim; For him the miss - ing ar - rows tell The  
know; For yon - der see be - neath the sun His



A - bove, a - bove the o - pen door, Abovethe o - pen door.  
His ma - ny, ma - ny victims are, His many vic - tims are.  
The num - ber, number of the game, The number of the game.  
His promise, promise and his bow! His promise and his bow!



bove the o - pen door,..... A - bove the o - pen door.  
ma - ny vic - tims are,..... His ma - ny vic - tims are.  
num - ber of the game,..... The num - ber of the game.  
prom - ise and his bow!..... His prom - ise and his bow!



From the German.  
*Moderato.*

Folksong.

mf

1. O hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, How faith-ful are thy branches! Thou'rt  
 2. O hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, In truth I dear-ly love thee. How  
 3. O hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, A les-son thou dost teach me, That

green when sum-mer breez-es blow, And green 'mid win-ter's drift-ing snow, O  
 oft at mer-ry Christmas tide Hast filled my heart with joy and pride! O  
 ev-er hope and con-stan-cy Will strength and comfort give to me; O

hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, How faith-ful are thy branch-es!  
 hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, In truth I dear-ly love thee.  
 hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, A les-son thou dost teach me.

### A Study.



M. L. T.

Fr. Abt.

*Allegro.*


1. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing, To welcome in the May ; Our hap - py hearts are
2. We bring the sweet May flow - ers, To twine with garlands green, And make a wreath of



bound - ing, With joy to greet the day. Come where the forest shad - ows Flit o'er the mossy  
beau - ty, To crown our chosen queen. We'll fill the day with pleasure, With dance and laughter



ground, And all u - nite in sing - ing The mer - ry May - day round, round.  
gay ; Come bring your flow'ry treasure, And crown the Queen of May, May.

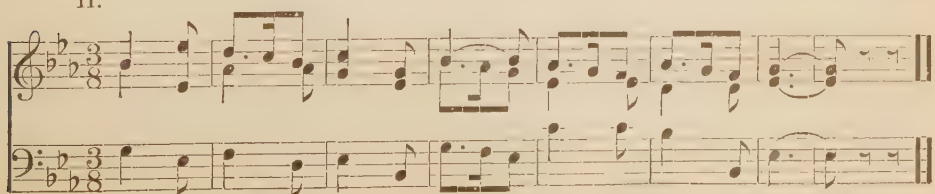


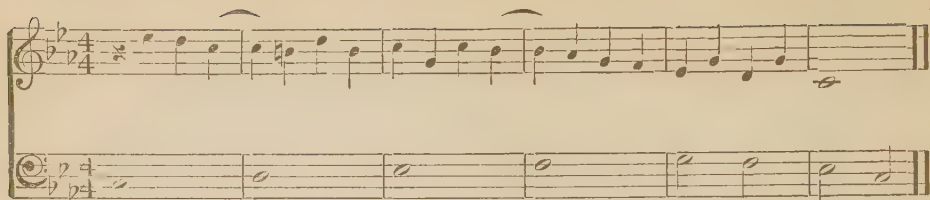
## Studies.

I.



II.

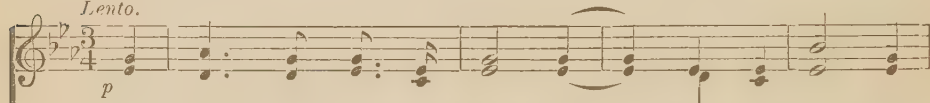




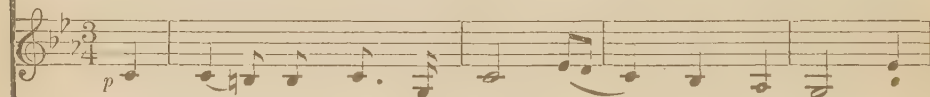
## A Lament for the Summer.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

W. W. Gilchrist.

*Lento.*

1. Oh! moan, ye au-tumn winds; Sum-mer has fled; The  
 2. Oh! mourn, ye au-tumn winds, La-ment and mourn; How

*Optional Bass.—The song is complete without it.*

1. *p* Oh! moan. The  
 2. Oh! mourn. The



- flow'rs have closed their ten-der leaves and die; The  
 ma-ny half blown buds must close and die! Hopes



- flow'rs have clos'd their ten-der leaves; The  
 half blown buds must close and die! Hopes

# A Lament for the Summer.

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lil - y's gra-cious head all low must lie, Be-cause the gen-tle sum-mer  
with the sum-mer born, all fad-ed lie, And leave us des-o-late, and



lil - - - ies low must lie, for sum - mer is  
with the sum-mer born, all fad - - - ed



now is dead. Oh! moan, Oh! moan, Oh! moan, Oh! moan, Oh!  
earth for-lorn. Oh! mourn, Oh! mourn, Oh! mourn, Oh! mourn, Oh!



dead..... Oh! moan, Oh! moan,  
now..... Oh! mourn, Oh! mourn,



moan, ye au - tumn winds, Oh! moan, Oh! moan! Oh! moan.  
mourn, ye au - tumn winds, Oh! mourn, Oh! mourn, Oh! mourn.

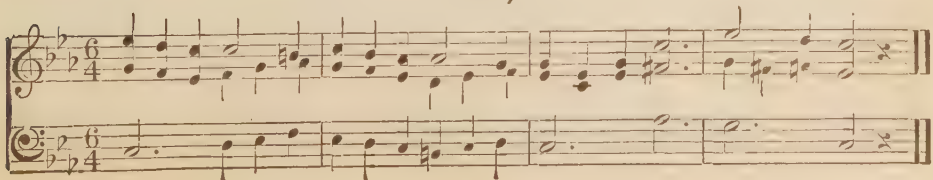


sum - mer..... has fled  
la - ment..... and mourn,



moan, moan, moan, moan, moan, moan.  
mourn, mourn, mourn, mourn, mourn, mourn.

## A Study.



## Farewell to the Woods.

From the German.

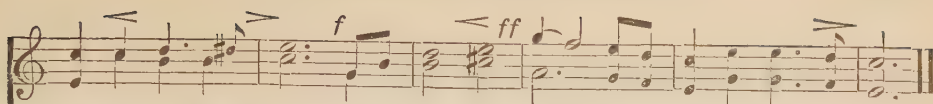
*Andante.*

Essex.

1. Now fare thee well, dear wood-land green, fare - well, fare - well; Long  
 2. Fare - well to ev - 'ry frown-ing height, fare - well, fare - well; To  
 3. And should I al - ways part - ed be, fare - well, fare - well; O

may en-dure thy blossoms' sheen, fare-well, fare - well; May bal-sam fra-grance,  
 tender green sward flush'd with light, fare-well, fare - well; My heart is sad, My  
 wood, O rock, O bird, from thee, fare-well, fare - well; The thought of you my

birdling's voice Full many a wanderer's heart re-joice; Fare-well, fare - well, dear  
 heart is sore; God knows if I shall see thee more; Fare-well, fare - well, if  
 pain will soothe, Dear comrades of my hap-py youth, Fare-well, fare - well, dear



woodland green, fare - well, Fare-well, fare - well, dear woodland green, farewell.  
 I shall see thee more, Fare-well, fare - well, if I shall see thee more.  
 comrades of my youth, Fare-well, fare - well, dear comrades of my youth.



## Studies.

I.

*Andantino.*

Reichardt.



II.

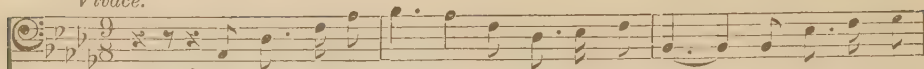
*Andantino.*



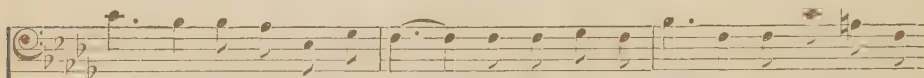
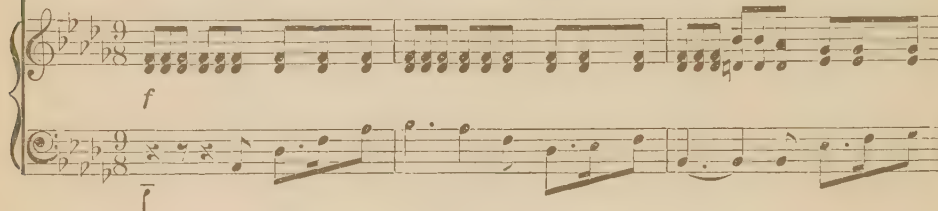
## My Heart's in the Highlands.

Robert Burns.  
*Vivace.*

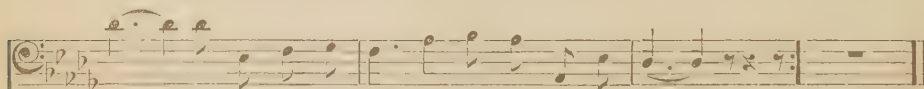
J. M. Courtney.



- f*
1. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
  2. Fare-well to the Highlands, farewell to the North, The birthplace of
  3. Fare-well to the mountains, high-covered with snow; Farewell to the
  4. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the

*Vivace.*

High-lands a-chas-ing the deer, A-chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the  
val-or, the country of worth; Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-ev-er I  
straths and green val-leys be-low; Fare-well to the for-ests and wild-hanging  
High-lands a-chas-ing the deer, A-chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the



roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
rove, The hills of the Highlands for-ev-er I love.  
woods; Farewell to the tor-rents and loud-pouring floods.  
roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



# Auld Lang Syne.

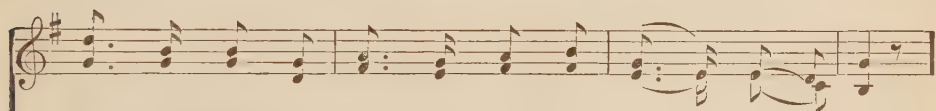
151

Robert Burns.

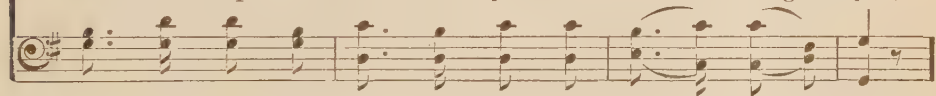
*Andante.*



1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa' ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've
3. We twa' ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun tili dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



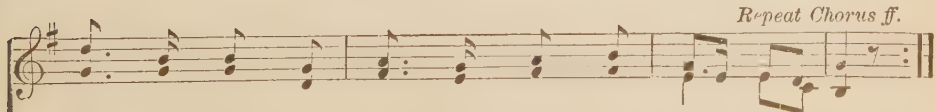
auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 wan-der'd mo-nya wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



CHORUS.



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne We'll



tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



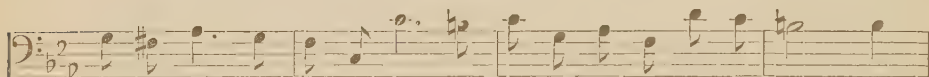
*Repeat Chorus ff.*

Hoffman von Fällersleben.

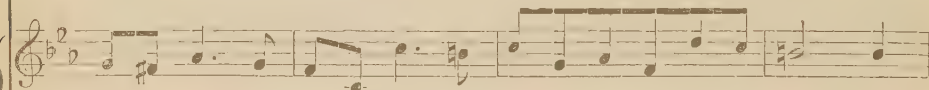
Graben-Hoffman.

*Lento e dolce.*

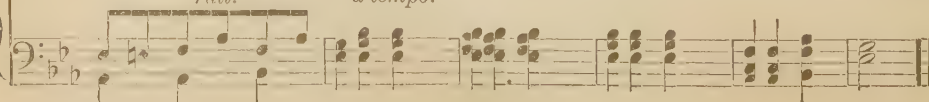
1. Oh ! field and wood were passing fair; To-day, a - las! the world is bare, The  
 2. No care we know, but joy and ease; Our roof the tent-ing for-est trees; We  
 3. But now our homes are roof-less quite, The sum-mer yields to win-ter's night, And

*Lento e dolce.*

summer's gone from hill and plain, And aft-er glad-ness fol-lows pain, And  
 sang a-way the hap-py spring, The wood-land loved to hear us sing, The  
 we poor, joy-less pil-grim band Must seek a home in stran-ger land, Must



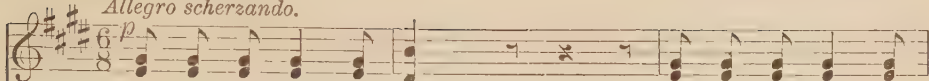
aft-er glad-ness follows pain.  
 woodland loved to hear us sing.  
 seek a home in stranger land.

*rall.**a tempo.*

Frank Dempster Sherman.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.

W. W. Gilchrist.

*Allegro scherzando.*

1. Out of the sky they come,  
 2. Dress'd in a flee - cy gown

Wan - der - ing down the  
 Out of the snow-flakes

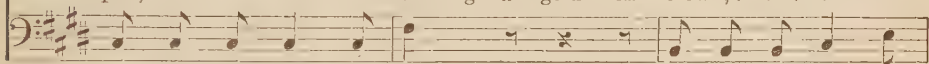


1. Out of the sky they come,  
 2. Dress'd in a flee - cy gown



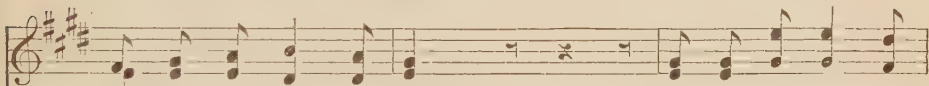
air,  
 spun,

Some to the roofs and some, some  
 Wear - ing a gold - en crown, . . . .



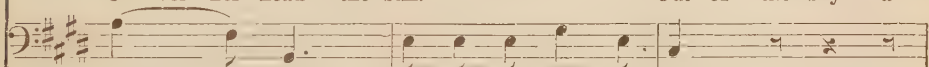
Wan - der - ing down the air,  
 Out of the snow-flakes spun,

Some to the roofs and  
 Wear - ing a gold - en



Whit - en the branch - es bare;  
 O - ver her head the sun.

Some in the emp - ty  
 Out of the sky a -



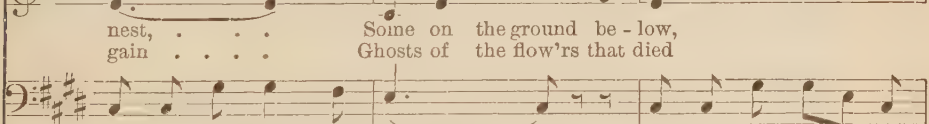
some, . . . some  
 crown, a crown

Whit - en the branch - es bare;  
 O - ver her head the sun.



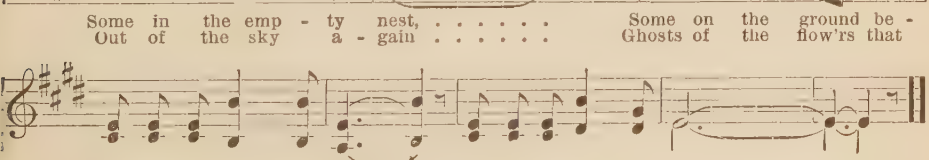
nest,  
 gain . . . .

Some on the ground be - low,  
 Ghosts of the flow'rs that died



Some in the emp - ty nest,  
 Out of the sky a - gain . . . . .

Some on the ground be -  
 Ghosts of the flow'rs that



Un - til the world is dress'd All in a gown of snow. . . . .  
 Vis - it the earth, and then . . . Un - der the white drifts hide. . . . .



low,  
 died

Un - til the world is dress'd,  
 Vis - it the earth, and then,

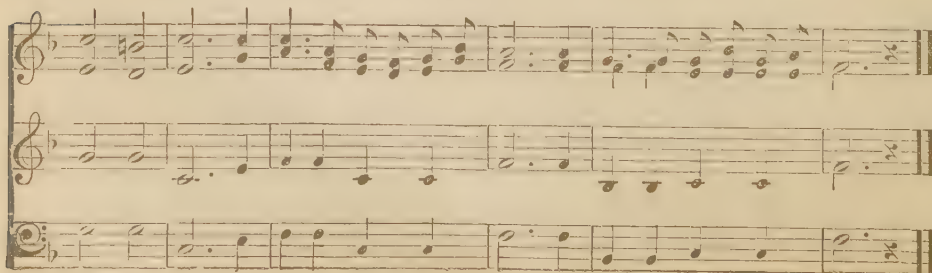
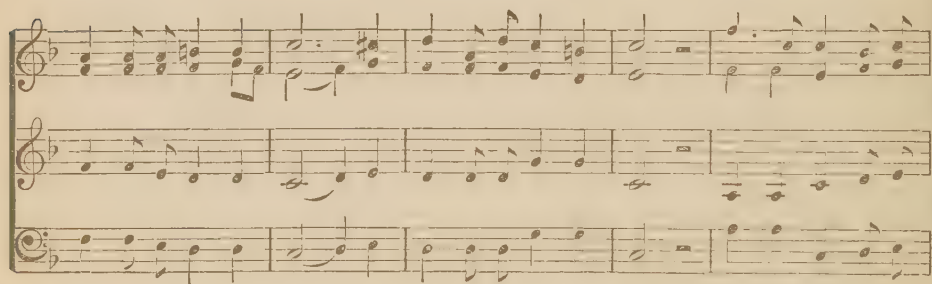
is dressed  
 and then

All in a gown of snow.  
 Under the white drifts hide.

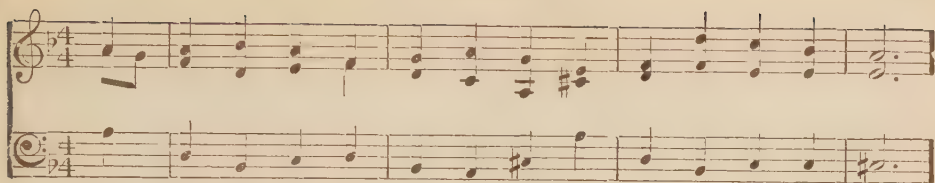
## A Study.

*Andante religioso.*

Arr. from H. Wild.







## Christmas Hymn.

Lucy Larcom.  
*Allegretto.*

Sir Arthur Sullivan, arranged.

*mf*

1. Bring in the trail-ing for - est-moss, Bring ce - dar, fir and pine;
2. It is His dear mem - o - rial day, Who broke earth's frozen steep,
3. He gives all lov - li - ness that grows, The strong and graceful trees;
4. Made peaceful by His con-stant love, Let thought of Him a - bid;
5. We keep the bright home fes - ti - val, And, with a child-like cheer,

*mf*



And green fes - toon, and wreath, and cross A - round the win-dows twine!  
 And who for her hopes glad-'ning ray For - ev - er bright will keep.  
 The win - ter moss, the fresh June rose, The dear Lord saves us these.  
 To find us our last home a - bove, He home-less lived and died.  
 His an - gel - ush - ered birth-day call The mer-riest of the year.



Henry Kirke White.

Isaac Smith

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. O Lord, an - oth - er day is flown, And we, a low - ly band,  
 2. Oh! let Thy grace per - form its part, And let con - ten - tion cease,  
 3. And Thou wilt turn our wan-d'ring feet, And Thou wilt bless our way

*mf*

Are met once more be - fore Thy throne, To bless Thy fos - t'ring hand.  
 And shed a - broad in ev - 'ry heart Thine ev - er - last - ing peace.  
 Till world shall fade, and faith shall greet The dawn of last - ing day.

## O Lord, Our God, Thy Light and Truth.

Montgomery.

Jeremiah Clark.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. O Lord, our God, Thy light and truth To us, Thy chil - dren, send,  
 2. By na - ture sin - ful, weak, and blind, The down-ward path we trod;  
 3. But friends and guar - dians now thro' grace Our heed - less steps re - strain,  
 4. Hence to the hills we lift our eyes, From which sal - va - tion springs:

*mf*

That we may serve Thee in our youth, And love Thee to the end.  
 Our wan - d'ring heart and way - ward mind Were en - e - mies to God;  
 They teach us, Lord, to seek Thy face, Which none shall seek in vain.  
 O Sun of right - eous - ness, a - rise, With heal - ing in Thy wings.

# Home, Sweet Home!

157

Payne.

Irish.

*Moderato.*

*dolce.* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
 2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my  
 3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the cares of a  
 4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care; The heart's dear - est

*dolce.* *cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

*dim.* *dim.*

hum - ble, there's no place like home. A charin from the skies seems to  
 low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that  
 moth - er to soothe and be - guile! Let oth - ers de - light 'mid new  
 sol - ace will smile on me there; No more from that cot - tage a -

*dim.* *mf* *dim.*

*dim.*

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with else - where;  
 come at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.  
 pleasures to roam, But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.  
 gain will I roam, - Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

*p* *f* *dim.*

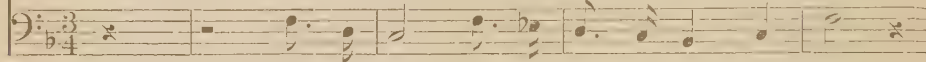
*cres.* *dim.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home!

*p* *cres.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

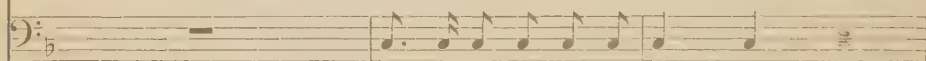
*Andantino, con espressione.*

1. Now good night, now good night. In his dy - ing splen - dor bright,  
 2. Fades the glow, fades the glow, From the west - ern cloud - lands low.  
 3. Now good night, now good night. Care and sor - row take their flight,



Slow - ly down the ro - sy hea - ven  
 Lu - na fair a - ris - ing slow - ly  
 All a - round are sweet - ly sleep - ing,

Sinks the sun, and comes the  
 Floods the earth with radiance  
 God His watch a - bove us



Slow - ly down the ro - sy hea - ven  
 Lu - na fair a - ris - ing slow - ly  
 All a - round are sweet - ly sleep - ing,



e - ven  
 ho - ly,  
 keep - ing

With its soft and ten - der  
 Clouds a - bove and sea . . . be -  
 Till the morn - ing's dawn - ing



Sinks the sun, and comes the e - ven With its soft and ten - der  
 Floods the earth with ra - diance ho - ly, Clouds a - bove and sea be -  
 God His watch a - bove us keep - ing, Till the morn - ing's dawn - ing  
 light, . . . . .  
 low, . . . . .  
 light, . . . . .



light, its soft and ten - der light. Now good night, now good night, Good - night.  
 low, the sky, the sea be - low, White as snow, white as snow, White as snow.  
 light, the morning's dawning light, Now good night, now good night, Good - night.



light, its soft and ten - der light,  
 low, the sky, the sea be - low  
 light, the morning's dawning light.

Now good night, Good - - night. .  
 White as snow, White as snow.  
 Now good - night, Good - - night. .

# Isle of Beauty.\*

159

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

*Andante.*

Irish Folksong.

*p*

1. { Shades of eve-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone-ly bark a-while!  
Morn, a-las! will not re-store us Yon-der dim and dis-tant Isle:  
2. { 'Tis the hour when hap-py fa-ces Smile a-round the ta-per's light;  
Who will fill our va-cant pla-ces? Who will sing our songs to-night?  
3. { When the waves are round us breaking, As I pace the deck a-lone,  
And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green leaf to rest up-on;

*p*

*p* *cres.* *rit.*

Still my fan-cy can dis-cov-er Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell;  
Thro' the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves-per bell,  
What would I not give to wan-der Where my old com-pan-ions dwell?

*p* *cres.* *rit.*

*a tempo.*

Dark-er shad-ows round us hov-er, Isle of Beau-ty, Fare thee well!  
Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond-ly, "Fare thee well!"  
Ab-sence makes the heart grow fond-er—Isle of Beau-ty, Fare thee well!

*a tempo.*

\* May be sung as a unison song.

## A Study.

III. *Andante marcato.*

F. L. Schubert.



## Song After Labor.

BASS UNISON SONG.

B. Cornwall.

Arranged from J. F. Reichardt.

*Allegretto moderato, ma energico.*

*f*

1. La - bor's strong and mer - ry chil - dren, Com - rades of the  
 2. No de - spond - ing, no re - pin - ing! Lei - sure must by  
 3. Ev - en God's all ho - ly la - bor Framed the air, the

*mf* *cres.*

ris - ing sun, Let us sing some songs to - geth - er, Let us sing some  
 toil be bought; Nev - er yet was good ac - complished, Nev - er yet was  
 stars, the sun; Built our earth on deep foun - da - tions, Built our earth on

*mf* *cres.*

*rall.* *f* *a tempo.*

songs to - geth - er, Now our toil, our toil is done.  
 good ac - com - plished With - out hand and with - out thought.  
 deep foun - da - tions; And the World, the World was won!

*rall.* *f* *a tempo.*

# The Watch on the Rhine.

161

Max Schneckenberger.

Wilhelm.

*Allegro maestoso.*

*f*

1. A peal like thun-der calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave,
2. A hundred thousand hearts beat high, The an - swer flames from ev - 'ry eye,
3. So long as blood shall warm our veins, While for the sword one hand remains,
4. The oath resounds, the waverolls by, The ban - ners wave, advanced on high;

The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who now will guard the riv - er's line?  
The Ger - man youth de - vot - ed stand To shield the ho - ly bor - der - land!  
One arm to bear a gun, no more Shall foot of foe - man tread thy shore!  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! We all will guard the riv - er's line!

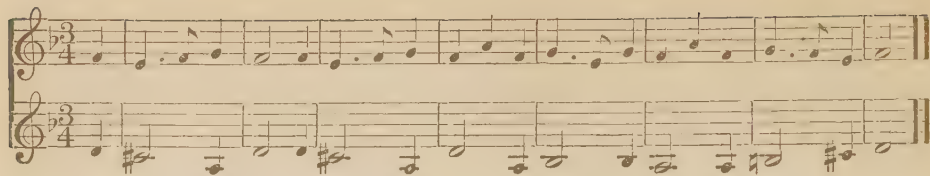
*mf*

Dear Fa - ther - land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa - ther - land, no fear be thine, Firm stands the

*ff*

guard a - long, a - long the Rhine, Firm stands the guard along the Ger - man Rhine!

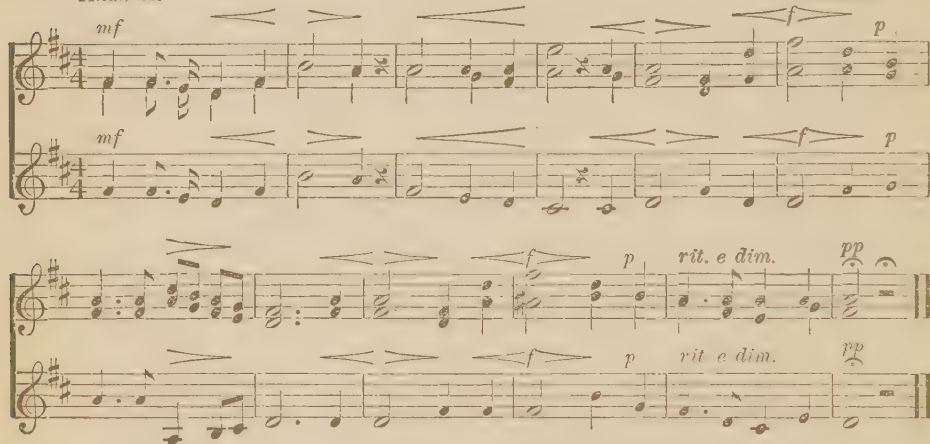
## I.



## II.

*Andante.*

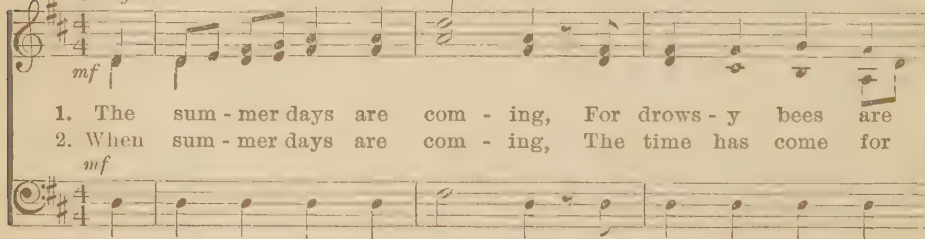
Tschirch.



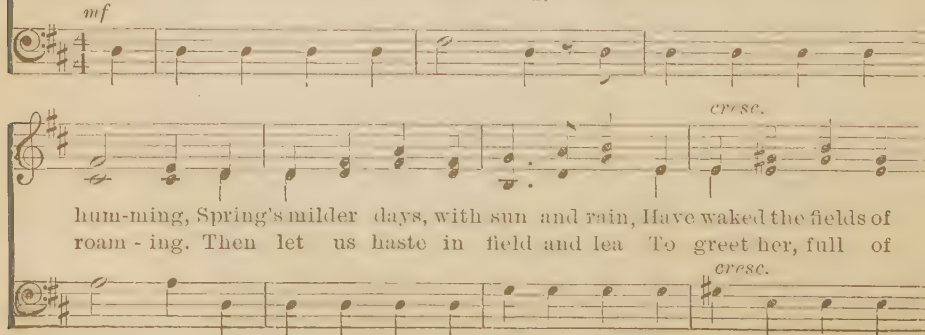
## The Summer Days are Coming.

Translated from the German.

R. Schalm.

*Allegro.*

1. The sum - mer days are com - ing, For drows - y bees are  
 2. When sum - mer days are com - ing, The time has come for



hum - ing, Spring's milder days, with sun and rain, Have waked the fields of  
 roam - ing. Then let us haste in field and lea To greet her, full of

ten - der grain, And pret - ty flow'rs a - bloom - ing The gen - tle air per -  
mirth and glee, Who brings the crim - son ro - ses, Who Nature's wealth dis -

*f*

fum - ing, And voice of bird pro - claim That sum - mer's com - - ing.  
clos - es, With bird and bee re - joice, For sum - mer's com - - ing.

## A Study.

### EVENING HYMN.

*Moderato.*

C. Malan.

## Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

Robert Burns.

J. E. Spilman.

*Andante.*

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes ;
2. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills,
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides,



Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;  
 Far marked with the cours - es of clear - wind - ing rills ;  
 And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides !



My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream.  
 There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high,  
 How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave,



Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.  
 My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.  
 As gath - 'ring sweet flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear - wave !





Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re-sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist-ling  
How pleas-ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the  
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing, thy  
wood - lands the prim-ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps  
riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

scream - ing for - bear. I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
o - ver the lea. The sweet-scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

## A Song.

L. van Beethoven.

*With spirit.*

*f* *mf* *f* *mf*

*f* *mf* *f* *mf*

*p* *mf* *f*

*p* *mf* *f*

## Sir Hugh de Bray.

E. Oxenford.

B. Klein.

*Andante.*

- mf*  
 1. A va-lor-ous knight of the good old-entimes, Whose courage all Bri-tons in -  
 2. He sail'd with his king to the far Ho-ly Land Where in-fi-dels scoff'd at strange  
 3. The bat-tle was won, and the vic-tors took rest, When, wounded to death, and near



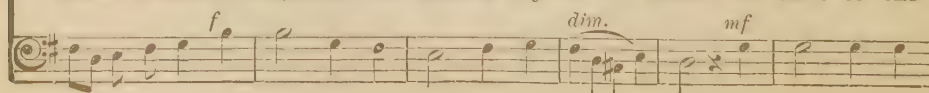
her-it; His deeds are well known, e'en in far distant climes, And naught can be breath'd in de-  
 legions; Full stalwart and brave was the wes-ter-ly band That sail'd to the Sar-a-cen-  
 dy-ing, A foe-man drew arrow, and smote in the breast Sir Hugh who in slumber was



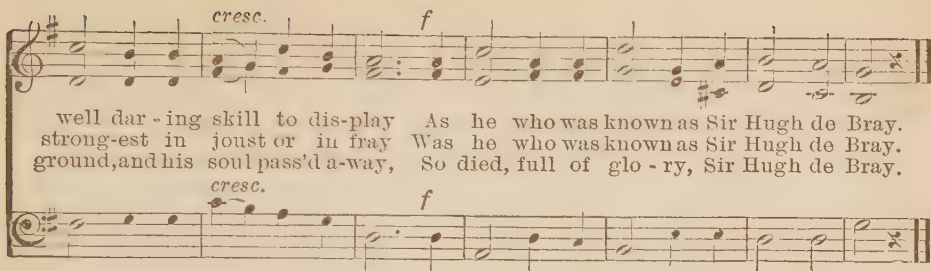
mer-it. He sought for his master a death on the field, And cried to the Paynim, "Ye  
 re-gious. Yet, none were so skillful with axe or with spear As one whose pure boast was de-  
 ly-ing. He sprang from the earth with a heartrending cry, "I fear not," he said, "tho' I



die or ye yield! I fight for the faith of my fa - thers!" And none knew so  
 void of all fear: He fought for the faith of his fa - thers. The fore-most and  
 know I must die, I fought for the faith of my fa - thers!" He sank to the

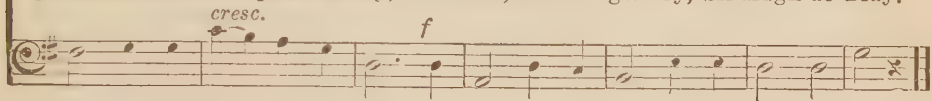


*cresc.* *f*



well dar - ing skill to dis - play As he who was known as Sir Hugh de Bray.  
strong - est in joust or in fray Was he who was known as Sir Hugh de Bray.  
ground, and his soul pass'd a - way, So died, full of glo - ry, Sir Hugh de Bray.

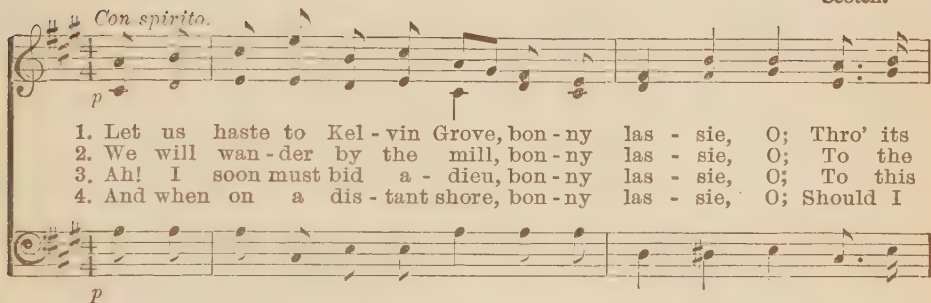
*cresc.* *f*



## Kelvin Grove.

Scotch.


*Con spirito.*



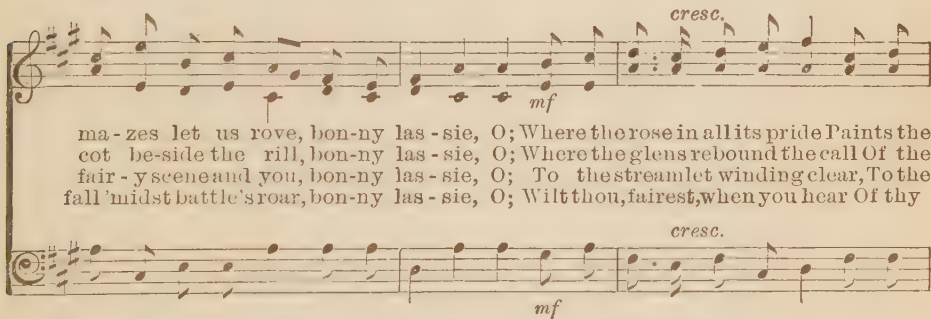
*p*

1. Let us haste to Kel - vin Grove, bon - ny las - sie, O; Thro' its  
2. We will wan - der by the mill, bon - ny las - sie, O; To the  
3. Ah! I soon must bid a - dieu, bon - ny las - sie, O; To this  
4. And when on a dis - tant shore, bon - ny las - sie, O; Should I

*p*




*cresc.*



*mf*

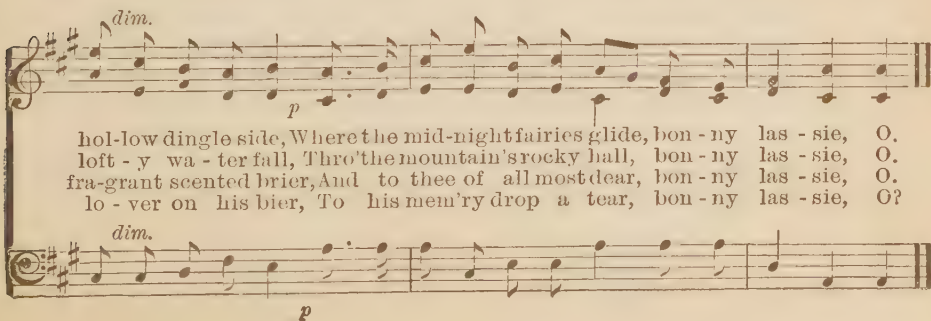
ma - zes let us rove, bon - ny las - sie, O; Where the rose in all its pride Paints the  
cot be - side the rill, bon - ny las - sie, O; Where the glens rebound the call Of the  
fair - y scene and you, bon - ny las - sie, O; To the streamlet winding clear, To the  
fall 'midst battle's roar, bon - ny las - sie, O; Wilt thou, fairest, when you hear Of thy

*cresc.*



*mf*

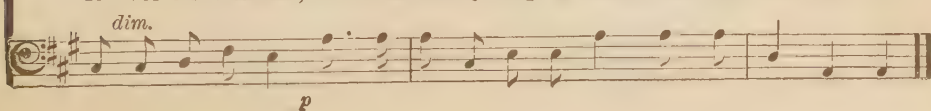
*dim.*



*p*

hol - low dingle side, Where the mid - night fairies glide, bon - ny las - sie, O.  
loft - y wa - ter fall, Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bon - ny las - sie, O.  
fra - grant scented brier, And to thee of all most dear, bon - ny las - sie, O.  
lo - ver on his bier, To his mem'ry drop a tear, bon - ny las - sie, O?

*dim.*



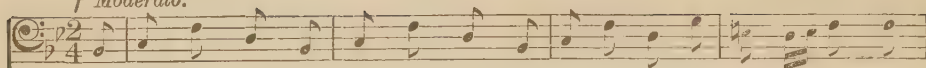
*p*

## Old Winter.

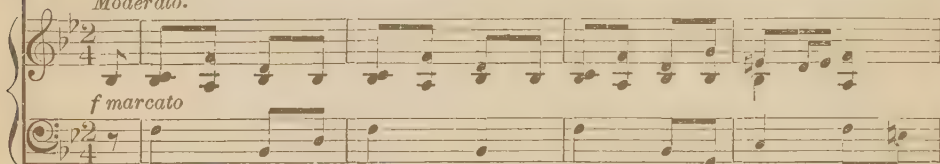
FOR BASS VOICES.

Frederick Manley.

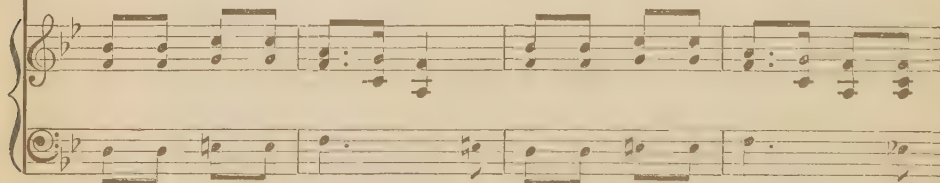
Eleanor Smith.

*f Moderato.*

1. Old Win - ter is a rob - ber bold; He leads a band both fierce and cold; He  
 2. He comes with spears of smit-ing hail; He rides the tempest, clad in mail Of  
 3. But when his sis- ter Spring ap-pears With sunshine smiles and silver tears, He

*Moderato.*

comes with frost-y blust'ring hordes, With piercing winds and chill-ing gales, To  
 flash - ing ice, with plumes of snow; And o'er the earth his bands pre-vail; The  
 leads his ruf-fian crew a-way; Then seeds re-joice in buds; the whirl Of



plun-der all the fields and vales, And strike the woods with keen-edged swords.  
 leaves and flow-ers, cold and pale, Where'er he rides are strick-en low.  
 ma - ny wings stirs all the air, And babes and lambs come out to play.



# Fairy Song.

169

T. Haynes Bayly.

Laib.

*Allegretto.*



1. Oh ! where do fai - ries hide their heads When snow lies on the hills, When
2. Per - haps in small blue div - ing bells They plunge be - neath the waves, In -
3. When back they come there'll be glad mirth And mu - sic in the air, And



frost has spoil'd their moss-y beds And crys - tal-ized their rills? Be-neath the moon they  
hab - it - ing the wreathed shells That lie in cor - al caves; Per-haps in red Ve -  
fai - ry wings up - on the earth, And mischief ev - ry where; The maids, to keep the



can - not trip In cir - cles o'er the plain, And draughts of dew they  
su - vi - us Ca - rou - sals they main - tain, And cheer their lit - tle  
elves a - loof, Will bar the doors in vain, No key - hole will be



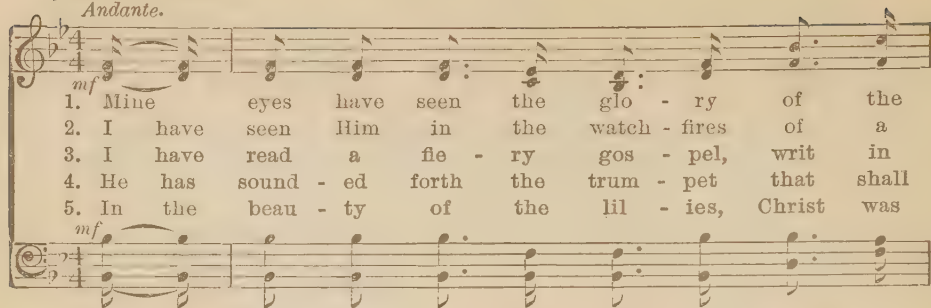
can - not sip Till green leaves come a - gain, Till green leaves come a - gain.  
spir - its up Till green leaves come a - gain, Till green leaves come a - gain.  
fai - ry proof When green leaves come a - gain, When green leaves come a - gain.



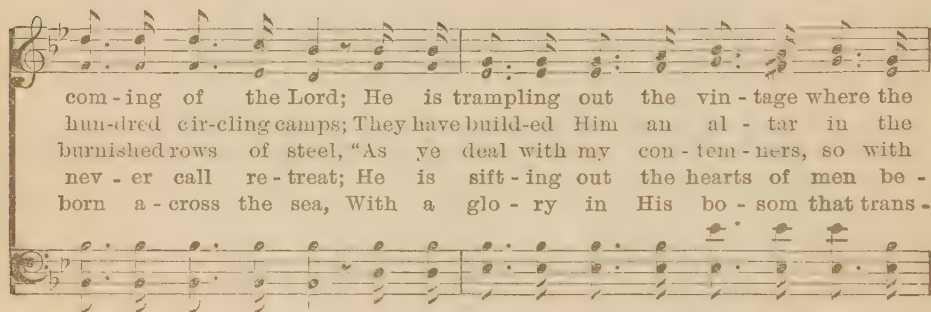


## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

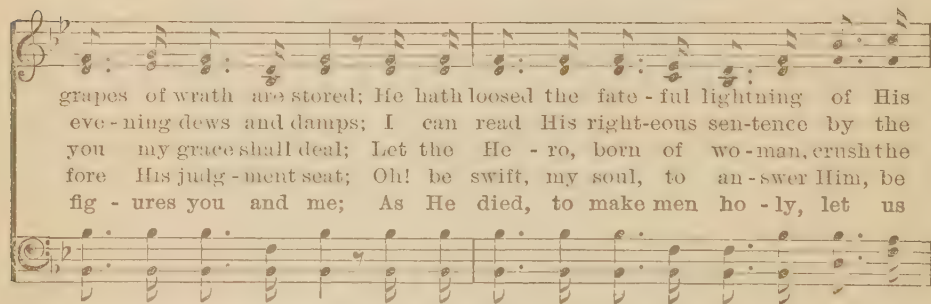
Julia Ward Howe.

*Andante.*


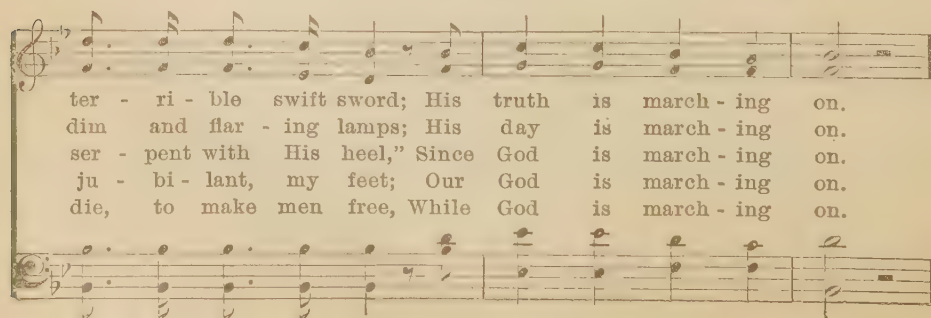
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a  
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in  
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was



com - ing of the Lord; He is trampling out the vin - tage where the  
 hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the  
 burnished rows of steel, "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with  
 nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -  
 born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans -



grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His  
 eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous sen - tence by the  
 you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the  
 fore His judg - ment seat; Oh! be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him, be  
 fig - ures you and me; As He died, to make men ho - ly, let us



ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.  
 dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.  
 ser - pent with His heel," Since God is march - ing on.  
 ju - bi - lant, my feet; Our God is march - ing on.  
 die, to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

## FULL CHORUS.

*f* Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

*f* Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

## A Study.

Key of G MINOR.

Zelter.

NOTE.—The above is a three-part study, either the Bass or the Lower Alto may be sung.

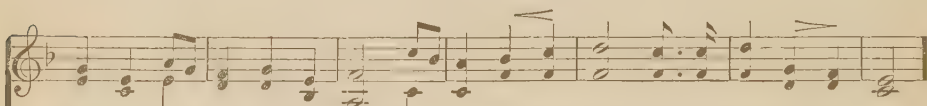
## Why Lingers My Gaze?

Hemans.

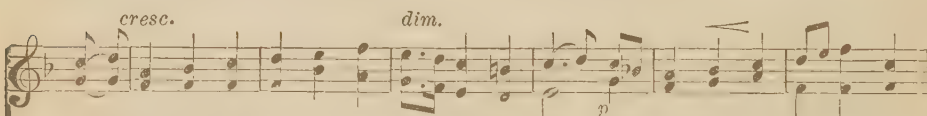
Welsh.

*Andante, dolce*

1. Why lin-gers my gaze when the last hues of day On the hills of my
2. Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land, Where the harp's loft-y
3. 'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth Un-to hearts that may

*dolce*

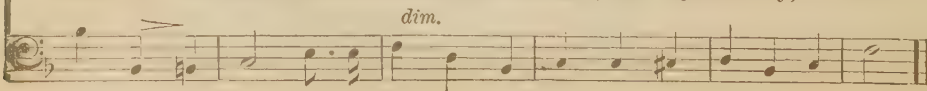
coun-try in love-li-ness sleep? Too fair is the sight of a wand'rer whose way  
soul on each wild wind is borne? Be hush'd, be for-got-ten, for ne'er shall the hand  
shrink when their tri-al is nigh; A-way! we will bear o-ver o-cean and earth



Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep. Fall, shadows of twilight, and  
Of the minstrel with mel-o-dy greet my re-turn. No! no! let your ech-oes still  
A name and a spir-it that nev-er shall die. My course to the winds, to the



veil the green shore, That the heart of the wand'rer may wa-ver no more.  
float on the breeze, And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas.  
stars I re-sign, But my soul's quenchless fire, oh! my coun-try, is thine.



# Our Country.

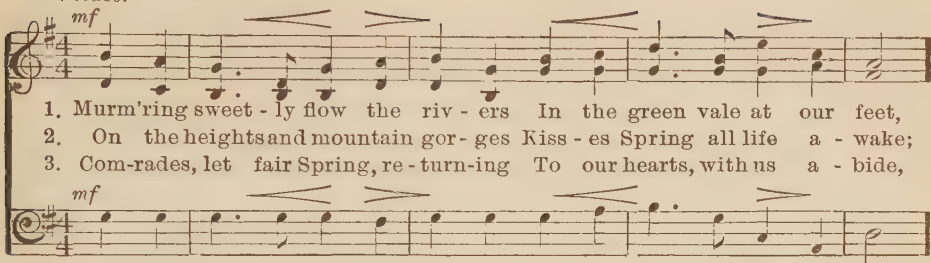
173

Translated from the German.

B. Klein.

*Vivace.*

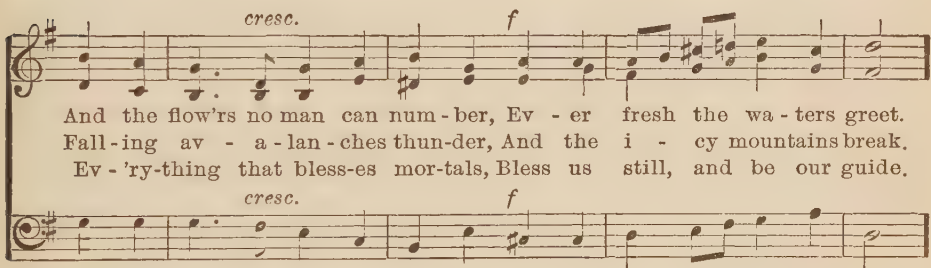
*mf*



1. Murm'ring sweet - ly flow the riv - ers In the green vale at our feet,  
 2. On the heights and mountain gor - ges Kiss - es Spring all life a - wake;  
 3. Com - rades, let fair Spring, re - turn - ing To our hearts, with us a - bide,

*mf*

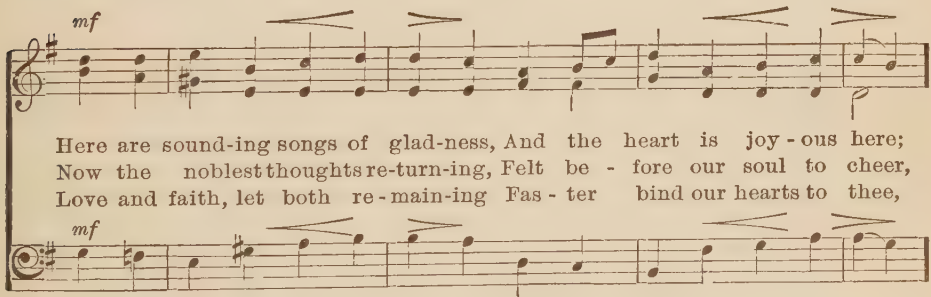
*cresc.* *f*



And the flow'rs no man can num - ber, Ev - er fresh the wa - ters greet.  
 Fall - ing av - a - lan - ches thun - der, And the i - cy mountains break.  
 Ev - 'ry - thing that bless - es mor - tals, Bless us still, and be our guide.

*cresc.* *f*

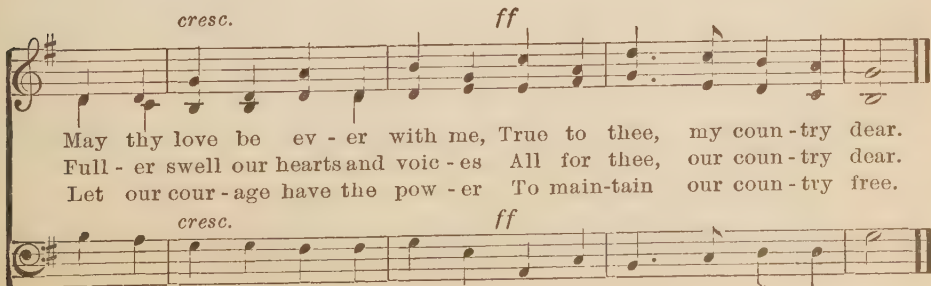
*mf*



Here are sound - ing songs of glad - ness, And the heart is joy - ous here;  
 Now the noblest thoughts re - turn - ing, Felt be - fore our soul to cheer,  
 Love and faith, let both re - main - ing Fas - ter bind our hearts to thee,

*mf*

*cresc.* *ff*



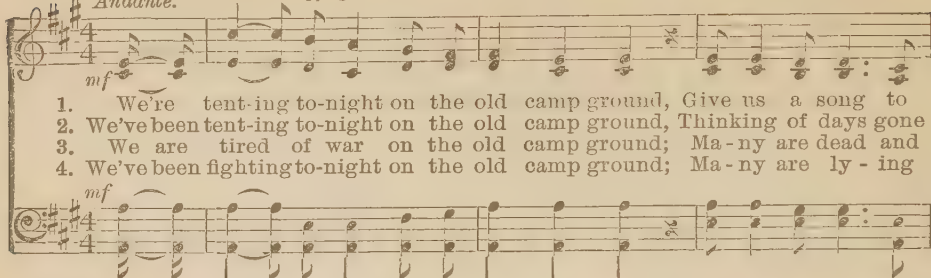
May thy love be ev - er with me, True to thee, my coun - try dear.  
 Full - er swell our hearts and voic - es All for thee, our coun - try dear.  
 Let our cour - age have the pow - er To main - tain our coun - try free.

*cresc.* *ff*

## Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

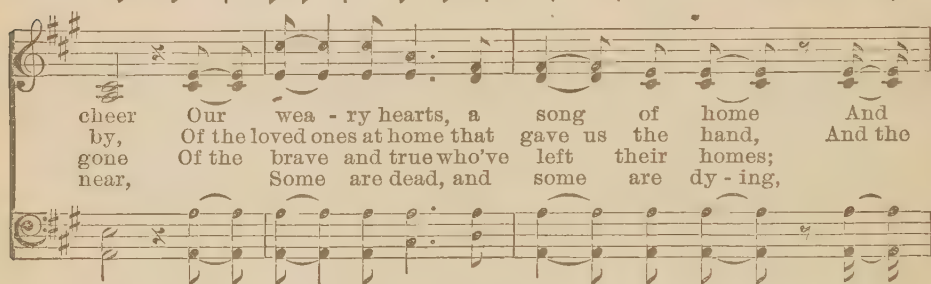
Used by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company,  
*Andante.* owners of the copyright.

Walter Kittredge.



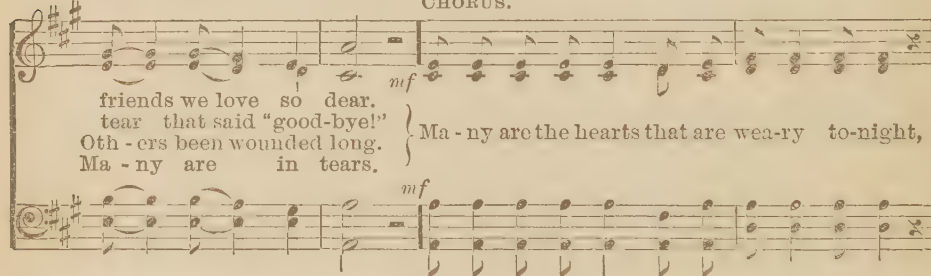
*mf*

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground; Ma-ny are dead and
4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground; Ma-ny are ly-ing



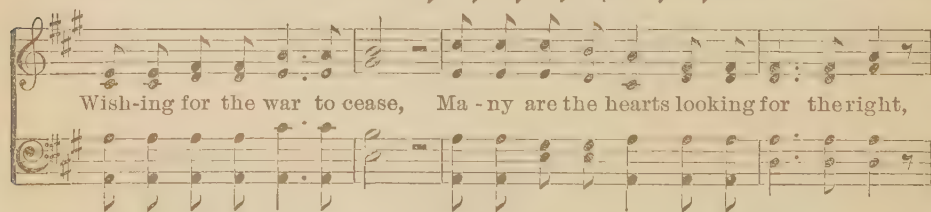
cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home And  
 by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the  
 gone Of the brave and true who've left their homes;  
 near, Some are dead, and some are dy-ing,

## CHORUS.

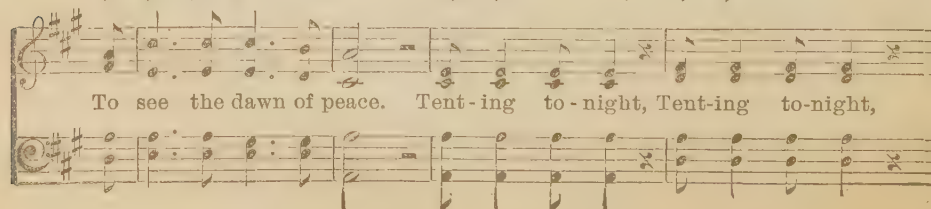


*mf*

friends we love so dear.  
 tear that said "good-bye!"  
 Oth-ers been wounded long. } Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night,  
 Ma-ny are in tears.



Wish-ing for the war to cease, Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right,



To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night,



# Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

175

*Last time ppp*

Musical score for 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground'. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a triplet of eighth notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a final measure containing a triplet of eighth notes.

Tent-ing on the old campground.  
(Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

## Studies.

I.

Study I. Musical score in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a triplet of eighth notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a final measure containing a triplet of eighth notes.

II.

The Key of F SHARP MINOR.  
*Maestoso.*

Arr. from Th. Hauptner.

Study II. Musical score in F sharp minor (three sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a triplet of eighth notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a final measure containing a triplet of eighth notes.

Wordsworth.  
Rather fast, with emphasis.

G. W. Chadwick.

*f* The stormy March has come at

*tr*  
*p* *cres.*

last With wind and cloud and changing skies; I hear the rush - ing of the

blast That thro' the snow-y val - ley flies. Ah! pass-ing

*f* *p*

few are they who speak, Wild, storm-y month, in praise of thee; Yet,

tho' thy winds are loud and bleak, Thou art a welcome month to me.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies And that soft time of sun - ny

showers, When the wide bloom on earth that lies Seems of a brighter world than ours.

## A Study.

Welsh.

*Con spirito.*

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

1. { Rise, rise, thou mer-ry lark, Whose up-ward flight I love to mark At  
 { Leave, leave the moss-y lair, With light wing cleaveth the yield-ing air, And  
 2. { Night's ling'-ring shades are fled, And Phœ-bus, from his o - cean bed, Thro'  
 { Oh! let thy mu - sic sweet His pres - ence with glad wel-come greet In

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

*p*

ear - ly dawn of day. } Sweet, oh! sweet the honeyed note That swells within thy  
 ear - ol forth thy lay. }  
 e - ther wings his flight. } High - er yet, yet high - er fly, Still soar - ing up - ward  
 dit - ties of de - light. }

*p*

*cresc.*

war - bling throat! 'Tis a stream of mel - o - dy That steals the rap - tured  
 to the sky, As when in fair E - den's grove Un - to the new cre -

*cresc.*

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

soul a - way. De - light - ful har - bin - ger of day, My bless - ing go with thee!  
 a - ted pair You first did tune, to mu - sic rare, A mer - ry song of love.

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

# Spring Time is Returning.

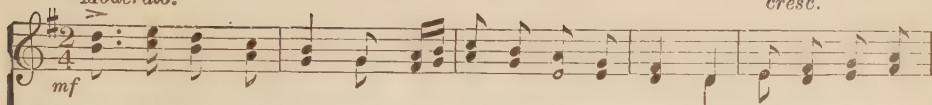
179

Maynard.

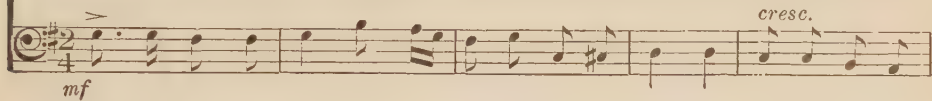
Welsh.

*Moderato.*

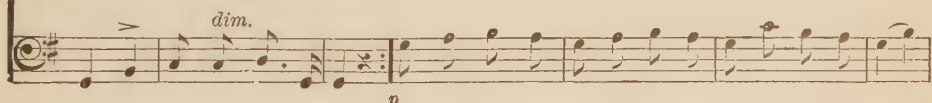
*cresc.*



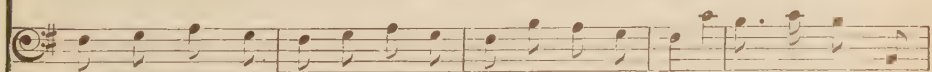
1. { Spring-time is re - turn-ing, The win-ter cold and gray, With snow and nipping  
Birds sing in the branches Where budding leaves are seen, And ev - 'ry dus - ky
2. { Soft - ly blows the south-wind a - long the hills and dales While mer-ri-ly brooks  
Flocks now leave the moun-tains, to browse a-round the fields, And crop the daint-y



frost will soon have pass'd away; } Now no more afar is heard the hunter's winding horn,  
hedge is tinted o'er with green. }  
flow thro' all the sun-ny vales; } Soon will maidens in the bowers seek the violets pale,  
herbage coming spring-tide yields. }



And with care the farmer guards his fields at ear - ly morn; } Spring-time is re -  
Soon the hawthorn white with blossom will perfume the gale; }



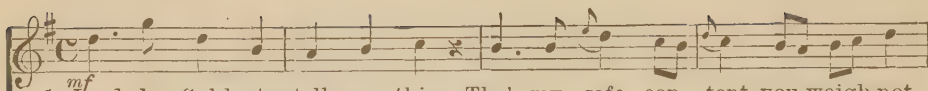
turning; the winter cold and gray, With snow and nipping frost will soon have pass'd away.



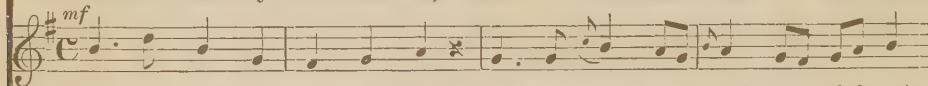


George Withers.  
Cheerfully.

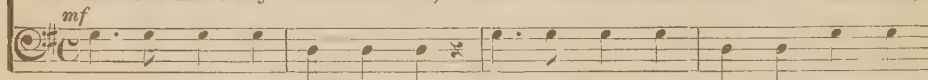
Dr. Callcott.



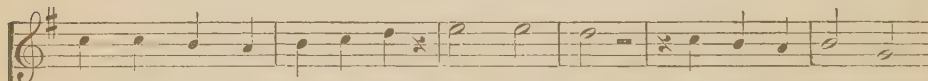
- mf*  
1. Lord-ly Gal-lants, tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,  
2. Bound to none my for-tunes be, This or that man's fall I fear not,



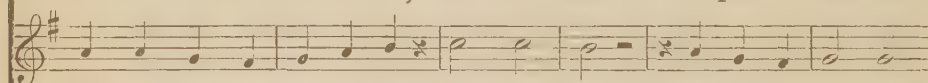
- mf*  
1. Lord-ly Gal-lants, tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,  
2. Bound to none my for-tunes be, This or that man's fall I fear not,



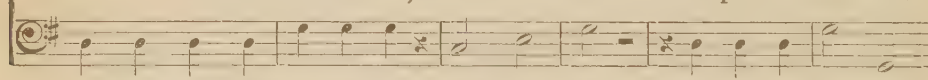
- mf*  
1. Lord-ly Gal-lants, tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,  
2. Bound to none my for-tunes be, This or that man's fall I fear not,



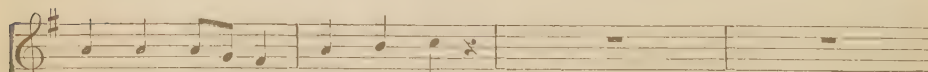
In your great-ness what one bliss Have you gained that I en - joy not?  
Him I love that lov-eth me, For the rest a pin I care not.



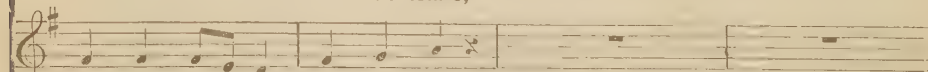
In your great-ness what one bliss Have you gained that I en - joy not?  
Him I love that lov-eth me, For the rest a pin I care not.



In your great-ness what one bliss Have you gained that I en - joy not?  
Him I love that lov-eth me, For the rest a pin I care not.



*p* You have hon - or, you have wealth,  
You are sad when oth - ers chafe,

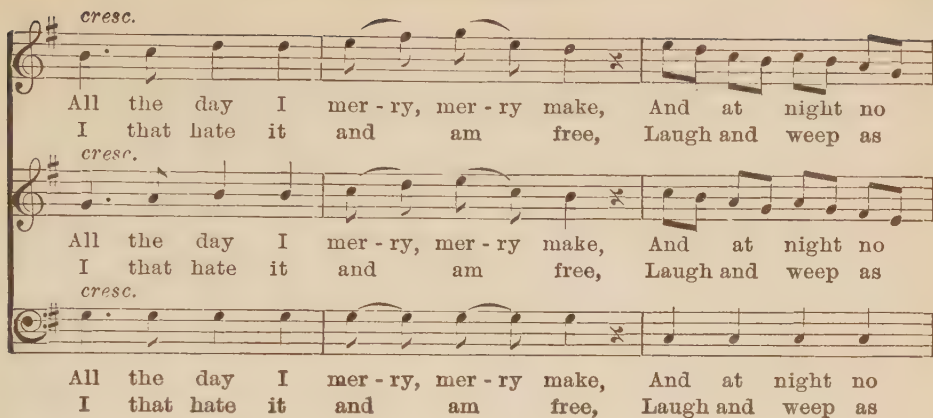


*p* You have hon - or, you have wealth,  
You are sad when oth - ers chafe,



*p* I have peace, and I have health,  
And grow mer - ry as they laugh,

*cresc.*



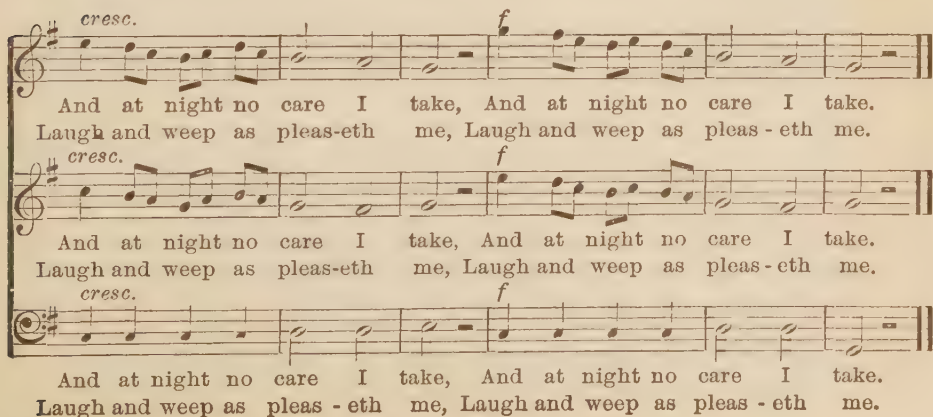
All the day I mer-ry, mer-ry make, And at night no  
I that hate it and am free, Laugh and weep as

*mf*



care I take, All the day I mer-ry, mer-ry make,  
pleas-eth me, I that hate it and.... am.... free,

*cresc.*

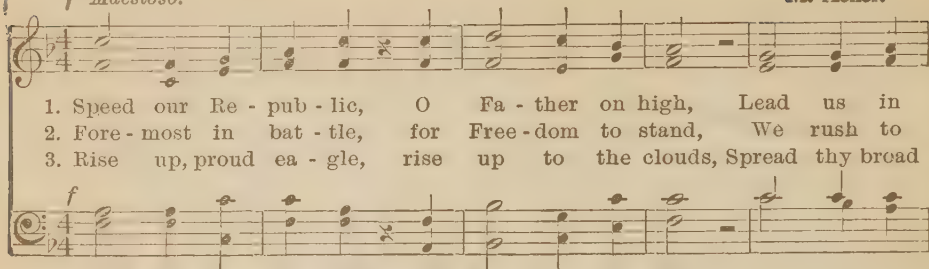


And at night no care I take, And at night no care I take.  
Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me, Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me.

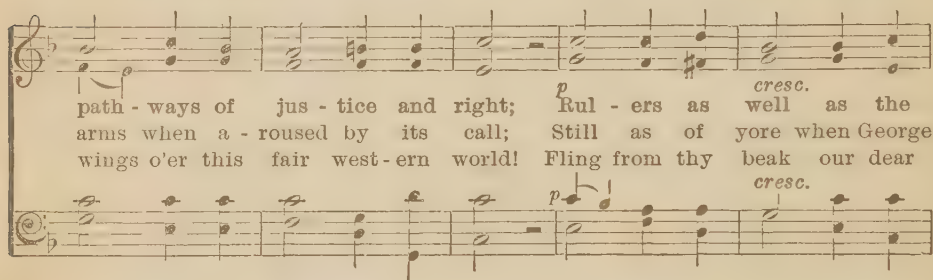
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*f* *Maestoso*.

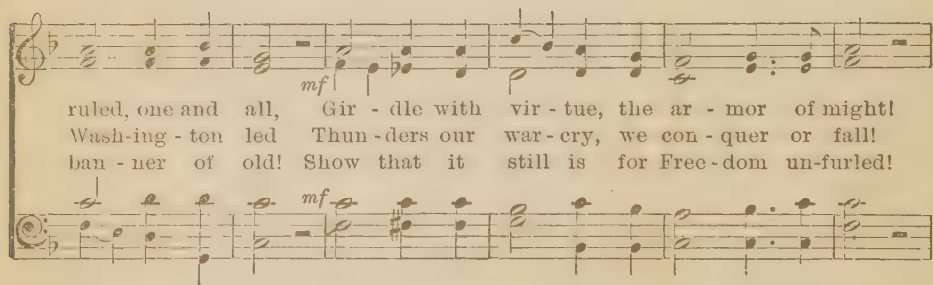
M. Keller.



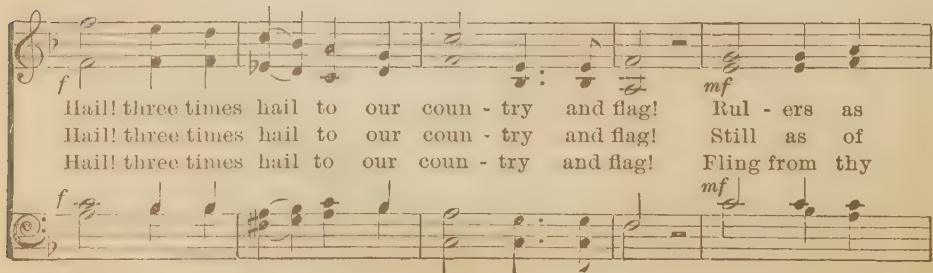
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in  
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to  
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad



path - ways of jus - tice and right; *p* Rul - ers as *cresc.* well as the  
arms when a - roused by its call; Still as of yore when George  
wings o'er this fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear *cresc.*



ruled, one and all, *mf* Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might!  
Wash - ing - ton led Thun - ders our war - cry, we con - quer or fall!  
ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for Free - dom un - furled!



*f* Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! *mf* Rul - ers as  
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still as of  
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy *mf*

well as the ruled, one and all, yore when George Wash-ing-ton led beak our dear ban-ner of old! Gir-dle with vir-tue, the Thun-ders our war-ry, we Show that it still is for

ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! con-quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag!

## Studies.

I.

*Lento espressivo.*

Harder.

II.

E. W. Chapman.

By permission of Harper Bros.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Once a - gain the flow'rs we gath - er On these sa - cred mounds to  
 2. But these brave men now are sleep - ing, While their deeds in mem - ry

*cres.* *f*

lay; O'er the tombs of fall - en he - roes Float the stars and stripes to -  
 live, And the trib - ute we are bring - ing 'Tis the na - tion's joy to

*cres.* *f*

*mf*

day. From the moun - tain, hill, and val - ley Is - sued forth a no - ble  
 give. Bring bright flow'rs the graves to gar - land, Let the sweet - est mu - sic

*mf*

*cres.*

throng, With he - ro - ic val - or fight - ing Till was  
 rise, Let the stars and stripes be wav - ing O'er their

*cres.*

*f*

heard the vic - tor's song, Till was heard the vic - tor's song.  
 gen - 'rous sac - ri - fice, O'er their gen - 'rous sac - ri - fice.

*f*



# Twilight at Sea.

185

Amelia B. Welby.

By permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Graben-Hoffmann.

*p Andante.*

The twi-light hours like birds flew by, As light-ly and as free, Ten

thous-and stars were in the sky, Ten thous-and on the sea; For

ev-ry wave with dim-pled face That leap'd upon the air Had caught a star in

its embrace, And held it trembling there, And held it trem-bling there.

## A Study.

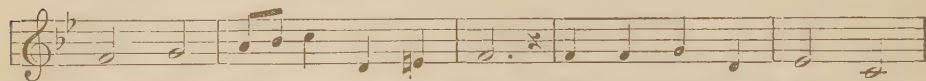
## Welcome, Wild Northeaster!

Charles Kingsley.

George Jaspersen.

*Allegro.*

1. Welcome, wild North-east - er! Shame it is to see Odes to ev - 'ry  
 2. Tired we are of sum - mer, Tired of gaud-y glare, Showers soft and



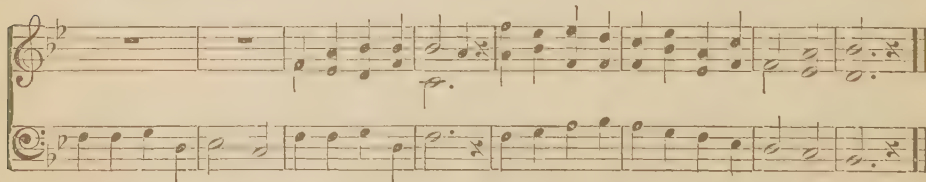
zeph - yr, Ne'er a verse to thee. Wel-come, black North-east - er,  
 stream-ing, Hot and breathless air. Tired of list-less dream-ing



O'er the German foam, O'er the Danish moorlands, From thy froz - en home.  
 Thro' the la - zy day: Jov - ial wind of win - ter, Turn us out to play.

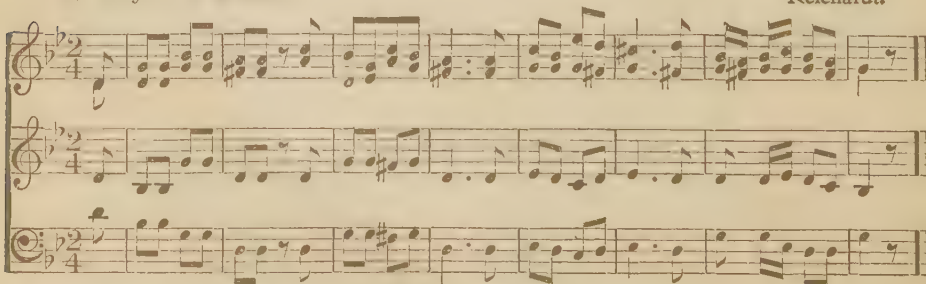
## Studies.

I.



II. Key of G MINOR.

Reichardt.



NOTE.—The above study is for three voices, either the bass or lower alto may be sung.



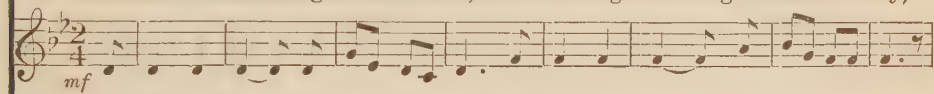
## Gypsy Song.

From the German.  
*Andante, marcato*

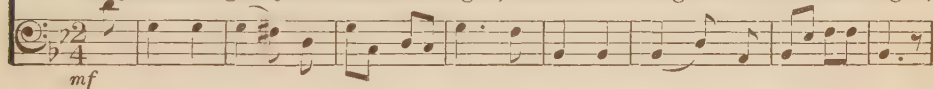
F. L. Schubert.



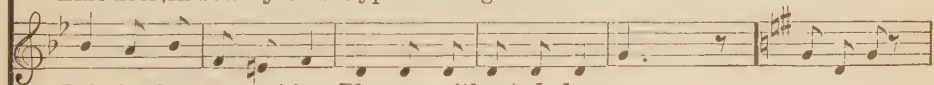
1. 'Neath Spring's glad heav'n, thro' Autumn rain, In Summer's pleasure, in Win-ter's pain,
2. Where still in sunshine the greenwoods lie, 'Mid trees high-tow'ring to reach the sky,



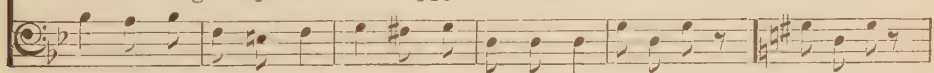
3. A - far in God's wide world to rove, A. free as flies each fleet-winged dove,
4. They wander gai-ly till comes the night, Then dance and sing in the moon's soft light;



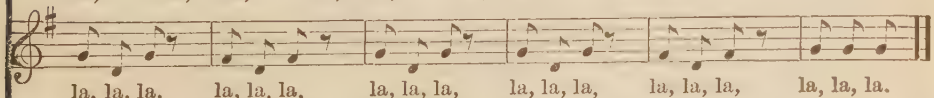
Gyp-sies roam ev'rywhere, Blithesome and free from care.  
Like deer, in bosk-y dell Gyp-sies delight to dwell. La, la, la, la,



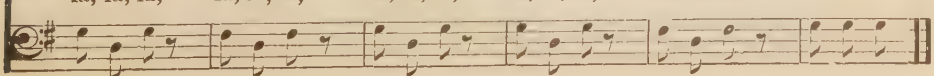
This is the gyp-sies' joy, Pleasure without al-loy.  
Then in a grass-y nest Each happy soul doth rest. La, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



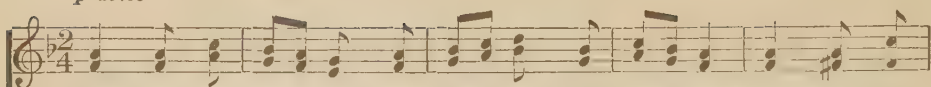
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



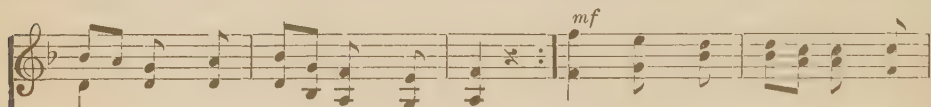
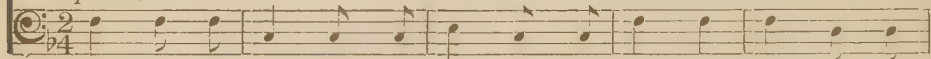
George Howland.

*Andantino.**p dolce*

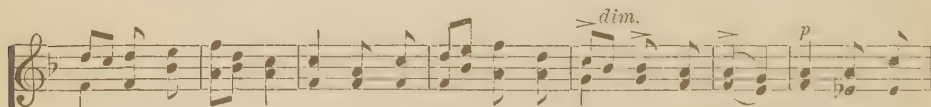
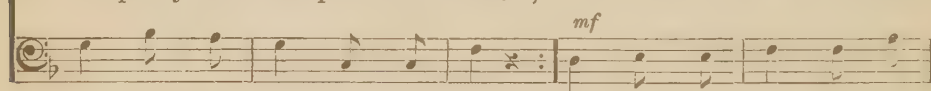
Flemish Folksong.



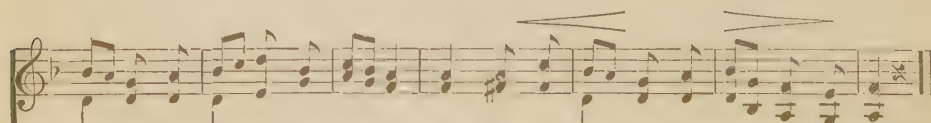
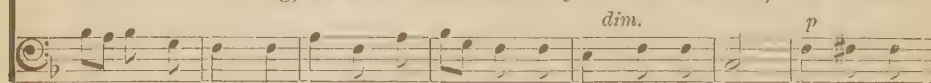
1. { Ten - der - ly bring - ing our flo - ral ob - la - tion, Strew we the  
 2. { Free - ly their lives for the life of the na - tion, Gal - lant - ly  
 3. { Scorning their coun - try's true birth - right to bar - ter, Life in the  
 Wor - thi - er shrine than the grave of the mar - tyr, Free - dom seeks  
 Where o'er their dust nev - er foe - man shall tri - umph, Safe in earth's  
 3. { Leav - ing be - hind them a death - less ex - am - ple; Peace - ful - ly

*p dolce*

graves of the dear ones who gave } Hal - lowed the ground where the  
 dy - ing the death of the brave }  
 bal - ance they grudg'd not to lay. } Faith in the right, at no  
 not where her hom - age to pay. }  
 bo - som en - fold - ed they rest, }  
 sleep they the sleep of the blest. } Let us, then, true to their

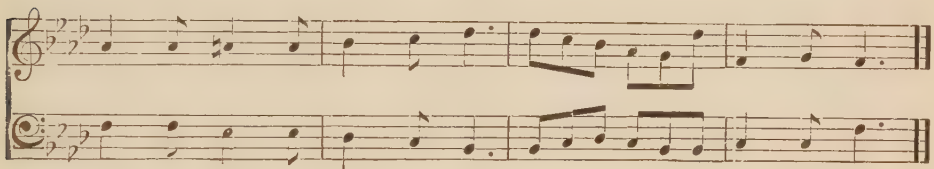
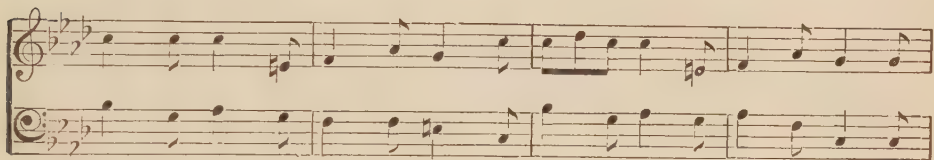
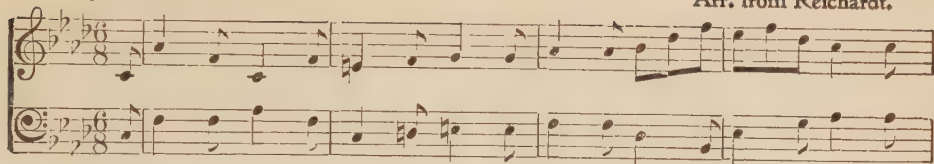


loved ones are sleep - ing, Sacred the hour when a - bove them we tread, While in our  
 dan - ger to fal - ter, Precious in - her - it - ance thus to bequeath; Where find re -  
 mem - o - ries meet - ing, Rich in the free - dom they died to make ours, O - ver their



hearts their sweet mem - o - ries keeping, Come we to hon - or the glo - ri - ous dead.  
 li - gion a ho - li - er altar Than the green graves, with her garlands to wreath;  
 graves while their virtues re - peat - ing, Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly strew them with flow'rs!





## Daffodils.

Robert Herrick.

*Andante.*

German.



1. Fair Daf - fo - dils, we weep to see You haste a - way so soon; As
2. Stay, stay, un - til the hast - ing day Has run but to e - ven - song, And,
3. We have short time to stay as you, We have as short a Spring, As
4. We die as your hours do, and dry A - way like Sum - mer's rain; Or



yet the ear - ly - ris - ing Sun Has not at - tained his Noon.  
 hav - ing prayed to - geth - er, we Will go with you a - long.  
 quick a growth to meet De - cay As you or a - ny - thing.  
 as the pearls of Morn - ing's dew, Ne'er to be found a - gain.





## The Fox Hunt.

English.

*Allegro.*

*f* Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra. 1. A - wake, all men, a -  
2. The east is bright with  
3. Be - hold the skies with  
4. The hors - es snort to

wake, I say, Be mer - ry as you may;.. For  
morn - ing light, And dark-ness it is fled;... The  
gold - en dyes Is glow-ing all a - round;.. The  
be at the sport, The dogs are run - ning free;... With

*FINE.*  
this is the day a-hunt-ing we go, To bring the fox to bay.  
mer - ry horn wakes up the morn, To leave his i - dle bed.  
grass is green and so are the trees, All laugh-ing at the sound.  
mer - ry voice the woods re-joice, Of tan ta ra ta ree.

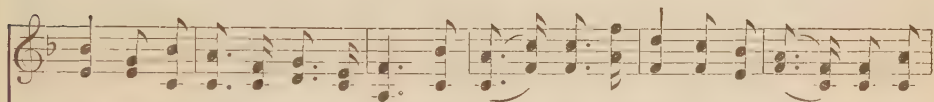
*FINE.*  
*D. S.*  
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, To bring the fox to bay.  
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, To leave his i - dle bed.  
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, All laughing at the sound.  
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, Of tan ta ra ta ree.

*D. S.*

## Folksong of Northern England.



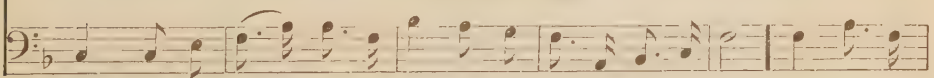
1. Oh! who is like my John-ny, So leish, so blithe, so bon - ny! He's foremost 'mang the
2. He has nae mair o' learning, Than tells his week-ly earn-ing, Yet right fram wrang dis-
3. He wears a blue bon-net, Blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He wears a blue



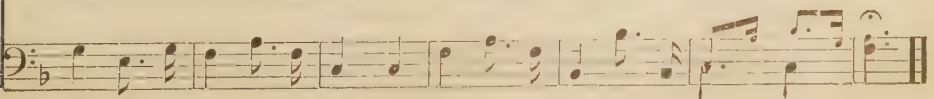
mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row so tight - ly, As in the dance so  
cern-ing, Tho' brave, no bruiser he. Tho' he no' worth a plack is, His ain coat on his  
bon-net, A dim - ple in his chin. As I cam' thro' Laudgate, Thro' Laudgate, thro'



light - ly, He'll cut or shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine. Weel may the  
back is, And nane can say that black is The white o' John-ny's e'e. Weel may the  
Laudgate, As I cam' thro' Laud-gate, I heard a las - sie sing— Weel may the

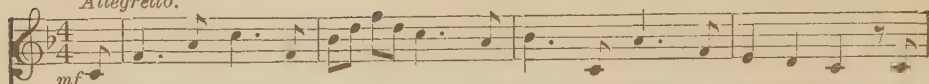


keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row that my lad's in.



Frederick Manley.

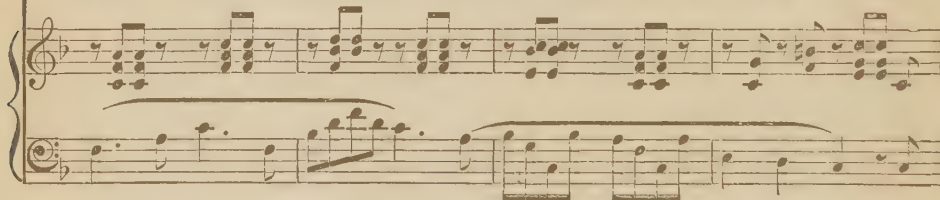
Adapted from Schumann.

*Allegretto.*

1. A flash-ing radiance comes at dawn And calls me forth to welcome toil A-
2. The lit-tle val-leys smile at me, The birds sing greetings all a-round, The
3. My soul is rich in si-lent songs, Oh! sweet-er far than uttered lays Of
4. I love my work, I love my kind, The clouds of heav'n, the dai-sied sod; I

*Allegretto.*

mong the rows of golden corn And fields of rich and bounteous soil; Its  
 brook-lets wink so rogu-ish-ly And glance a-long with joy-ful sound; Their  
 birds that make harmonious throngs In all the dap-pled woodland ways: The  
 bear al-way a cheerful mind; I wor-ship Him, the lov-ing God, Whose



bright rays dai-ly pierce my heart And fill it full of sun-ny mirth. A  
 glad-ness dai-ly brings my heart A flood of thank-ful-ness and mirth. The  
 joy of flow'rs is in my heart, And fills it full of dancing mirth. My  
 kind-ness gives each hu-man heart Such wealth of beau-ty, joy, and mirth. I



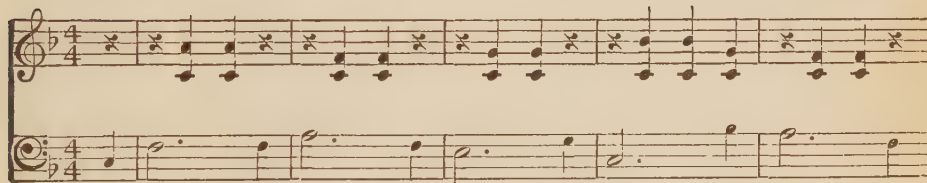
## The Happy Farmer.



flash - ing ra-diance comes at dawn And calls me forth to wel-come toil.  
lit - tle val - leys smile at me, The birds sing greetings all a - round.  
soul is rich in si-lent songs, Oh! sweet-er far than ut-tered lays.  
love my work, I love my kind, The clouds of heav'n, the dai-sied sod.



## A Study.



## The Autumn Strews on Every Plain.

Mrs. Hemans.

HARVEST HYMN.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Now Au-tumn strews on ev-'ry plain His mel-low fruit and  
 2. The in-fant corn in ver-nal hours He nur-tured with his  
 3. The val-leys ech-o to the strains Of bloom-ing maids and

*mf*

fer-tile grain, And laugh-ing Plen-ty, crown'd with sheaves, With pur-ple grapes and  
 gen-tle show'rs, And bade the sum-mer clouds dif-fuse Their balm-y store of  
 vil-lage swains; To Him they tune the lay sin-cere, Whose boun-ty crowns the

*cres.* *f*

spread-ing leaves, In rich pro-fu-sion pours a-round Her flow-ing tress-es  
 geu-ial dew's. He mark'd the ten-der stem a-rise Till rip-en'd by the  
 smil-ing year; The sounds from ev-'ry wood-land borne, The sigh-ing winds that

*cres.* *f*

*p*

on the ground. Oh! mark the great and lib-'ral hand That  
 glow-ing skies; And now ma-tured, His work be-hold, The  
 bend the corn, The yel-low fields—a-round pro-claim His

*p*

Oh! mark  
 now,  
 The fields,

*f*

scat-ters bless-ings o'er the land, And to the God of  
 cheer-ing har-vest waves in gold; To na-ture's God with  
 might-y, ev-er-last-ing name. To na-ture's God u-

*f*



*cres.* *f* The grate-ful song,



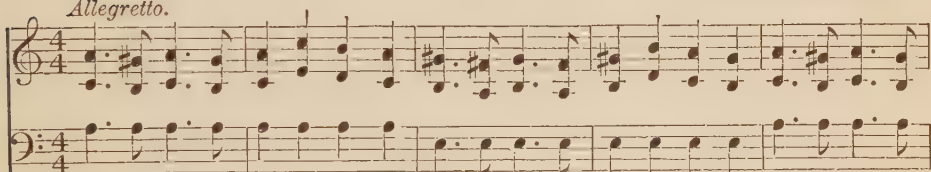
na - ture raise The grate-ful song, . . . the hymn of praise.  
 joy we raise The grate-ful song, . . . the hymn of praise.  
 nit - ed raise The grate-ful song, . . . the hymn of praise.  
*cres.* *f*

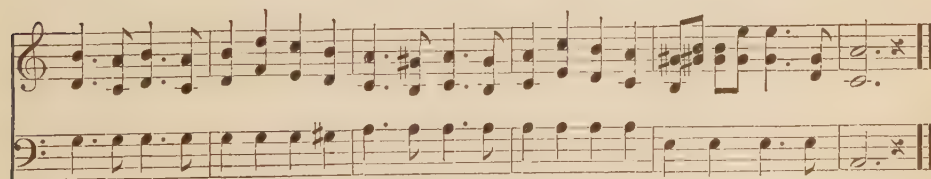
## Songs.

I.

*Allegretto.*

Russian Folksong.

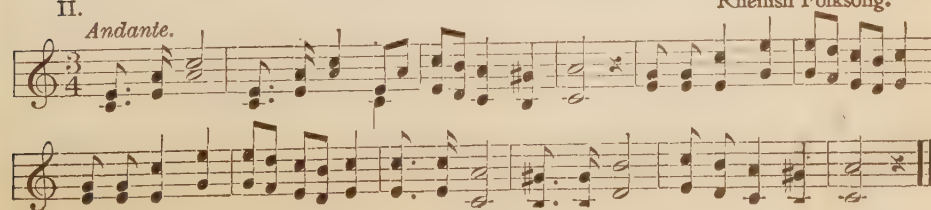




II.

*Andante.*

Rhenish Folksong.



## Which is the Properest Day to Sing?

Adapted from Dr. Arne.

*Spiritoso.*

Which is the pro - per - est day to sing? Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon - day ?

Which is the pro - per - est day to sing? Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon - day ?

Each, to be sure, 'tis a might - y fine thing! Why should I name but one day ?

Each, to be sure, 'tis a might - y fine thing! Why should I name but one day ?

*f* Tell me but yours, I'll men - tion my day, Let us but fix on some day ;

*f* Tell me but yours, I'll men - tion my day, Let us but fix on some day ;

Why, Why?

*f* Tell me but yours, I'll men - tion my day, Why should I name but one day ?

*f* Tell me but yours, I'll men - tion my day, Why should I name but one day ?

Why, why, why, why?

# Which is the Properest Day to Sing?

197

Each to be sure, 'tis a mighty fine thing ! Let us but fix on some day. Tuesday, Wednesday,

Each to be sure, 'tis a mighty fine thing ! Let us but fix on some day. Tuesday, Wednesday,

Which, which, which, which ? Why should I name but one day ?

Bra-vo !

Bra - vo ! Why should I name but one day ? Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,

Thursday, Fri-day, Sat - ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-day,

Thurs-day, Fri-day, Why should I name but one day ?

Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues - day, Thursday, Sat - ur-day,

Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day, Which is the pro-per-est day to sing ? Sat - ur-day, Sunday,

Wednes - day, Fri-day, Sun-day,

Mon - day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri - day, Sat - ur-day, Sun - day, Mon - day.

Mon - day, Tues - day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-day, Sat - ur-day, Sun-day, Mon - day.

fa, la, la, la, la, With a fa, la, la, la, la, With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

# Christmas Bells.

199

From S. S. Hymnal by kind permission of  
Rev. C. L. Hutchins.

*Andante.*

1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto-ry; First in song on  
2. Wise men hast-ened from the East, To bring their richest treasures; Gold, and myrrh, and

*p*  
angel tongues It came from realms of glo-ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An-  
frank-in-cense, And jew-els without measure; Him they sought, although a King, They

*cresc.* *mf* *rall.*  
gel-ic voic-es ring-ing— Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious message  
found in birthplace low-ly, There with-in a mang-er lay The Babe so pure and

CHORUS.

bringing. *f*  
ho-ly. } Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous sto-ry;

*ff*  
Glo-ry be to God on high, For ev-er-more be glo-ry.  
*ff*



## Each Fearful Storm.

Alice Cary.

BASS UNISON SONG.

Sir John Stainer.

*Lento. p**cres.**dim.*

1. Each fear-ful storm that o'er us rolls, Each path of per-il  
 2. The grass-y land, the flow'ring trees, The wa-ters wild and

*cres.**dim.*

trod, Is but a means where-by our souls Ac-quit them-selves with  
 dim, These are the cloud of wit-ness-es That tes-ti-fy of

*cres.**dim.*

God. Our want and weakness, shame and sin . . His pit-ying kind-ness  
 Him. His sun is shin-ing sure and fast . . O'er all our nights of

*mf**p**rall.*

prove, And all our lives are fold-ed in The mys-t'ry of His love.  
 dread; Our dark-ness by His light at last Shall be in-ter-pret-ed.

*mf**p**rall.*

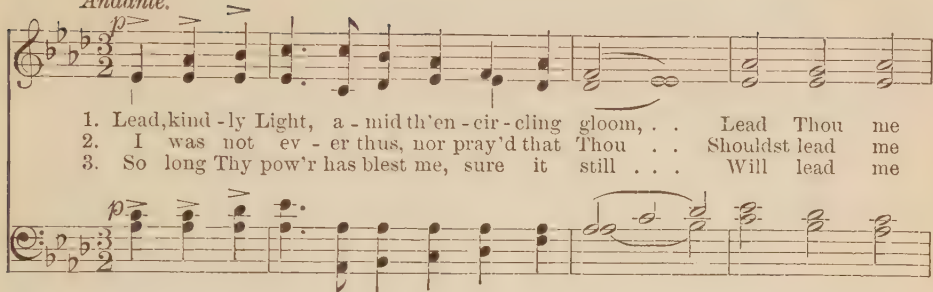
# Lead, Kindly Light.

201

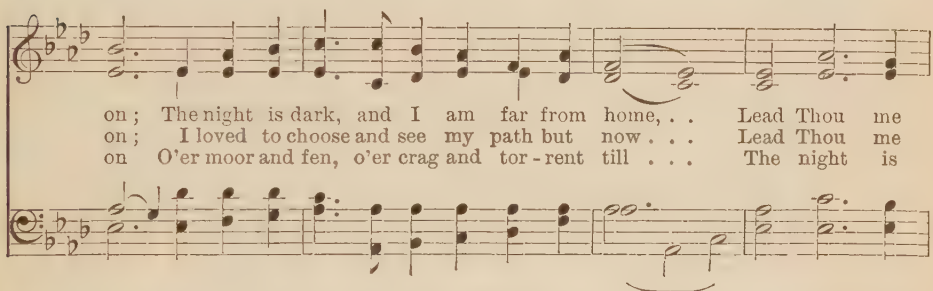
Newman.

*Andante.*

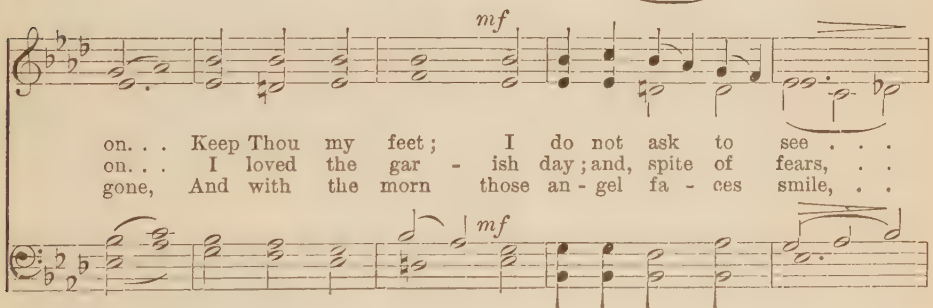
Dykes.



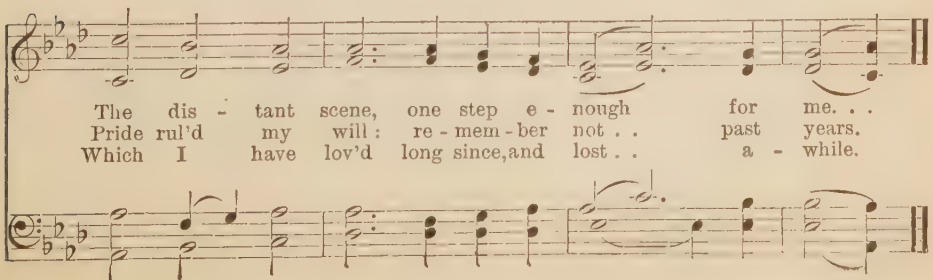
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, . . . Lead Thou me  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou . . . Shouldst lead me  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . . Will lead me



on ; The night is dark, and I am far from home, . . . Lead Thou me  
 on ; I loved to choose and see my path but now . . . Lead Thou me  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till . . . The night is



on . . . Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see . . .  
 on . . . I loved the gar - ish day ; and, spite of fears, . . .  
 gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . . .



The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me . . .  
 Pride rul'd my will : re - mem - ber not . . . past years.  
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost . . . a - while.

## Under the Greenwood Tree.

*Allegro.*

Old English.

1. { In sum - mer time when flow'rs do spring, And birds sit on each tree,  
 { Let lords and knights say what they will, There's none so merry as we.
2. { Our mu - sic is a lit - tle pipe That can so sweet - ly play ;  
 { We hire old Hal from Whit - sun - tide Till lat - ter Lam - mas day.
3. { On meads and lawns we trip like fawns, Like fil - lies, kids, and lambs ;  
 { We have no twinge to make us cringe, As old folks un - der - stand.

[illegible]

There's Will and Moll, and Har-ry and Doll, And Tom and bonny Bet - tee; Oh ! how they do skip it,  
No time is spent with more con-tent In camp, court, or cit - tee, So long as we skip it,  
When day is spent with one con-sent, A - gain we all a - gree To frisk it and skip it,

ca-per and trip it, Un-der the greenwood tree. In summer time when flow'rs do spring, And

birds sit on each tree, Let lords and knights say what they will, 'There's none so mer-ry as we.

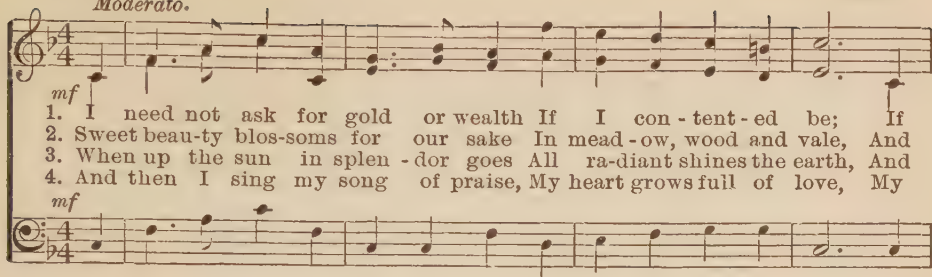
# The Contented Heart.

203

German.

C. G. Neefe.

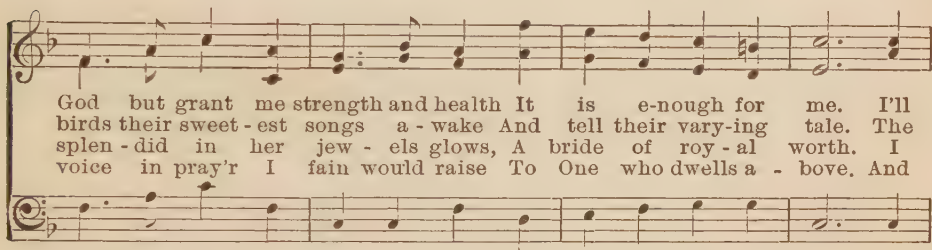
*Moderato.*



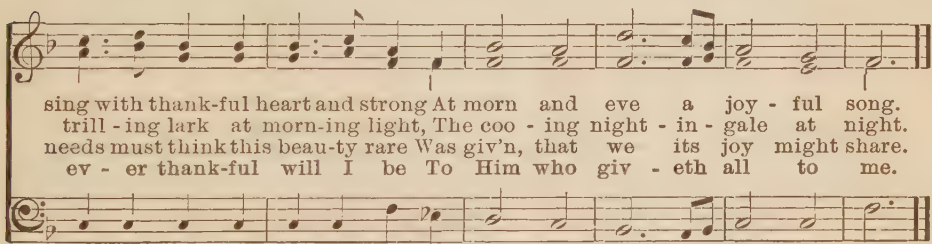
*mf*

1. I need not ask for gold or wealth If I con-tent-ed be; If  
 2. Sweet beau-ty blos-soms for our sake In mead-ow, wood and vale, And  
 3. When up the sun in splen-dor goes All ra-diant shines the earth, And  
 4. And then I sing my song of praise, My heart grows full of love, My

*mf*



God but grant me strength and health It is e-nough for me. I'll  
 birds their sweet-est songs a-wake And tell their vary-ing tale. The  
 splen-did in her jew-els glows, A bride of roy-al worth. I  
 voice in pray'r I fain would raise To One who dwells a-bove. And

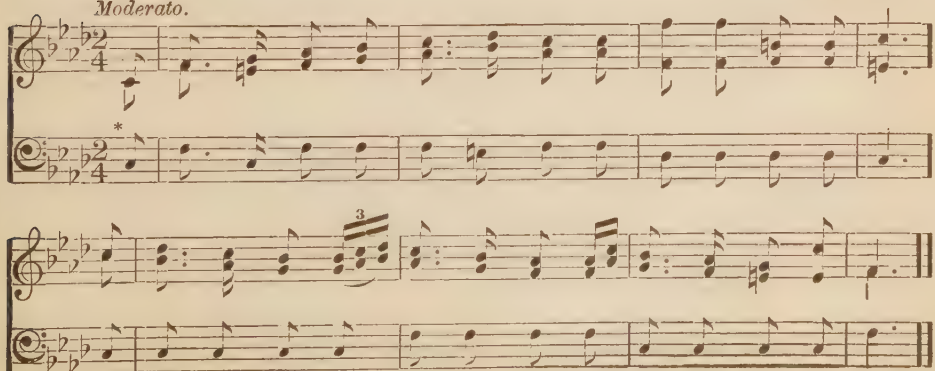


sing with thank-ful heart and strong At morn and eve a joy-ful song.  
 trill-ing lark at morn-ing light, The coo-ing night-in-gale at night.  
 needs must think this beau-ty rare Was giv'n, that we its joy might share.  
 ev-er thank-ful will I be To Him who giv-eth all to me.

## A Study.

Folksong.

*Moderato.*



*\**

*3*

\*Or may be sung by Alto an octave higher.

G. Lang.

*Andante con moto.*

Arranged from Gruenberg.

*mf*

1. Now comes the time for wan - der - ing, The whole world wan-ders, too;  
 2. Ere long the cloudlets fall in rain Up - on the mead-ow's breast,

*mf*

The birds come fly - ing from the South, The bee seeks hon - ey dew,  
 And, glad to be once more at home, Would fain lie still and rest.

*p* *cresc.*

The brook - let hur-ries to the stream, The stream to-ward the sea,  
 So I, my pleas-ant jour - ney done, Shall rest, no more to roam,

*p* *cresc.*

*mf* *cresc. e rall.*

And gen - tle va-pors leave the earth, White wandering clouds to be.  
 When I have found you, mother dear, And you, my hap - py home.

*mf* *cresc. e rall.*



*A tempo.*

Now comes the time for wan - der - ing O'er moun-tain, field, and lea,

With bird and bee and rov - ing stream I'll wan-der blithe and free.

## Studies.

I.

Study I, measures 1-8. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line consists of quarter notes.

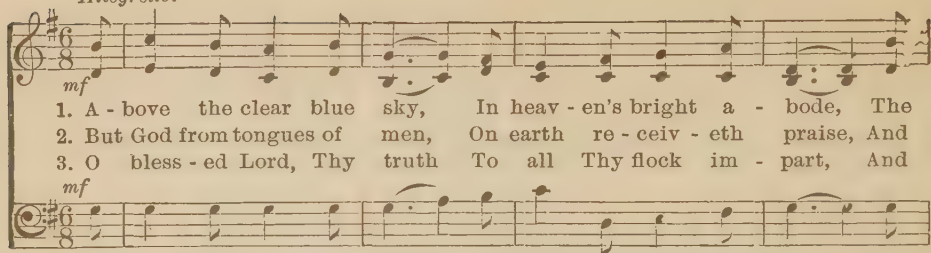
II.

Study II, measures 1-8. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line consists of quarter notes.

## Above the Clear Blue Sky.

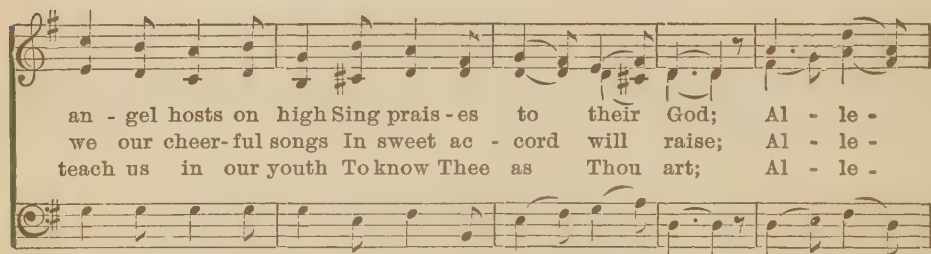
Mary Bourdillon.  
*Allegretto.*

Arr. from E. J. Hopkins.

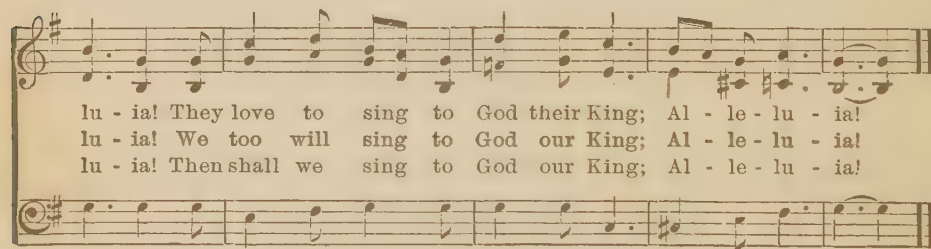


*mf*

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode, The  
2. But God from tongues of men, On earth re - ceiv - eth praise, And  
3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To all Thy flock im - part, And



an - gel hosts on high Sing prais - es to their God; Al - le -  
we our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise; Al - le -  
teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art; Al - le -

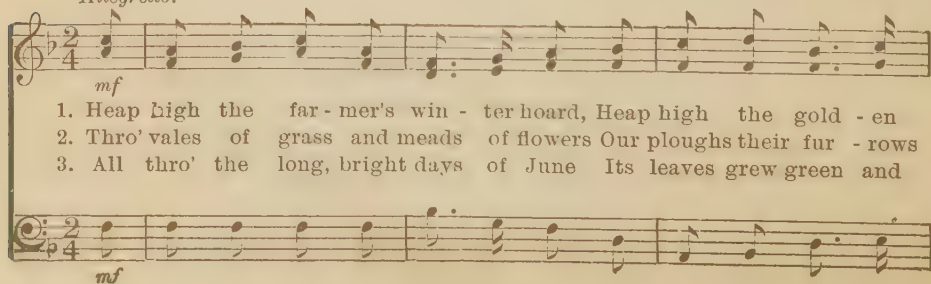


lu - ia! They love to sing to God their King; Al - le - lu - ia!  
lu - ia! We too will sing to God our King; Al - le - lu - ia!  
lu - ia! Then shall we sing to God our King; Al - le - lu - ia!

## Corn Song.

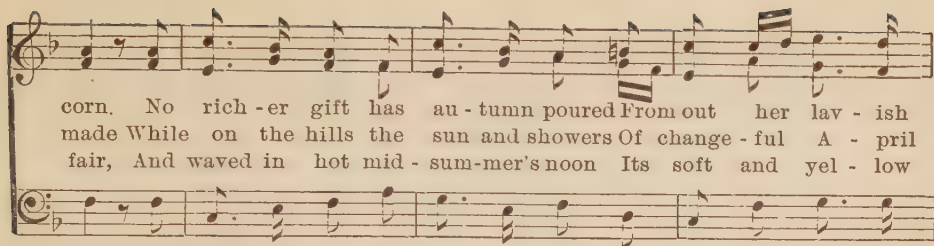
J. G. Whittier.  
*Allegretto.*

Bernhard Klein.

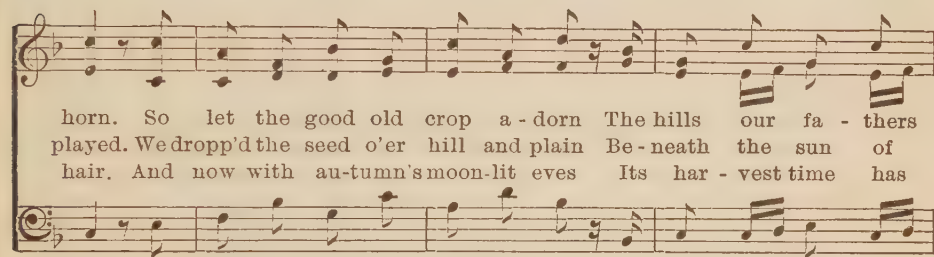


*mf*

1. Heap high the far - mer's win - ter hoard, Heap high the gold - en  
2. Thro' vales of grass and meads of flowers Our ploughs their fur - rows  
3. All thro' the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and

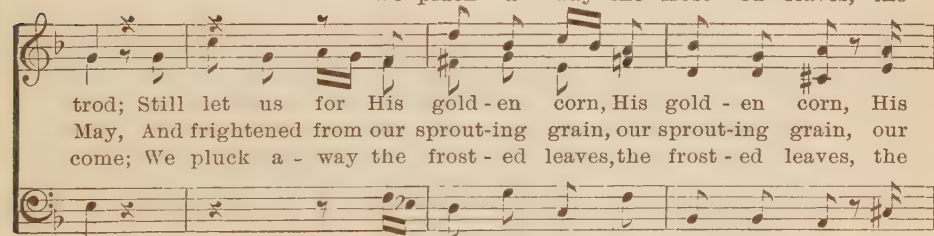


corn. No rich - er gift has au - tumn poured From out her lav - ish  
made While on the hills the sun and showers Of change - ful A - pril  
fair, And waved in hot mid - sum - mer's noon Its soft and yel - low



horn. So let the good old crop a - dorn The hills our fa - thers  
played. We dropp'd the seed o'er hill and plain Be - neath the sun of  
hair. And now with au - tumn's moon - lit eves Its har - vest time has

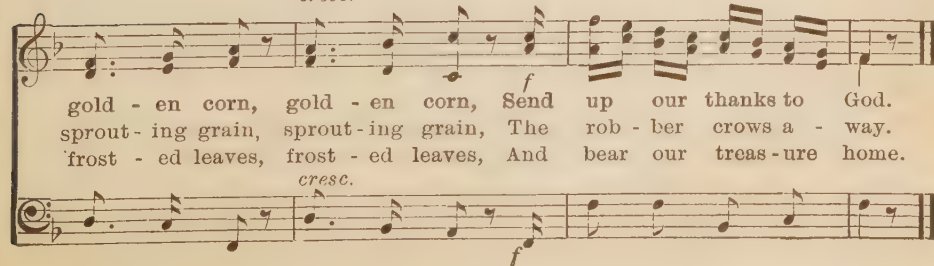
Still let us for His gold - en corn, His  
And fright - ened from our sprout - ing grain, our  
We pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, the



trod; Still let us for His gold - en corn, His gold - en corn, His  
May, And frightened from our sprout - ing grain, our sprout - ing grain, our  
come; We pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, the frost - ed leaves, the

Still let us for His gold - en corn, His  
And frightened from our sprout - ing grain, our  
We pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, the

*cresc.*



gold - en corn, gold - en corn, Send *f* up our thanks to God.  
sprout - ing grain, sprout - ing grain, The rob - ber crows a - way.  
frost - ed leaves, frost - ed leaves, And bear our treas - ure home.

*cresc.*

D. T. Shaw.

*In march time.*

*mf*

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The  
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And  
 3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co -

*mf*

home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de -  
 threat - ened the land to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun -  
 lum - bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er

vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy  
 da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm, With her  
 with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in  
 gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave  
 ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to the col - ors so



view; Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When  
crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The  
true! The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three



borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,  
boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,  
cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,



When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny  
The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -  
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The Ar - my and Na - vy for -



trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.  
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.  
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

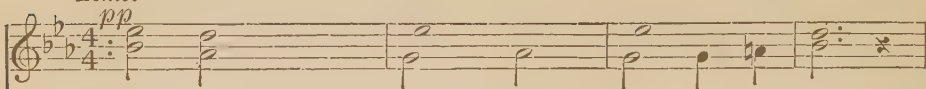




## 'Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber.

Stephen C. Foster.

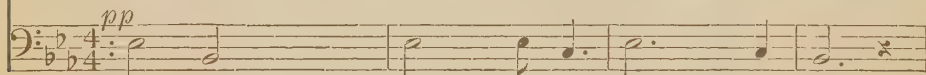
Stephen C. Foster.

*Lento.*

Hm . . . . .

*Espressivo.*

1. { 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,  
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
2. { All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young,  
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;
3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,  
When shall I hear de bees a - hum - ming All round de comb ?



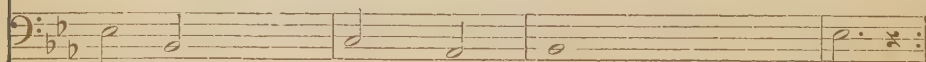
Hm . . . . .



Hm . . . . .



Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. {  
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. {  
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung; {  
 Oh ! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die. {  
 Still sad - ly to my men - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. {  
 When shall I hear de ban - jo tumming Down in my dear old home ? }



Hm . . . . .

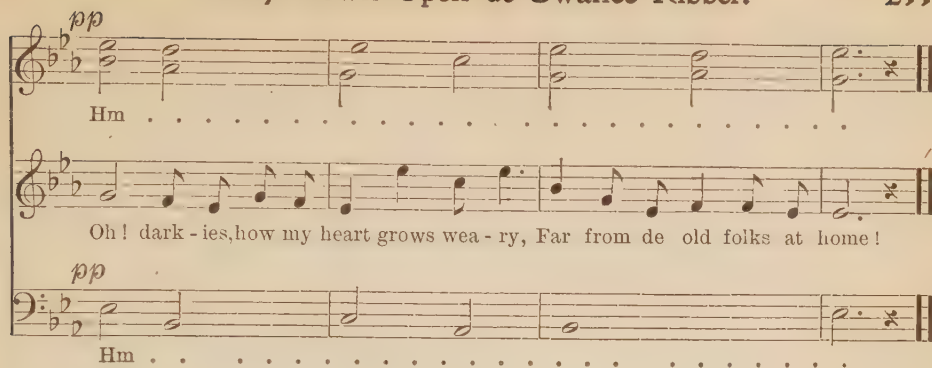
CHORUS.



All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry - where I roam ;



*pp*



Hm . . . . .

Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home!

*pp*

Hm . . . . .

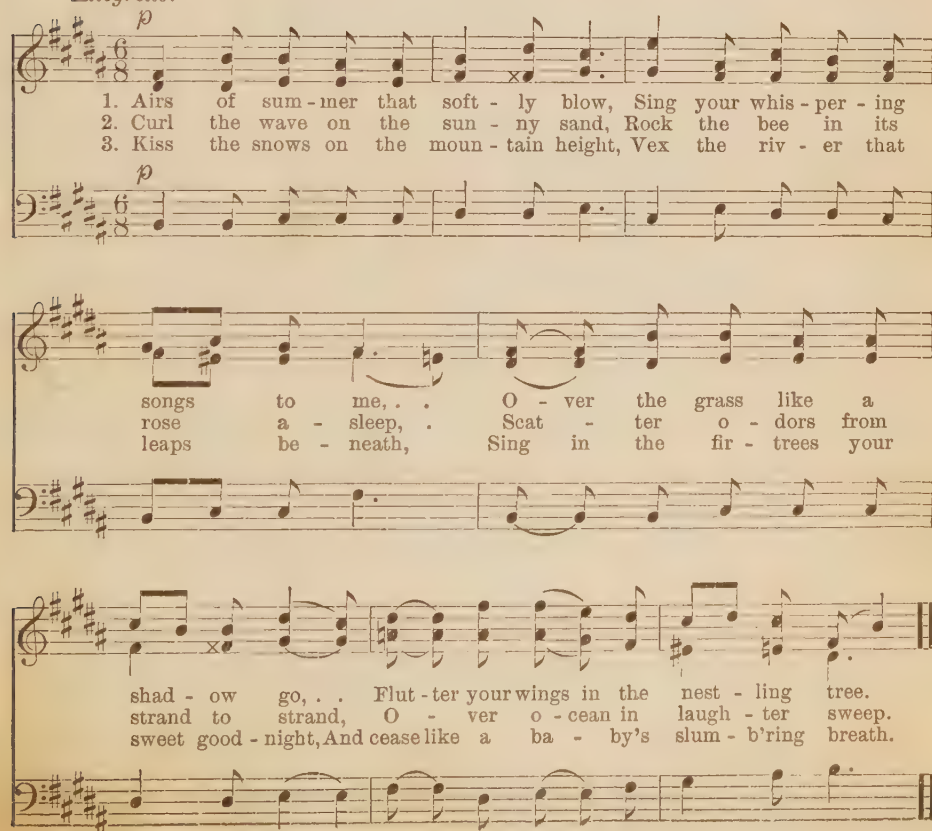
## June.

Rose Terry.

Danish Tune.

*Allegretto.*

*p*



1. Airl of sum - mer that soft - ly blow, Sing your whis - per - ing  
 2. Curl the wave on the sun - ny sand, Rock the bee in its  
 3. Kiss the snows on the moun - tain height, Vex the riv - er that

*p*

songs to me, . . O - ver the grass like a  
 rose a - sleep, . Scat - ter o - dors from  
 leaps be - neath, Sing in the fir - trees your

shad - ow go, . . Flut - ter your wings in the nest - ling tree.  
 strand to strand, O - ver o - cean in laugh - ter sweep.  
 sweet good - night, And cease like a ba - by's slum - b'ring breath.

## Come, Fairies, Trip It on the Grass.

Old English.  
*Allegro.*

John Parry.

1. Come, Fai-ries, trip it on the grass, with a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! And

mock dull mor-tals as they pass, with a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

While the stars are shin-ing bright, Let us dance by their sparkling

While the stars are shin-ing bright, Let us  
With a ho, ho, ho!

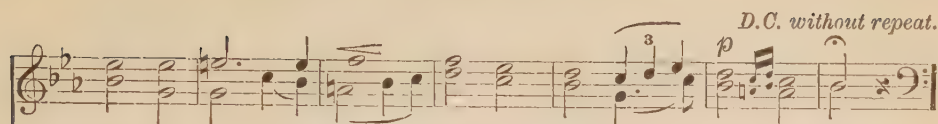
light, With a ho, ho, ho! with a

dance by their spark-ling light, With a

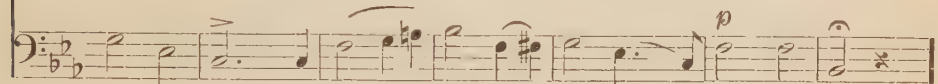
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Slow-ly ris-ing, slow-ly

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Slow-ly



ris - ing, see the Moon, . By her beams we'll . rev - el soon.



BASSES, IN UNISON.  
*Moderato.*



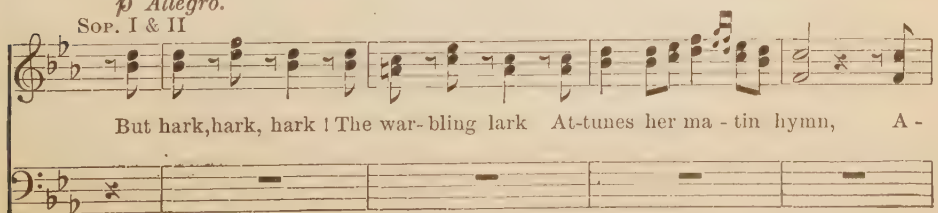
Behold yon swain steals o'er the plain, To meet a la - dy gay, Be your em-ploy to



mar their joy, And lead the youth a - stray, . . . . And lead . . the youth astray.



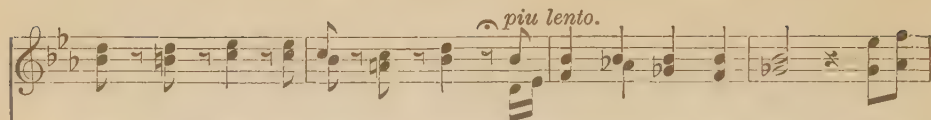
*p Allegro.*  
SOP. I & II



But hark, hark, hark ! The war - bling lark At - tunes her ma - tin hymn, A -

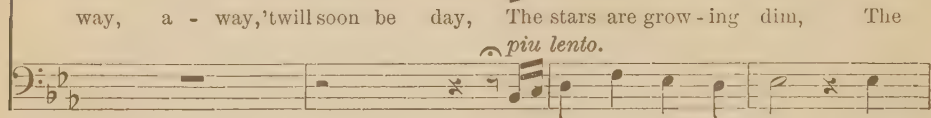
## Come, Fairies, Trip It on the Grass.

*piu lento.*




way, a - way, 'twill soon be day, The stars are grow - ing dim, The

*piu lento.*

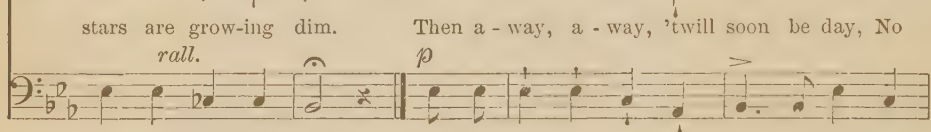


*rall.*




stars are grow - ing dim. Then a - way, a - way, 'twill soon be day, No

*rall.*




*mf*




more our whims pur - sue, We'll meet at night by Cyn - thia's light, And

*mf*

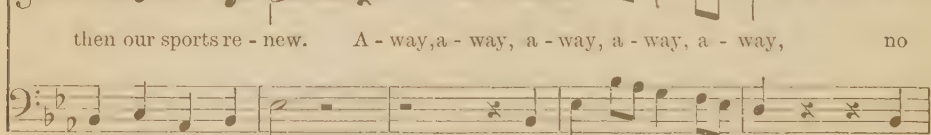


no more our whims pur -

*cres.*

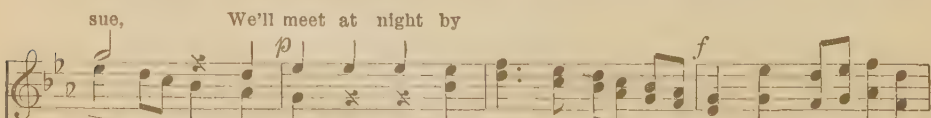


then our sports re - new. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, no



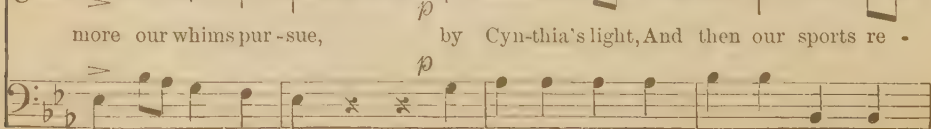
sue, We'll meet at night by

*p*



more our whims pur - sue, by Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re -

*p*





# Come, Fairies, Trip It on the Grass.

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With a ho, ho, ho, . . . . ho, ho, . . . . ho, ho, ho!

new, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! We'll

With a ho, ho, ho, . . . . ho, ho, ho!

*p* *f* *mf*

meet at night by Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re - new,

ho, ho, ho, . . . . ho, ho, . . . . ho, ho, ho!

*f* *p*

With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! We'll

With a ho, ho, ho, . . . . ho, ho, ho!

*p* *f* *mf*

meet at night by Cyn - thia's light And then our sports re - new. With a

With a

*p* *f*

ho, ho, . . ho, ho, . . ho! . . . . .

ho, ho, ho! With a ho, ho, . ho, . ho! . .

*rit.*

*p* *f*

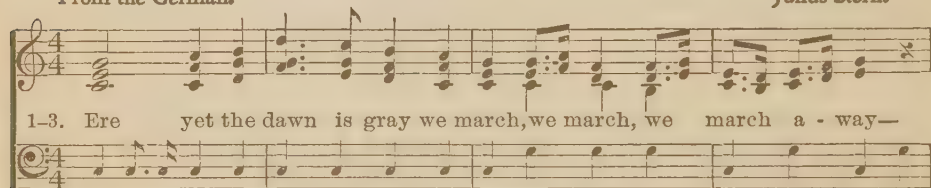
## A Call to Battle.



## We March Away.

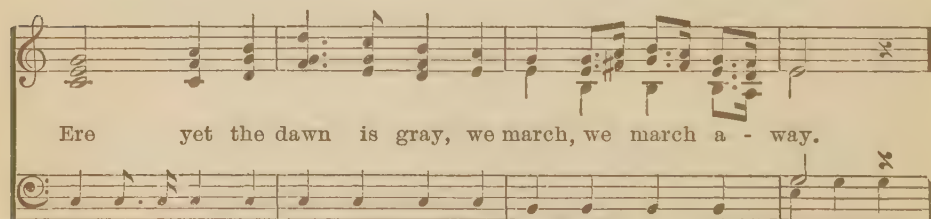
From the German.

Julius Stern.



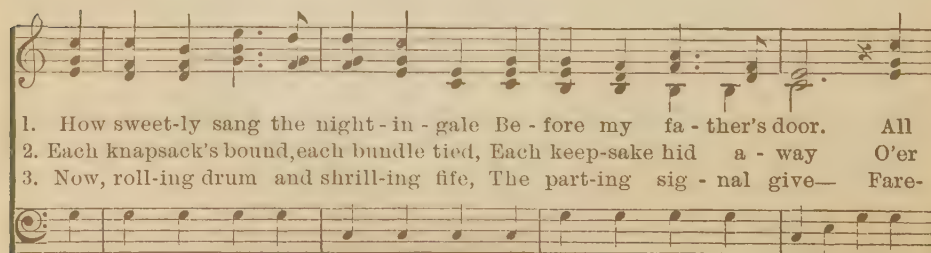
1-3. Ere yet the dawn is gray we march, we march, we march a - way—

1-3. Ere yet the dawn is gray we march, we march a-way, we march a - way—Yes



Ere yet the dawn is gray, we march, we march a - way.

Ere yet the dawn is gray, we march a - way, we march a - way, a - way.



1. How sweet-ly sang the night-in-gale Be-fore my fa-ther's door. All
2. Each knapsack's bound, each bundle tied, Each keep-sake hid a - way O'er
3. Now, roll-ing drum and shrill-ing fife, The part-ing sig-nal give— Fare-

Farewell,

silent now is wood and dale, Her song I'll hear no more, Her song I'll hear no more.  
wea-ry land and ocean wide Our journey leads to-day, Our journey leads to-day. Fare-  
well, dear home and fatherland I'll love ye while I live, I'll love ye while I live.

Fare-well, Fare-well, We seek the stran-ger's shore;  
well, Farewell,

Fare-well, Fare-well,

Fare-well, Fare-well, The part - ing pang is sore.  
Fare-well, Fare-well,

## Suggestive Studies.

I.

II.

## Harvest Home.

John Oxenford.

G. A. MacFarren.

*Allegro.*

Har-vest home, harvest home, harvest home, har-vest home, harvest home, har-vest

Har-vest home, harvest home, harvest home, har-vest home, harvest home, har-vest

*f*

home, We come, we come, And we bring the last load of our gold - en grain,

home, We come, . And we bring the last load of our gold-en grain,

*p*

We come, we come,

Loud - ly shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain, a - gain.

*f* *cres.* *ff*

Loud - ly shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain. Har - vest

*f* *cres.*

Loud - ly shout, loud - ly shout a - gain, a - gain.

*f*

# Harvest Home.

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Har-vest home, har-vest home,

home, . . . . har-vest home, . . . . loud-ly shout, loud-ly shout har-vest

Har-vest home, har-vest home, loud-ly shout har-vest

The fields . . . . .

home. The fields once more have boun-teous been, O'er them the wa-vy

home. The fields . . . . .

The fields once more have boun-teous been, O'er them the wa-vy

. . . . once more have boun - teous been, . . . O'er them the

wealth was seen, The fields once more have bounteous been, O'er them the wa-vy

. . . once more have boun - teous been, . . . O'er them the

wealth was seen, The fields once more have bounteous been, O'er them the wa-vy



## Harvest Home.

wa - - - - - vy wealth . . . was seen, . . .

*cres.*

wealth was seen. O'er them the wa-vy wealth was seen, But now they are

wa - - - - - vy wealth was seen, . . . But now they've lost their

wealth was seen. O'er them the wa-vy wealth was seen. But now they've lost their

wealth at our am - - - ple store. Shout once more, . . . Shout once

wealth at our am - - - ple store. Loud-ly shout, . . .

Loud-ly shout, . . .

once more, shout once more, Har-vest home,

Loud-ly shout, . . . once more, shout once more. Har-vest home.

Loud-ly shout.

# Harvest Home.

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har-vest home, har - vest home, harvest home, harvest home, har - vest home.

harvest home, har - vest home, harvest home, harvest home, har - vest home.

## Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.\*

Walter Scott.

Scotch Folksong.

1. Pi - broch of Don - nel Dhu, Pi - broch of Don - nel, Wake thy wild voice a - new,  
2. Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky, War pipe and pen - non Are

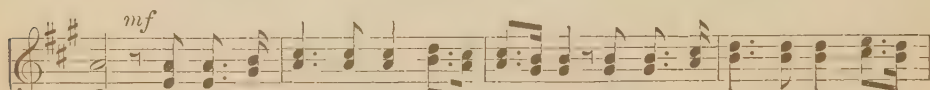
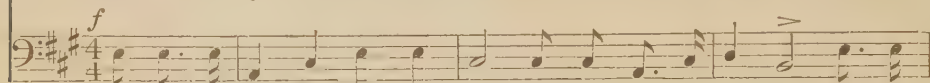
Sum-mon Clan Con - nell. Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum-mons!  
at In - ver - loch - y; Come ev - 'ry hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one,

Come in your war ar - ray, gen-tles and com-mons. Come a-way, come a - way,  
Come ev - 'ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one. Come a-way, come a - way,

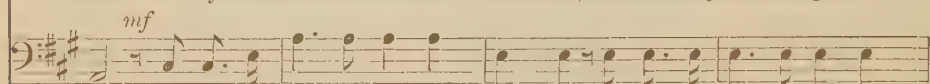
Hark to the sum-mons, Come in your war ar - ray, Gen-tles and com-mons.

*Maestoso.*

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you  
2. Oh! lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy glo - rious



rise; Your children, wives, and grandsires hoar - y, Behold their tears, and hear their  
flame? Can tyrants' bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it



cries, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries. Shall law-less ty - rants, mis - chief  
tame, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our country wept, be -



breed - ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late th'  
wail - ing The bloodstain'd sword our con - qu' - rors wield; But free - dom is our sword and



land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms! to arms! ye  
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms! to arms! ye



brave, The pa - - triot sword un-sheath; March on, march

on, all hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death.

## Night-Fall.

From the German of Arndt.

Methfessel.

*Andante. dolce.*

1. When the songs of birds are still, And the flow - ers go to rest;  
2. In the eve - ning's gath - ring shades Oth - er stars, like an - gels' eyes,

When the lone - some whip - poor - will Steals at twi - light from his nest:  
Shine from heav'n as day - light fades; Soon in flash - ing bands they rise,

Then a star comes o'er the hills Thro' the pale light of the west.  
And a mil - lion gold - en maids Wait the mis - tress of the skies.

Lady Nairne.

*Moderato.*

Scotch Folksong, arranged.

Who'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in.'

Buy my cal - ler her-rin'? New drawn frae the Forth. 1. When ye were sleep-in' on your pil-lows,  
2. And when the creel o' her-rin' pass-es,

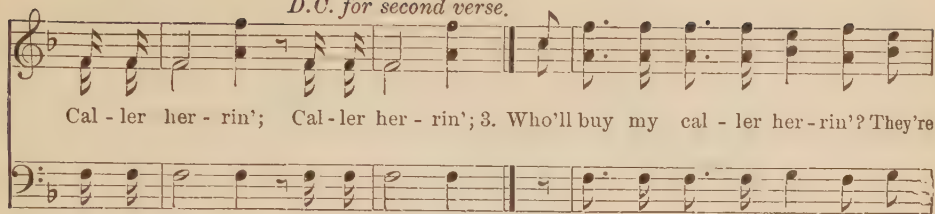
Dreamt ye aught of our puir fel - lows Dark-ling as they face the bil - lows  
La - dies clad in silks and la - ces Gath - er in their braw pe - liss - es,

A' to fill our wo - ven wil - lows. Buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're  
Toss their heads and screw their fa - ces. Buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're

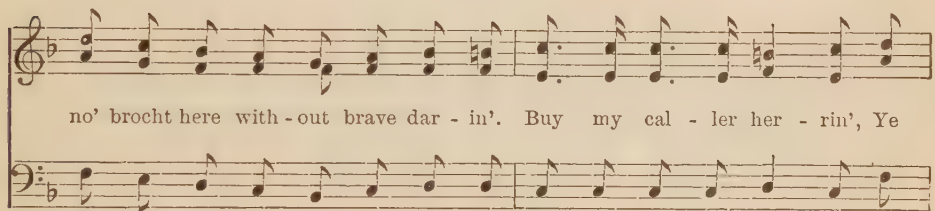
bon - nie fish and halesome far - in'. Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth?



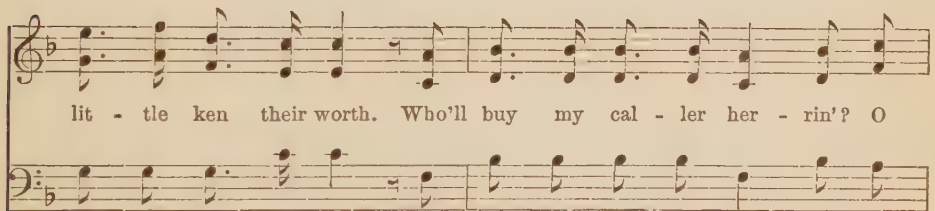
*D.C. for second verse.*



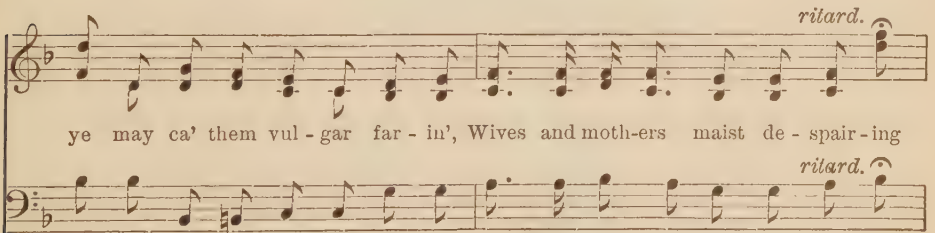
Cal - ler her - rin'; Cal - ler her - rin'; 3. Who'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're



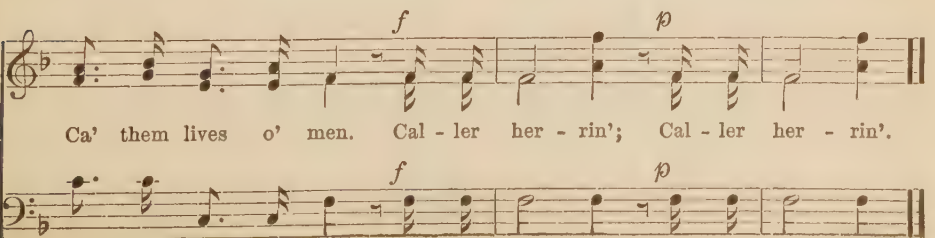
no' brocht here with - out brave dar - in'. Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye



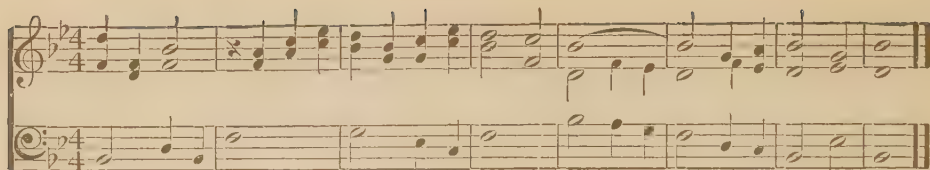
lit - tle ken their worth. Who'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? O



ye may ca' them vul - gar far - in', Wives and moth - ers maist de - spair - ing



Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler her - rin'; Cal - ler her - rin'.



## Bugle Song.

Tennyson.  
*Allegretto.*

W. W. Gilchrist.

*p*

1. The splen-dor falls on cas-tle walls And snow-y summits, old in  
 2. Oh! hark, Oh! hear, how thin and clear, And thin-ner, clearer, farther  
 2. O love, they die in you rich sky, They faint on hill or field or

*p*

 Musical notation for the first system of 'Bugle Song' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with various chords and melodic lines.

*p*

sto-ry; The long light shakes a-cross the lakes, And the wild  
 go-ing, Oh! sweet and far, from cliff and scar, The horns of  
 riv-er; Our ech-oes roll from soul to soul, And grow for

*p*

 Musical notation for the second system of 'Bugle Song' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with various chords and melodic lines.

*f*

cat-a-ract leaps in glo-ry. Blow, bu-gle, blow,  
 Elf-land faint-ly blow-ing! Blow, let us hear  
 ev-er and for ev-er. Blow, bu-gle, blow,

*f*

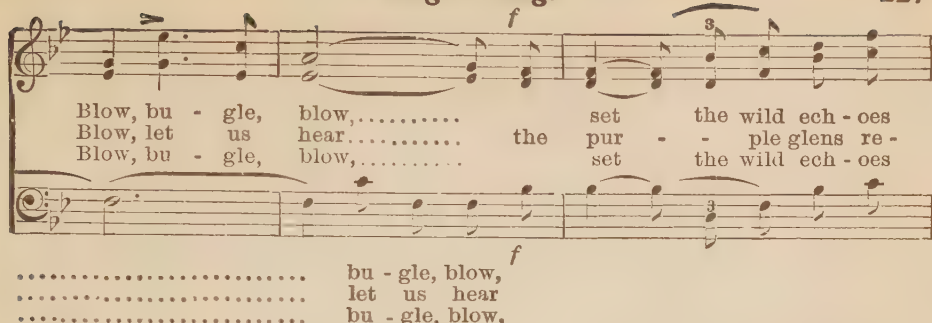
*p*

 Musical notation for the third system of 'Bugle Song' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with various chords and melodic lines.

Blow,..... bu-gle, blow,..  
 Blow,..... let us hear..  
 Blow,..... bu-gle, blow,..  
*p*

# Bugle Song.

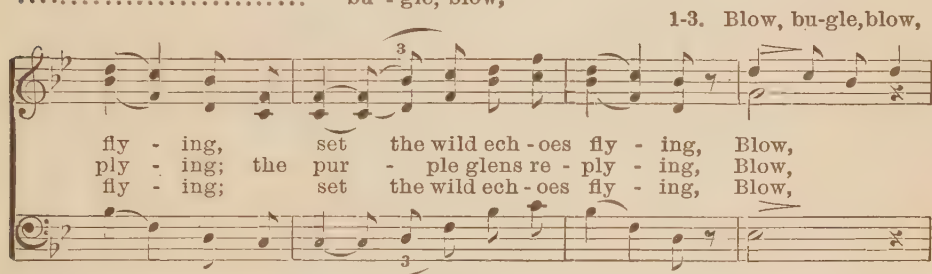
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Blow, bu - gle, blow,..... set the wild ech - oes  
 Blow, let us hear..... the pur - ple glens re -  
 Blow, bu - gle, blow,..... set the wild ech - oes

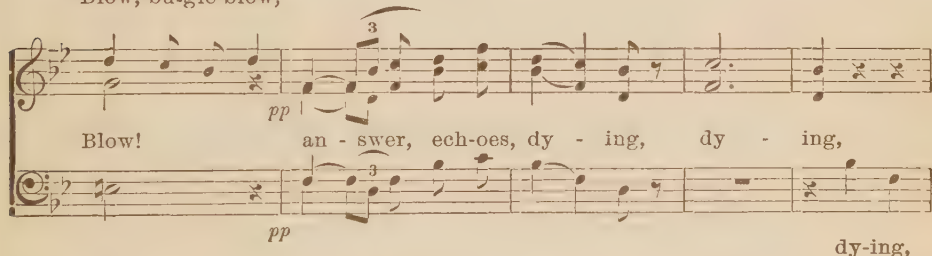
..... bu - gle, blow, *f*  
 ..... let us hear  
 ..... bu - gle, blow,

1-3. Blow, bu-gle, blow,

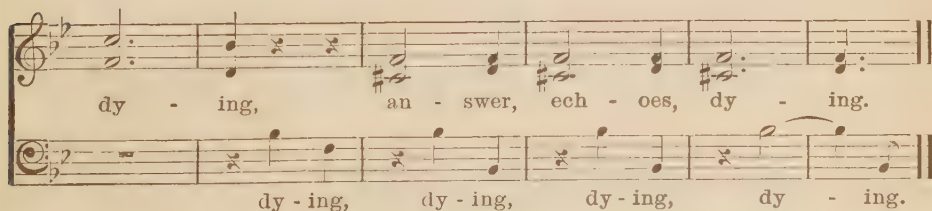


fly - ing, set the wild ech - oes fly - ing, Blow,  
 ply - ing; the pur - ple glens re - ply - ing, Blow,  
 fly - ing; set the wild ech - oes fly - ing, Blow,

Blow, bu-gle blow,

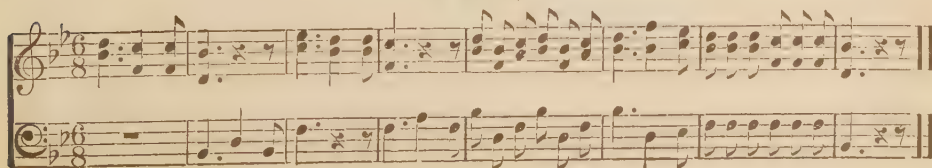


Blow! *pp* an - swer, ech-oes, dy - ing, dy - ing,  
*pp* dy-ing,



dy - ing, an - swer, ech - oes, dy - ing.  
 dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing.

## A Study.



## The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

Samuel Arnold.

*Maestoso.*

1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the  
 4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -



proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing; Whose broad  
 foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is  
 hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A  
 tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with



stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, — O'er the  
 that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it  
 home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their  
 vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the

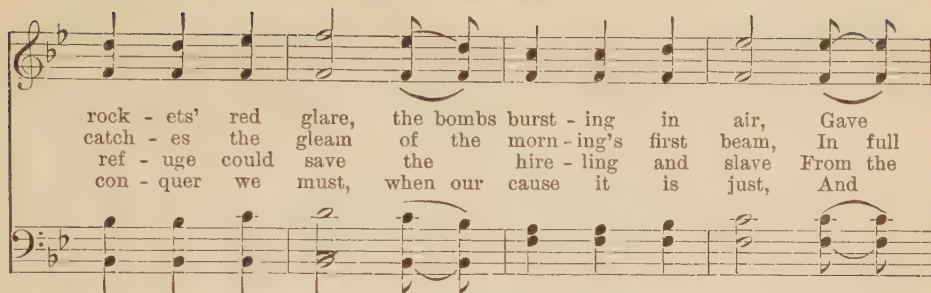


ram - parts we watched — were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the  
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it  
 blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion; No  
 pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion; Then,

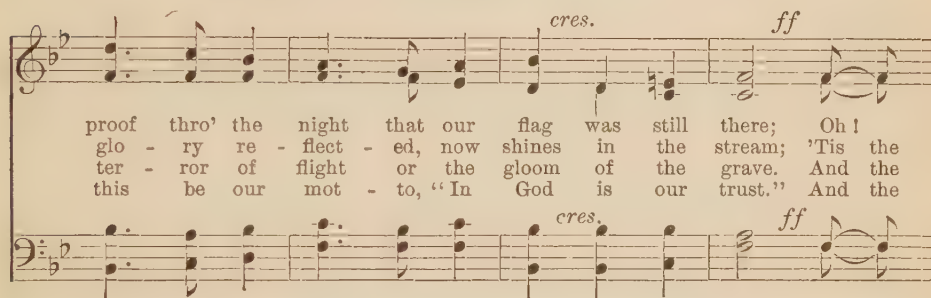


# The Star-Spangled Banner.

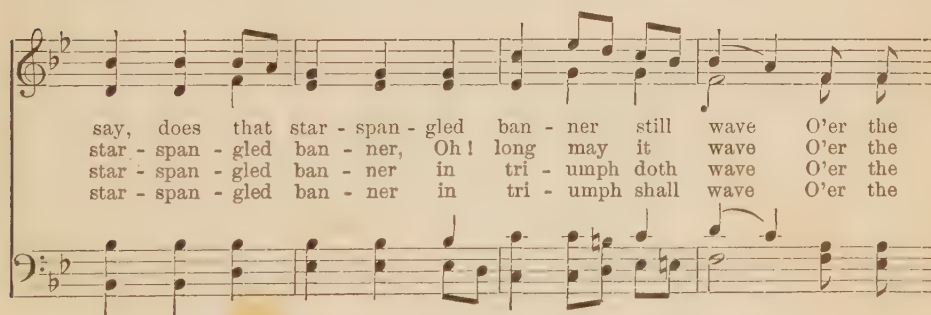
229



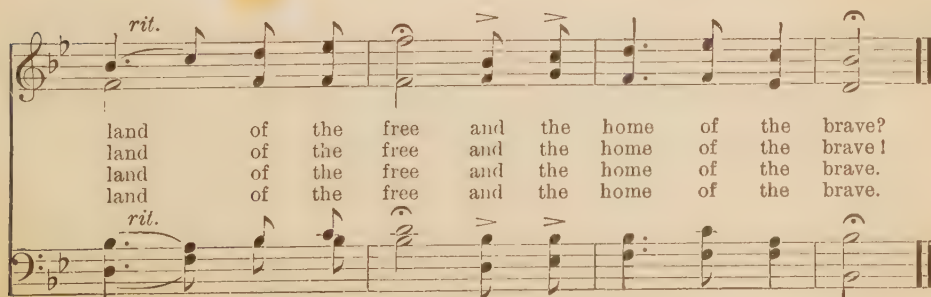
rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave  
 catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full  
 ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the  
 con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And



*cres.* *ff*  
 proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; Oh!  
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream; 'Tis the  
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the  
 this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust." And the



say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner still wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban - ner, Oh! long may it wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the



*ril.*  
 land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 land of the free and the home of the brave!  
 land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 land of the free and the home of the brave.  
*ril.*

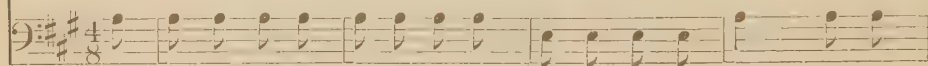


August Becker.

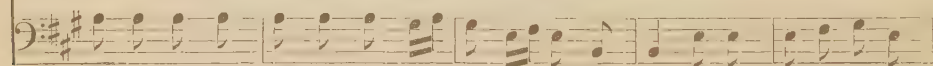
L. Liebe.

*In march time.*

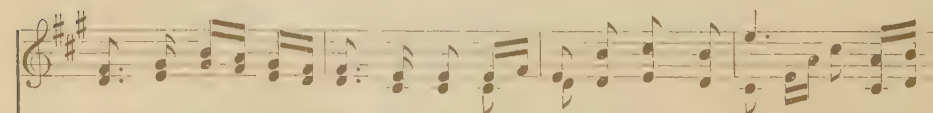
1. To wan - der thro' the sun - lit world, That is my dear - est pleas - ure; The  
 2. The bird-lings in their narrow nest Find wings and forth are fly - ing, And  
 3. O fair art thou, my na-tive vale, I love thee be - yond meas - ure; And



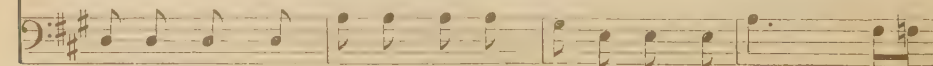
grass and flow'rs with dew bepearled, The lark that floats in az-ure, Send me a greeting  
 gai - ly chirp - ing, with-out rest, New ven - tures all are try-ing. Fly, birdling, east! fly  
 till this mor - tal breath shall fail, Fond tho'ts of thee I'll treas-ure. But ne'er my foot shall

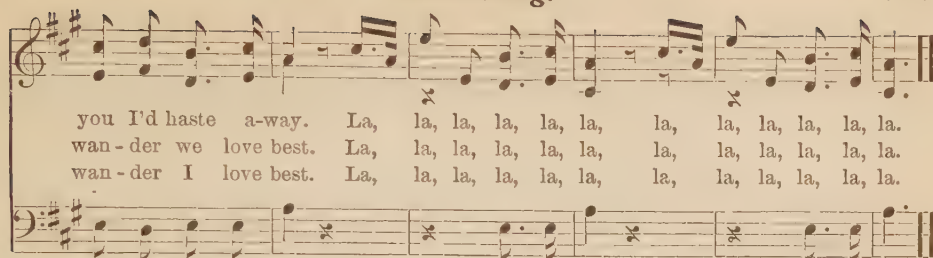


gay, Send me a greet-ing. gay. The streamlet hur-ries to the sea, Now  
 west! Fly, bird-ling, east! fly west! The dear sun shines on you and me, The  
 rest, But ne'er my foot shall rest; While youth and strength and health are mine, I'll



pause, dear stream-let, wait for me, With you I'd haste a - way, a - way, With  
 air is fresh and cool and free, To wan-der we love best, love best, To  
 wan - der in the glad sunshine, To wan-der I love best, love best, To



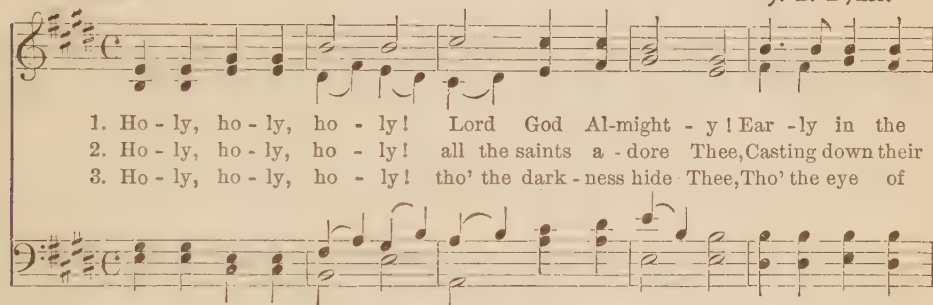


you I'd haste a-way. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 wan-der we love best. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 wan-der I love best. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

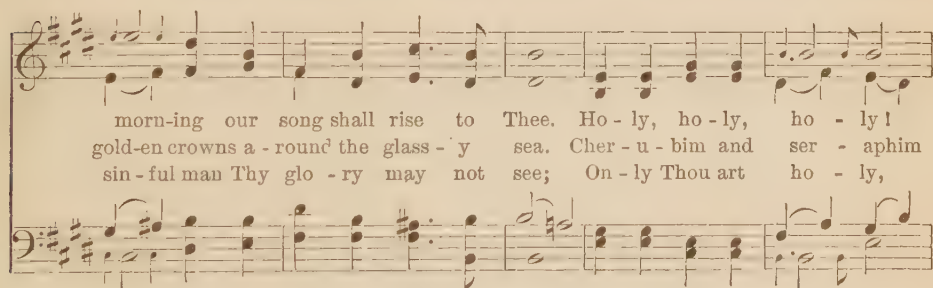
## Holy, Holy, Holy!

R. Heber.

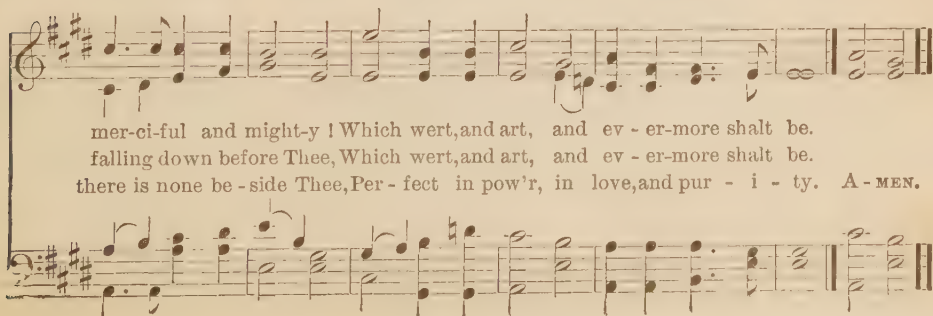
J. B. Dykes.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of



morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea. Cher - u - bim and ser - aphim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,



mer-ci-ful and might-y! Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.  
 falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty. A - MEN.

## Now Thank We All Our God.

Crager-Winkworth.

Martin Rinkart.

*f*

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es,  
 2. Oh! may this bounteous God, Thro' all our life be near us,  
 3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en.

*f*

Who won-drous things hath done In whom His earth re - joice - es;  
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us,  
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est Heav - en,

Who from our moth - ers' arms Hath blessed us on our way  
 And keep us in His grace And guide us when per - plexed,  
 The one e - ter - nal God Whom earth and Heav'n a - dore,

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next.  
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

# The Blue Bells of Scotland.

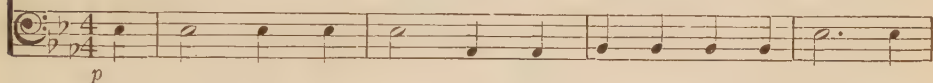
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Mrs. Jordan.

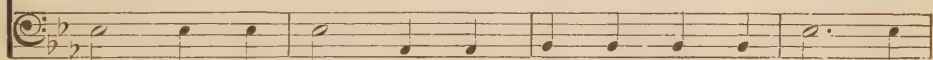
*Moderato.*



- p*
1. Oh! where, and oh! where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh!
  2. Oh! where, and oh! where does your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh!
  3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? What
  4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup -

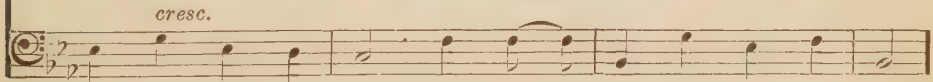


where, and oh! where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's  
 where, and oh! where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He  
 clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? His  
 pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? The



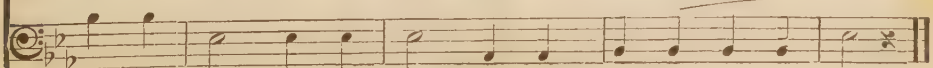
*cresc.*

gone to fight the foe for King George up - on his throne;  
 dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
 bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat of the plaid;  
 bag - pipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;



*mf*

And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High-land lad.  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

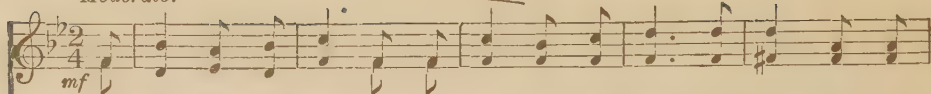


*mf*

## The Spring Journey.

R. Heber.

L. Spöhr.

*Moderato.*



# The Campbells Are Coming.\*

235

Scotch Folksong,

*Moderato.* *p* *cres.*

The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing, O

ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, The

Camp-bells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! 1. Up-on the Lo-monds I  
2. Great Ar-gyle he goes, he  
3. The Camp-bells they are

lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I look'd down to  
goes be-fore; He makes his can-nons loud-ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,  
a' in arms, Their loy-al faith and truth to show! Wi' ban-ners rat-ling

bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And heard the bon-nie Pi-brochs play.  
pipe, and drum, The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!  
in' the wind, The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!

*cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

\* May be sung without the tenor.

From the French of Charles, Duke of Orleans.

Arr. from B. Lachner.

*Andante.*

*mf* *p*

1. Now Time has laid his man - tle by, his man - tle by Of  
 2. No beast or bird in earth or sky, in earth or sky Whose  
 3. From fount and mount, gay brook and rill, gay brook and rill With

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p* *mf*

wind and rain and i - cy chill, and i - cy chill, And wears a rich em -  
 voice does not with glad - ness thrill, with glad - ness thrill, For Time has laid his  
 silv - ry songs and laugh - ter go, and laugh - ter go, For Time comes down the

*mf* *p* *mf*

*p* *mf*

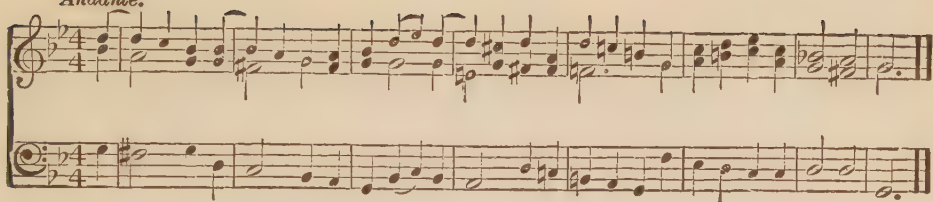
broid - er - y, em - broid - er - y, Of sun - light poured on lake, on  
 man - tle by, his man - tle by Of wind and rain, and rain and  
 wak - ing hill, the wak - ing hill With - out his cloak of frost, of

*p* *mf*

*f* *f*

lake and hill, Of sun - light poured on lake, on lake and hill.  
 i - cy chill, Of wind and rain, and rain and i - cy chill.  
 frost and snow, With - out his cloak of frost, of frost and snow.

*f* *f*

*Andante.*

## The Falcon.

J. R. Lowell.

A. Conradi.

*Andante.* >

1. I know a fal - con swift and peer - less As e'er was cra - dled
2. No harm - less dove, no bird that sing - eth Shud - ders to see him
3. Let fraud and wrong and base - ness shiv - er, For still be - tween them



in the pine; No bird had ev - er eye so fear - less Or  
o - ver - head; The rush of his fierce swooping bring - eth To  
and the sky The fal - con Truth hangs poised for - ev - er And

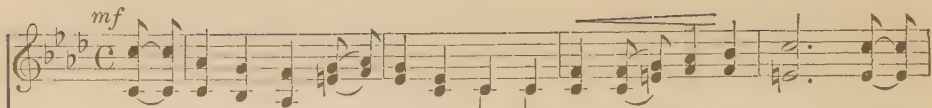


wing so strong as this of mine, Or wing so strong as this of mine.  
in - no - cent hearts no thrill of dread, To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.  
marks them with his venge - ful eye, And marks them with his vengeful eye.

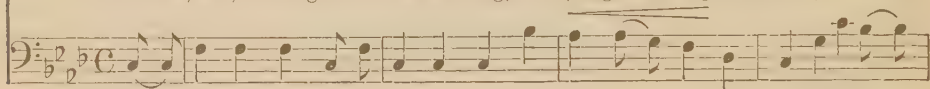


T. Noel.

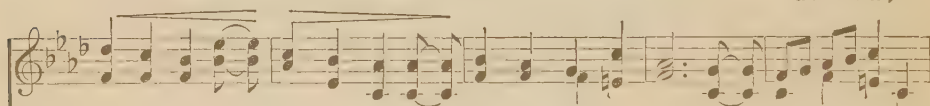
Lionel Pelham.



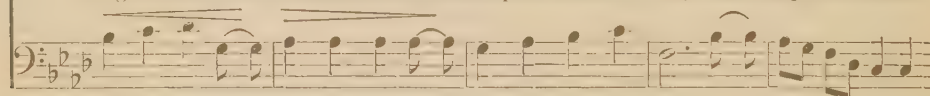
1. Old Win-ter sad in snow yclad Is mak-ing a dole-ful din; But  
 n.c. And let his weird and sleet-y breath Stream loose up-on the blast, And  
 2. Let his fate-ful breath shed blight and death On herb and flow'r and tree; And  
 n.c. Come, lads, let's sing till the raft-ers ring, Come, laugh and sing and shout; From our



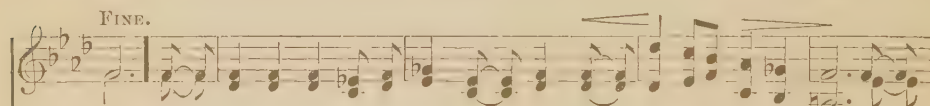
a din;  
 the blast,  
 and tree;  
 and shout;



let him howl till he crack his jowl, We will not let him in! We will not let him  
 rust-ling chime to the tinkling rime, From his bald head falling fast, From his bald head fal-ling  
 brooks and ponds in i- cy bonds Bind fast, but what care we? But what, but what care  
 snug fire-side this Christmas-tide Let's keep old Win-ter out, Let's keep old Winter



FINE.



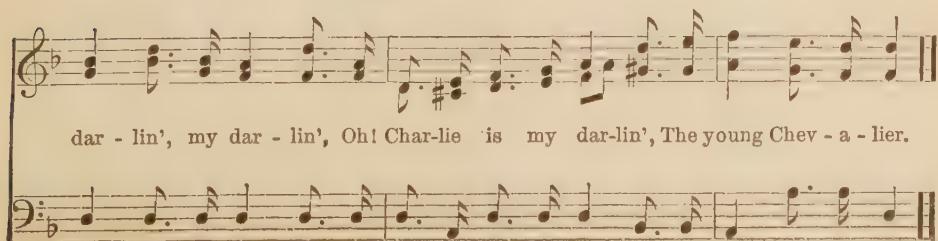
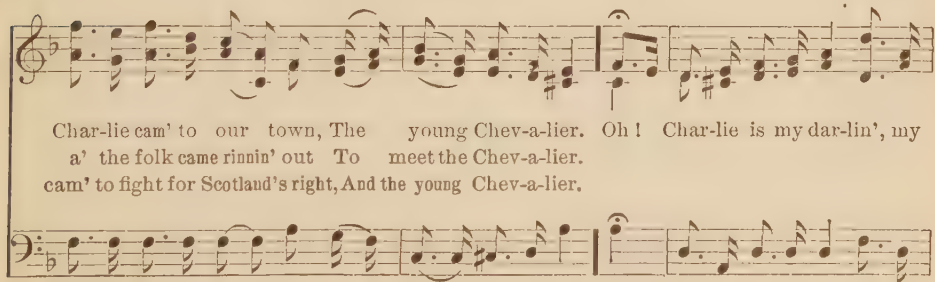
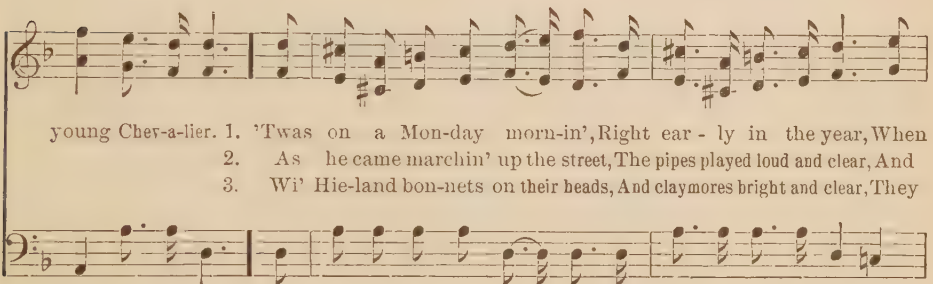
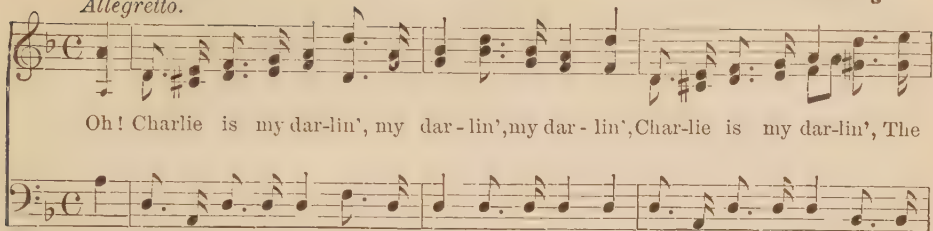
in! Aye, let him lift from the bil-lowy drift His hoar-y, haggard form, And  
 fast.  
 we? Let him gnaw forsooth with his freez-ing tooth On our roof-tiles till he tire; But we  
 out.



D.C. al Fine.

scowl-ing stand, with his wrinkled hand Out stretching to the storm, Out stretching to the storm.  
 care not a whit as we jo-vial sit Be-fore our blaz-ing fire, Be-fore our blazing fire.



*Allegretto.*
*Scotch Folksong.*




Louise Dew.

Henry Carey.

*Allegro.*

1. Ring, glad joy - bells, ring, oh! ring, Al - - le - lu - ia,  
 2. Sing, blithe song - birds, sing, oh! sing, Al - - le - lu - ia,  
 3. Sing, ye peo - ple, sing, oh! sing, Al - - le - lu - ia,

Now pro-claim the ris - en King, Al - - le - lu - ia,  
 Now pro-claim the birth of Spring; Al - - le - lu - ia,  
 Now pro-claim glad Eas - ter's King. Al - - le - lu - ia,

Who to earth once more re - stores, Al - - le - lu - ia,  
 Shout for joy, ye trees and hills, Al - - le - lu - ia,  
 Fra-grant lil - ies, peace im - part, Al - - le - lu - ia,

E - den with wide o - pen doors, Al - - le - lu - ia.  
 Cloud-less skies, and laughing rills. Al - - le - lu - ia.  
 Com - fort bear to each sad heart. Al - - le - lu - ia.

**Tonic Minor.**

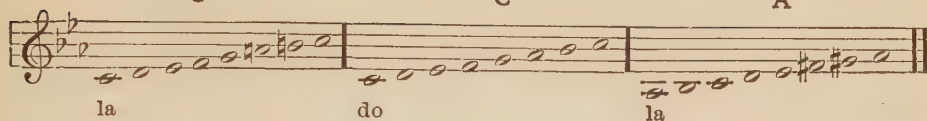
**Major.**

**Relative Minor.**

C

C

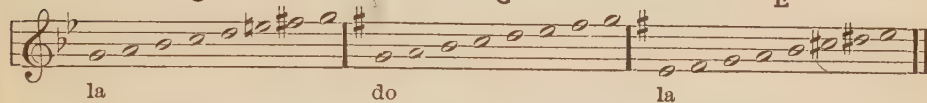
A



G

G

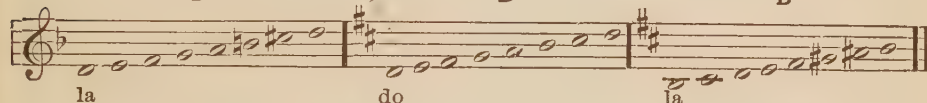
E



D

D

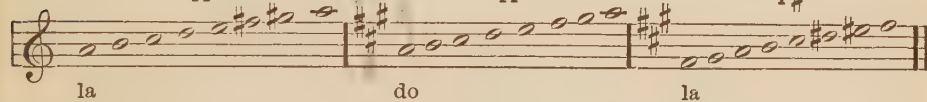
B



A

A

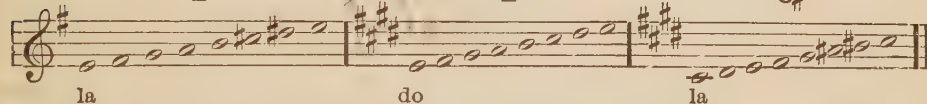
F#



E

E

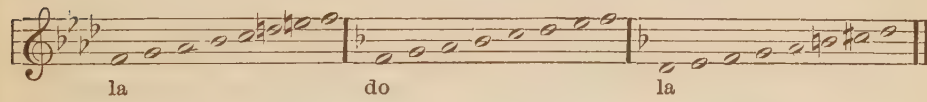
C#



F

F

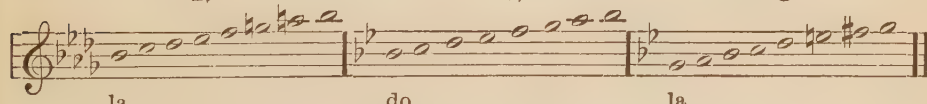
D



Bb

Bb

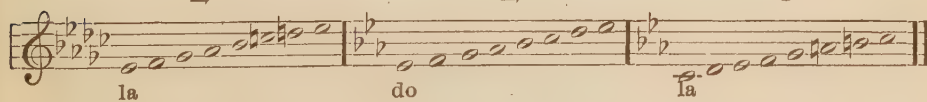
G



Eb

Eb

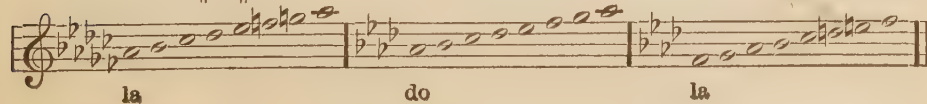
C



Ab or G# (5#)

Ab

F



A *Tone* is a musical sound produced by rapid vibrations and having the essential properties of length and pitch.

The *Pitch* of a tone is its highness or lowness.

An *Interval* is the difference in pitch between any two tones.

An *Octave* is an interval whose higher tone is produced by twice the number of vibrations per second required for the lower tone.

Owing to the frequent coincidence of these vibrations, as shown in the following diagram, the two tones of an octave are very similar, and cannot be easily distinguished when sounded together.



When men and women sing the same tune together their voices are an octave apart.

As every tone has its octave above or below (within a certain limit), we may take either tone of a given octave as 1 and sing another octave higher or lower. Octaves may be thus extended until the highest or lowest limit is reached.

A *Scale* is a succession of eight tones, progressing by intervals called steps and half-steps, with the eighth tone an octave higher than the first.

The most familiar scale is known as the *major scale*, the half-steps of which occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8. The scale names of the major scale are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. The syllables, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do, are the singing names.

Tone 1 of the scale is called the *key-note*, because it governs the relative pitch of all the other tones of the scale, and is the point toward which all melody seeks repose.

The tones of the scale and their octaves compose what is called a *Key*. It is not necessary, however, to sing these tones in regular order so long as the effect is pleasing.

Other kinds of scales will be treated later on.

The scale names do not indicate absolute pitch, for the scale may be sung high or low; but every tone has a pitch name as well as a scale name. The pitch names are C, D, E, F, G, A, B, which are repeated in every octave.

Diagram 1.

The scale may begin with any pitch, that is, any tone may be taken as 1 of the scale. Tone 1 is called the *Key-note*, or tonic.

C—8  
(B—7) When 1 of the scale is G, the key is G; when 1 is E $\flat$ , the key is E $\flat$ , and so on. If we sing the tones C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, in the order named, we sing the major scale, because the tones represented by these pitch names are arranged (with reference to steps and half-steps) to correspond with the tones of the scale.

A—6  
G—5  
(F—4)  
(E—3)  
D—2  
C—1 See diagram 1.

Diagram 2.

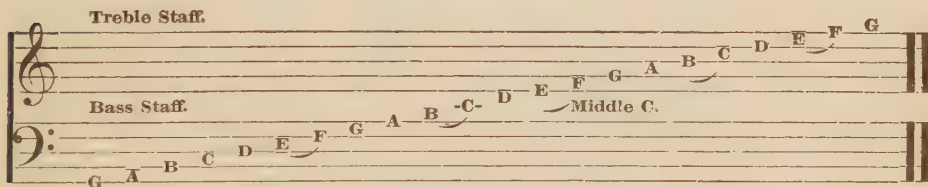
G—8  
 (F#—7)  
 F—  
 E—6  
 D—5  
 (C—4)  
 (B—3)  
 A—2  
 G—1

Now if we take G for our key-note and sing G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, we do not sing the major scale, because F—G, being a whole step, does not correspond with the half-step 7—8 in the scale. But if we substitute F# for F, the correct order of intervals (steps and half-steps) would be preserved. See diagram 2. The key of G, therefore, has one sharp (F sharp). By studying the diagrams on the key pages, it will be readily seen how the different keys are made, and why the sharps and flats are used.

## Names of Notes, Staff, Clefs.

Notes are written signs for tones. They are written on or between horizontal lines called the staff. The *great staff* has eleven lines. The middle line represents the pitch C and is called *middle C*. The part of the staff above middle C is called the *treble staff*, and the part below middle C is called the *bass staff*. As these divisions of the great staff are usually printed some distance apart, the middle line (middle C) is dropped and signs called *Clefs* are used to designate them.

### The Great Staff.



Letters connected thus: E F, denote half steps.

The first line below the treble staff and the first line above the bass staff represent the same tone—middle C.

Treble Sign or Clef.



Sometimes called the G Clef.

Bass Sign or Clef.



Sometimes called the F Clef.

Added or Leger lines above or below are used when the staff is not sufficient.

## Time Values of the Notes.

The relative length of tones is indicated by the *shape* of the notes.

Whole.



Half.



Quarter.



Eighth.



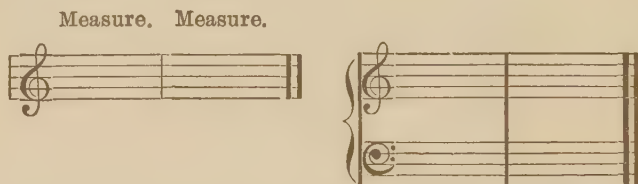
Sixteenth.



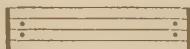
Thirty-Second.




Every piece of music is divided into small sections of equal time-value, called *Measures*. This division is made audible by *Accentuation* (stress); visible, by *Bars*, which are perpendicular lines drawn through the staff (or staves) at the end of each measure. A double bar indicates the end of a part or movement.



The repetition of a part is indicated by dots, thus :

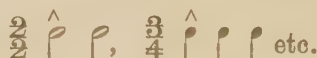


With reference to the different note-values and accentuation of the measures, different kinds of time are formed. The time is indicated at the beginning of every piece in the form of a fraction.  indicates that there are three quarters-notes (or their equivalent) to be counted in every measure. The numerator expresses the number of counts to each measure; the denominator, the kind (note-value) of counts. Until recently  $\frac{4}{4}$  was represented by  $\text{C}$ ;  $\frac{2}{2}$ , by  $\text{C}$ .

*Simple* measures are those of two and of three counts, all the others are *Compound* ( $4 = 2 \times 2$ ,  $6 = 2 \times 3$ , etc.).

A piece of music may begin with any part of a measure, this incomplete measure being called the *Initial Arsis*.

*Accent* is the stress or emphasis laid on special counts. Simple measures have but one accent, namely, on the first count :



Compound measures are formed of 2 or 3 simple measures, and thus have two accents, the first being the stronger.



*Rhythm* is the regular recurrence of equal measures, and may be expressed in motion as well as sound,





This division of every note into two of the next lower denomination is the normal one. The most common of the abnormal or irregular divisions of notes arises when a note is divided into three equal ones, called a *Triplet*. Triplets are marked with a slanting 3.

$$o = \underset{3}{\text{crotchets}}, \quad \text{minim} = \underset{3}{\text{crotchets}}, \quad \text{crotchet} = \underset{3}{\text{quavers}} \text{ or } \underset{3}{\text{quavers}} \text{ or } \underset{3}{\text{quavers}} \text{ etc.}$$

### The Tie, Slur, Hold.

The *Tie* (—) combines notes of the same pitch (height) in such a manner that they are held as one note of the value of all the notes so joined.



A *Slur* (—) connects notes that are to be sung to the same syllable.



song....

A *Hold* (∧), when placed either over or under a note or rest, adds to its value usually one measure, less the length of the note.

A *Dot* after a note prolongs its value by half.

$$o. = o \text{ — } \text{crotchet}, \quad \text{minim}. = \text{minim} \text{ — } \text{crotchet}, \quad \text{crotchet}. = \text{crotchet} \text{ — } \text{quaver}, \quad \text{quaver}. = \text{quaver} \text{ — } \text{quaver}, \text{ etc.}$$

A second dot adds to the total tone value half the value of the first dot.

$$\text{crotchet}.. = \text{crotchet} \text{ — } \text{crotchet} \text{ — } \text{quaver}, \quad \text{quaver}.. = \text{quaver} \text{ — } \text{quaver} \text{ — } \text{quaver}.$$

The signs of silence corresponding to the various notes are called *Rests*.



Rests may be dotted like notes.

## Chromatics.

Besides the regular tones of the major and minor scales, there are *intermediate* tones called *Chromatics*. These are between the regular tones of the scale, except where the half-steps occur. For instance: *sharp 4* is a tone half way between 4 and 5; *flat 7* is a tone between 6 and 7.

A half-step is also called a *semi-tone*, and a whole step a *whole tone*.

A *Sharp* (#) signifies that the line or space on which it is used represents a tone a half-step higher than the original tone. Likewise, a *Flat* (b) means a half-step lower. A *Natural* (n) annuls the effect of a sharp or flat.

A *Double Sharp* (x) signifies that the line or space on which it is used represents a tone a whole step higher than the original tone. Likewise, a *Double Flat* (bb) means a whole step lower. A *Double Natural* annuls the effect of a x or bb. The #, x, b, and bb are called *chromatic signs*, and affect only the measure in which they occur.

Tones sounding alike, but differently named and written, like B and Cb, C# and Db, are *Enharmonic Changes*, one for the other.

## The Chromatic Scale.

A scale progressing by half-tone steps is termed a *chromatic* scale.

The ascending chromatic scale is usually written with sharps, the descending chromatic scale with flats.



## Minor Scales.

There are two kinds of minor scales, the *harmonic* and *melodic*. In the harmonic minor scale the tones succeed each other at the following intervals:

### Scale of A Minor (harmonic).



Half-steps are found here from 2-3, 5-6, 7-8; whole-steps from 1-2, 3-4, 4-5; the progression 6-7 is a step and a half.

The melodic minor scales differ from the harmonic in that they do not, like the latter, raise merely the seventh degree both in ascending and descending, but *raise in ascending the sixth and the seventh degrees, while in descending neither of these is raised.*

### Scale of A Minor (melodic).



On each of the twelve tones of the chromatic scale is found a major scale, as well as the two minor scales.

The construction of all the other scales after the model of C Major and A Minor necessitates the introduction of sharps and flats which, when placed after the clef, are called *signatures*; when otherwise placed they are called *accidentals*.

### Signatures of the Most Common Scales.

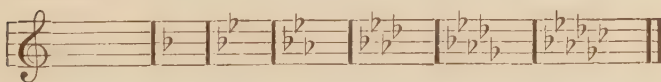
#### (Sharp Keys.)

Major: C    G    D    A    E    B    F#  
 Minor: A    E    B    F#    C#    G#    D#



#### (Flat Keys.)

Major: C    F    Bb    Eb    Ab    Db    Gb  
 Minor: A    D    G    C    F    Bb    Eb



We say of a composition bearing the signature of any of these scales that *it is written* in the key similarly named. By the term *Key* we understand the relation of the tones to an individual tone as key-note.

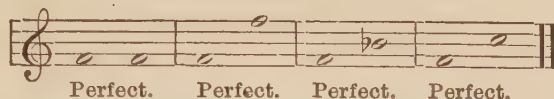
The term *Scale* applies only to tones connected in stepwise succession; the term *Key* is applied to every species of tone-connection.

Keys (scales) of the same signature are called *relative*.

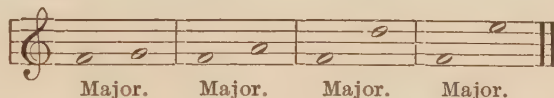
The signature leaves undecided whether a piece is written in major or in the relative minor. But this can usually be determined by the character of the melody.



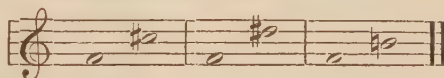
The prime, octave, fourth, and fifth, found between 1 and 1, 1 and 8, 1 and 4, and 1 and 5 respectively, of the major scale, are called *Perfect intervals*.



The second, third, sixth, and seventh, found between 1 and 2, 1 and 3, 1 and 6, and 1 and 7 respectively, of the major scale, are called *Major intervals*.

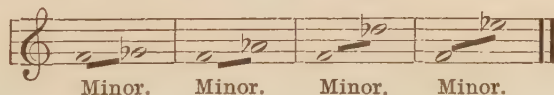


When a perfect or a major interval is extended by a half-step, as :

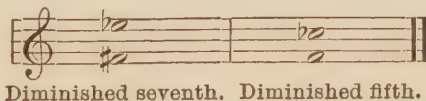


it is called *Augmented*.

When a major second, third, sixth, or seventh is made a half-step smaller, it becomes a *Minor* second, third, sixth, or seventh.

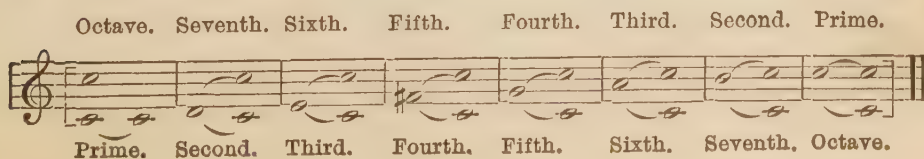


When a minor or a perfect interval is made a half-tone smaller it becomes a *Diminished* interval.



### Inversion of Intervals.

If the lower tone of an interval is put an octave higher, or the higher tone an octave lower, we obtain the *Inversion* of this interval.

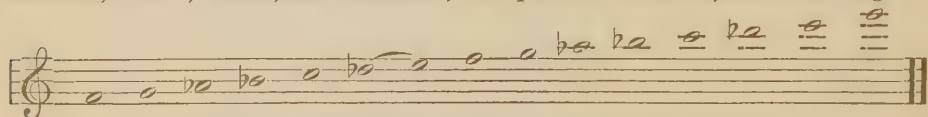




The inversion of an interval is thus seen to be its complement to an octave. A prime becomes an octave; a second, a seventh; a third, a sixth; a fourth, a fifth, and *vice versa*.

The examples above show furthermore, that by inversion, major intervals become minor; augmented ones, diminished, and *vice versa*; but perfect ones remain perfect.

An examination of the minor scale will disclose besides major and minor seconds, thirds, sixths, and sevenths, and perfect intervals, the following:



A diminished fifth between the 2d and 6th scale-tones.

“ “ “ 7th “ 4th “

An augmented “ “ “ 3d “ 7th “

“ second “ “ 6th “ 7th “

“ fourth “ “ 4th “ 7th “

A diminished seventh “ “ 7th “ 6th “

#### MAJOR.

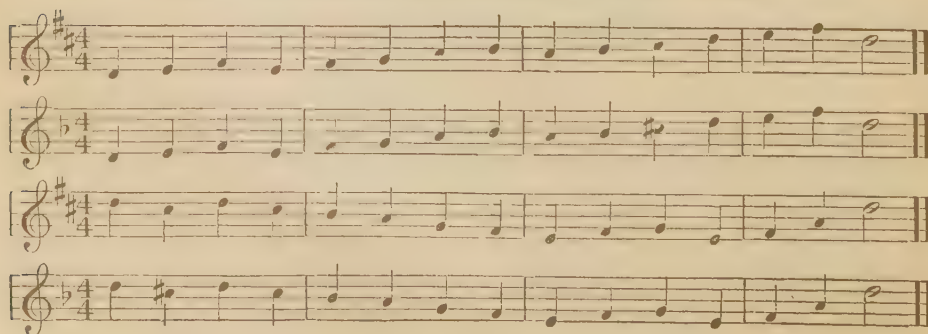


#### MINOR.

Schulz.



#### Intervals Compared in the Major and the Minor.





The intervals found between 1 of the major scale and the other scale tones are *Major* intervals, excepting the fourth, fifth, and octave.



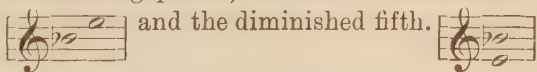
Comparing with these intervals those between 2 of the scale and the other scale tones in order, we find a minor third and minor seventh.



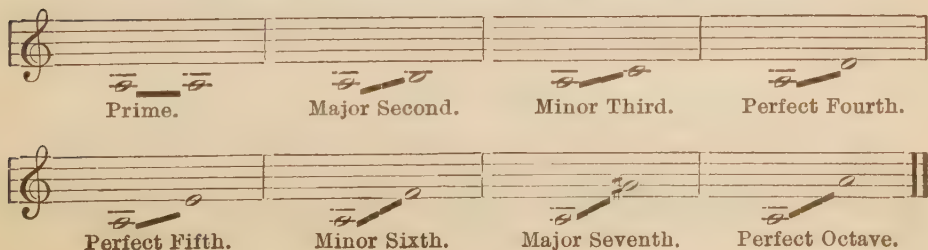
Between 3 of the major scale and the other scale tones in their order we find minor second, minor third, perfect fourth, perfect fifth, minor sixth, and minor seventh, and perfect octave.



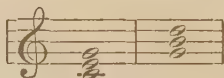
Reckoning with 4, 5, and 6 as starting points, we find no new intervals excepting the augmented fourth and the diminished fifth.



### Intervals of the Harmonic Minor Scale.



A triad is a combination of a scale tone, its third and fifth, as:



Triads are named from their bass note or lowest tone.

A triad may be found on each tone of the major and the minor scale, as:

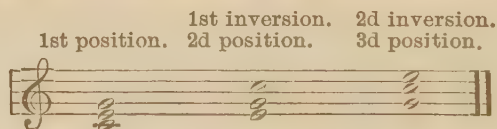


Triads are of four kinds: Major, minor, diminished, and augmented. The major triad, consisting of a tone, its major third and perfect fifth is found on the 1st, 4th, and 5th degrees of the major scale, and on the 5th and 6th degrees of the minor scale. The minor triad consisting of a tone, its minor third and perfect fifth is found on the 2nd, third, and sixth degrees of the major, and on the 1st and 4th degrees of the minor scale.

The diminished triad consists of a tone, its minor third and diminished fifth, and is found on the 7th degree of the major and on the 2d and 7th degrees of the minor scale.

The augmented triad consists of a tone, its major third and augmented fifth, and is found on the third degree of the minor scale.

Each triad has three positions and two inversions.



## Triads With Their Inversions.

### Major Triads.

#### In C Major.

On C or Do.

On F or Fa.

On G or Sol.

#### In A Minor.

On E or Mi.

On F or Fa.



### Minor Triads.

#### In C Major.

On D or Re.

On E or Mi.

On A or La.

#### In A Minor.

On A or La.

On D or Re.



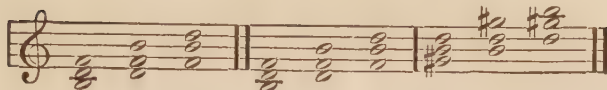
In C Major.

In A Minor.

On B or Ti.

On B or Ti.

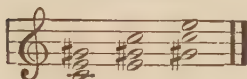
On G $\sharp$  or Si.



## Augmented Triads.

In A Minor.

In C or Do.



## Chords of the Seventh.

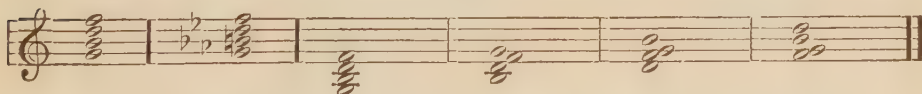
A chord of the Seventh consists of a scale-tone, its third, fifth, and seventh.

A chord of the Seventh is found on each tone of the major and the minor scales.

The most important of these are :

1. The chord of the Dominant Seventh on the fifth step, or dominant of major and minor. The chord consists of the dominant, its major third perfect fifth, and minor seventh.

C Major. C Minor. 1st position. 2d position. 3d position. 4th position.  
1st inversion. 2d inversion. 3d inversion.



2. The chord of the Diminished Seventh, found on the seventh degree in minor. It consists of the seventh tone, its minor third, diminished fifth, and diminished seventh.

C minor. 2d position. 3d position. 4th position.  
1st position. 1st inversion. 2d inversion. 3d inversion.



## Common Italian Terms Used in Music.

**A**—in, at, to, according to, for.  
*Accelerando*—accelerating the motion.  
*Adagio*—slow.  
*Ad libitum* (Latin)—at pleasure.  
*Agitato*—agitated.  
*Alla*—like, in the style of.  
*Allegretto*—somewhat quick.  
*Allegro*—quick, lively.  
*Andante*—walking, moderately quick.  
*Andantino*—a little slower than *Andante*; sometimes, more rapid.  
*Anima*—soul expression.  
*Animato*—with spirit.  
*Assai*—very.  
*Brio*—fire.  
*Calando*—diminishing in tone-volume.  
*Cantabile*—singing, melodious.  
*Con*—with.  
*Crescendo* ( $\text{<}$ )—increasing in tone-volume.  
*Da capo* (D.C.)—from the beginning.  
*Dal segno* (D.S.) or ( $\text{♩}$ )—from the sign.  
*Decrescendo* ( $\text{>}$ )—diminishing in tone-volume.  
*Diminuendo* ( $\text{>}$ )—diminishing in tone-volume.  
*Dolce*—sweet, with expression.  
*Energico*—with energy.  
*Espressivo*—with expression.  
*Fine*—end.  
*Forte* (f)—loud.  
*Fortissimo* (ff)—very loud.  
*Forza*—power, force.  
*Fuoco*—fire.  
*Grazia*—grace.  
*Grazioso*—graceful.  
*Grave*—serious, very slow.  
*Larghetto*—somewhat broad and slow.  
*Largo*—broad, very slow.  
*Legato*—connected.  
*Lento*—slow.  
*Ma*—but.  
*Marcato*—accented.

*Marcia*—march; *alla marcia*—marchlike.  
*Marziale*—martial.  
*Meno mosso*—slower.  
*Mezzo* (a)—half.  
*Moderato*—moderate.  
*Molto*—much, very.  
*Morendo*—dying, diminishing in motion and tone-volume.  
*Moto*—motion.  
*Non*—not.  
*Pesante*—heavy, emphatic.  
*Pianissimo* (pp)—very soft.  
*Piano* (p)—soft.  
*Più*—more, *Più forte*—louder, *Più mosso*—more rapid.  
*Presto*—very quick.  
*Primo* (a)—first, *Tempo primo*—in the original time (after an acceleration or retard.)  
*Poco*—little, *Poco a poco*—little by little, gradually.  
*Quasi*—as it were, almost.  
*Rallentando* (rall.)—retarding motion.  
*Risoluti*—resolute.  
*Ritardando* (rit.)—retarding motion.  
*Ritenuto* (riten.)—holding back.  
*Secondo* (a)—second.  
*Sforzando* (>) } louder, accented.  
*Sforzato* (sf, sfz.) }  
*Smorzando*—dying, diminishing in motion and tone-volume.  
*Solo* (pl. soli.)—alone, to be sung or played by one voice or instrument.  
*Sostenuto*—sustained.  
*Staccato*—detached, disconnected.  
*Stringendo*—accelerating the motion.  
*Tempo*—time, movement.  
*Tenuto* (ten.)—held, sustained.  
*Tranquillo*—tranquil.  
*Tutti*—all, in contrast with *solo*, or *soli*.  
*Un poco*—a little.  
*Vivace*. } —lively.  
*Vivo*. }  
*Voce*—voice.



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